

CAL PERFORMANCES
AT HOME

Streaming Premiere – Thursday, April 1, 2021, 7pm

Christine Goerke, *soprano*
Craig Terry, *piano*

Filmed exclusively for Cal Performances
at Art Factory Studios in Paterson, New Jersey
on February 18, 2021.

PROGRAM

George Frideric HANDEL (1685–1759)	“Furie terribili” from <i>Rinaldo</i>
Paolo TOSTI (1846–1916)	L'ultima canzone
Ottorino RESPIGHI (1879–1936)	Nebbie
Pietro CIMARA (1887–1967)	Stornello
Riccardo ZANDONAI (1883–1944)	Sotto il ciel
Federico (Franco) RICCI (1809–1877)	Il carrettiere del Vomero
Pietro MASCAGNI (1863–1945)	“Voi lo sapete, o mamma” from <i>Cavalleria rusticana</i>
Richard STRAUSS (1864–1949)	“Zueignung,” Op. 10, No. 1 “Nichts,” Op. 10, No. 2 “Die Georgine,” Op. 10, No. 4
Johannes BRAHMS (1833–1897)	“Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen,” Op. 32, No. 2 “Botschaft,” Op. 47, No. 1
Robert OWENS (1925–2017)	Drei Lieder, Op. 19 Die Nacht Morgendämmerung Der verliebte Reisende
Carrie JACOBS-BOND (1862–1946)	<i>Half-Minute Songs</i> Making the Best of It First Ask Yourself To Understand Don't You Listen How to Find Success The Pleasure of Giving Answer the First Rap A Good Exercise A Present from Yourself Now and Then When They Say the Unkind Things Keep Awake



Leonard BERNSTEIN (1918–1990)

Walter KENT (1911–1994)

Cole PORTER (1891–1964)

“One Hundred Easy Ways to Lose a Man”
from *Wonderful Town*

“The Last Mile Home”

“Why Can’t You Behave?” from *Kiss Me, Kate*

The *Cal Performances at Home* Spring 2021 season
is dedicated to Gail and Dan Rubinfeld, leading supporters of Cal Performances
and the well-being of our artists for almost 30 years.

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This performance is made possible, in part, by Patron Sponsor Bernice Greene.

*Note: following its premiere, the video recording of this concert
will be available on demand through June 30, 2021.*

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Christine Goerke (*soprano*) has appeared in many of the most prestigious opera houses of the world, including the Metropolitan Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, San Francisco Opera, Royal Opera House, Paris Opera, Teatro alla Scala, Deutsche Oper Berlin, and Teatro Real in Madrid, and at the Saito Kinen Festival in Japan. She has sung much of the great soprano repertoire, beginning with the Mozart and Handel heroines and now moving into dramatic Strauss and Wagner roles.

Goerke has also appeared with a number of leading orchestras, including the New York Philharmonic, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Cleveland Orchestra, Los Angeles Philharmonic, Radio Vara, the BBC Symphony Orchestra at the BBC Proms, and both the Hallé Orchestra and the Royal Scottish National Symphony at the Edinburgh International Festival. She has worked with some of the world’s foremost conductors, including James Conlon, Sir Andrew Davies, Sir Mark Elder, Christoph Eschenbach, Claus Peter Flor, James Levine, Sir Charles Mackerras, Kurt Masur, Zubin Mehta, Andris Nelsons, Seiji Ozawa, David Robertson, Donald Runnicles, Esa-Pekka Salonen, the late Robert Shaw, Patrick Summers, Jeffery Tate, Christian Thielemann, Michael Tilson Thomas, and Edo de Waart.

Goerke’s recording of Vaughan Williams’ *A Sea Symphony* with Robert Spano and the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra won the 2003

Grammy Awards for Best Classical Recording and Best Choral Performance. Her close association with Robert Shaw yielded several recordings, including the Brahms’ *Liebesslieder Waltzes*, Poulenc’s *Stabat Mater*, Szymanowski’s *Stabat Mater*, and a Grammy-nominated recording of Dvořák’s *Stabat Mater*. Other recordings include the title role in *Iphigénie en Tauride* for Telarc and Britten’s *War Requiem*, which received the 1999 Grammy Award for Best Choral Performance.

Goerke was the recipient of the 2001 Richard Tucker Award, the 2015 *Musical America* Vocalist of the Year Award, and the 2017 *Opera News* Award. In March 2021, Michigan Opera Theatre named Goerke as its associate artistic director.

Grammy Award-winning pianist and arranger **Craig Terry** (*piano*) enjoys an international career regularly performing with the world’s leading singers and instrumentalists. Currently Terry serves as music director of the Patrick G. and Shirley W. Ryan Opera Center at Lyric Opera of Chicago after having served for 11 seasons at the Lyric as assistant conductor. Previously, he was assistant conductor at the Metropolitan Opera after joining its Lindemann Young Artist Development Program. Terry has performed with such esteemed vocalists as Jamie Barton, Stephanie Blythe, Christine Brewer, Janai Brugger, Lawrence Brownlee, Nicole Cabell, Sasha Cooke, Eric Cutler, Danielle de Niese, Joyce DiDonato, Giuseppe



Filianoti, Renée Fleming, Christine Goerke, Susan Graham, Denyce Graves, Bryan Hymel, Brian Jagde, Joseph Kaiser, Quinn Kelsey, Kate Lindsey, Amanda Majeski, Ana María Martínez, Eric Owens, Ailyn Perez, Nicholas Phan, Susanna Phillips, Luca Pisoni, Patricia Racette, Hugh Russell, Bo Skovhus, Garrett Sorenson, Heidi Stober, Christian Van Horn, Amber Wagner, Laura Wilde, and Catherine Wyn-Rogers. He has collaborated as a chamber musician with members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, the Lyric Opera of Chicago Orchestra, the Gewandhaus Orchester, and the Pro Arte String Quartet.

Terry is the artistic director of “Beyond the Aria,” a highly acclaimed recital series now in its seventh sold-out season, presented by the

Harris Theater in collaboration with the Ryan Opera Center and Lyric Opera of Chicago. His discography includes four recently released recordings, including *Diva on Detour* with Patricia Racette, *As Long As There Are Songs* with Stephanie Blythe, and *Chanson d'Avril* with Nicole Cabell; his latest recording project, *Song-play* with Joyce DiDonato, was released by Warner Classics and won the 2020 Grammy Award for Best Classical Solo Vocal Album.

Terry hails from Tullahoma, Tennessee, received his bachelor's degree in music education from Tennessee Technological University, continued his studies at Florida State University, and earned his master's degree in collaborative piano from the Manhattan School of Music, where he was a student of pianist Warren Jones.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL

“Furie terribili” from *Rinaldo*

[Giacomo Rossi]

Furie terribili!
Circondatemi,
Seguitatemi,
Con faci orribili!

“Terrible furies”

Terrible furies!
Encircle me,
follow me,
with your horrible countenances!

PAOLO TOSTI

“L'ultima canzone”

[Francesco Cimmino]

M'han detto che domani
Nina vi fate sposa,
Ed io vi canto ancor la serenata.
Là nei deserti piani
Là, ne la valle ombrosa,
Oh quante volte a voi l'ho ricantata!

“The Last Song”

They told me that tomorrow,
Nina, you will be a bride.
Yet to you I will still sing my serenade!
Up on the deserted plateau,
down in the shady valley,
Oh, how many times I have sung it to you!

Foglia di rosa
O fiore d'amaranto
Se ti fai sposa
Io ti sto sempre accanto,
Foglia di rosa

Rose-petal
O flower of amaranth,
Even though you will marry,
I always will be near,
Rose-petal

Domani avrete intorno
Feste sorrisi e fiori
Nè penserete ai nostri vecchi amori.
Ma sempre notte e giorno
Piena di passione
Verrà gemendo a voi la mia canzone.

Foglia di menta
O fiore di granato,
Nina, rammenta
I baci che t'ho dato,
Foglia di menta!

OTTORINO RESPIGHI

"Nebbie"

[Ada Negri]

Soffro, lontan lontano
Le nebbie sonnolente
Salgono dal tacente
Piano.

Alto gracchiando, i corvi,
Fidati all'ali nere,
Traversan le brughiere
Torvi.

Dell'aere ai morsi crudi
Gli addolorati tronchi
Offron, pregando, i bronchi nudi.
Come ho freddo!

Son sola;
Pel grigio ciel sospinto
Un gemito destinto
Vola;

E mi ripete: Vieni;
È buia la vallata.
O triste, o disamata
Vieni! Vieni!

Tomorrow you'll be surrounded
by celebration, smiles, and flowers,
and you will not think on our past love;
yet always, night and day,
full of passion,
my song will moan to you.

Mint-flower,
O flower of pomegranate,
Nina, remember
the kisses that I gave to you,
Mint-flower!

"Mists"

I suffer. Far, far away,
the sleeping mists
rise from the silent
plain.

Shrilly cawing, the crows,
trusting their black wings,
traverse the moors,
grimly.

To the raw bites of air
the sorrowful tree trunks
offer, praying, their bare branches.
How cold I am!

I am alone;
driven through the gray sky
a wail of the dead
soars;

And repeats to me: come,
the valley is dark.
Oh sad, oh unloved one...
Come! Come!

PIETRO CIMARA

“Stornello”

[Arnaldo Fratelli]

Son come chicchi della melograna
Vellutati e vermigli i labbri tuoi
Gareggiar colla fragola montana
Pel profumo dell'alito tu puoi

Come le piante che gemme odorate
Distillano dal tronco e dalla chioma
Tu stilli dale tue labbra rosate
Baci che sono del tuo cor l'aroma.

Fammi nutrir di baci sì soavi
Come si nutre di rugiada il fiore
Baciarmi sempre come mi baciavi
La prima volta che ti strinsi al core!

Se tu fossi rugiada le tue stille
Di vita altrici negheresti al fior?
Baciarmi dunque e fa nove scintilla
Arder di vita in quest'arido cor!

RICCARDO ZANDONAI

“Sotto il ciel”

[Victoria Aganoor]

Sotto il ciel,
che d'un vago
pallor tinge la sera,
cinto dalla brughiera
dorme tra l'alge il lago;

E sul lidoleggiera,
sottile come un ago,
– nido forse d'un mago –
s'alza una guglia nera.

Vieni! il paese arcano
dei sogni è questo: Vieni!
Laggiù l'ignoto invita.

Andiam, stretti per mano,
ai vesperi sereni
per la landa infinita.

Folk Song

Your red velvety lips are like the grains
of the pomegranate.
The perfume of your breath could compete
with that of a mountain strawberry.

Like the fragrant burgeoning plant distills
from its trunk and its foliage,
Your rosy lips drip kisses that are the
fragrance of your heart.

That I may feed from your sweet kisses
as the flower feeds from the dew.
Always kiss me as you kissed me the first
time I pressed against your heart.

If you were dew, would you deny your
life-giving droplets to the flower?
So kiss me and make nine sparks burn life
into this desiccated heart.

—translated by Nathalie Doucet

“Under the sky”

Under the sky
that colors the evening
with a vague pallor,
surrounded by the moor,
the lake sleeps among the algae.

And on the shore, lightly,
and as thin as a needle,
perhaps a sorcerer's nest,
rises a black spire.

Come! This is the mysterious
land of dreams. Come!
The unknown is waiting.

Let us go, holding hands,
to the serene evensong
for the infinite moor.

—translated by Nathalie Doucet

FEDERICO (FRANCO) RICCI

“Il carrettiere del Vomero”

Ahu! Mannaggia!
Ahu! Mannaggia!
Li cavallè la carretta!
Justo mò che vaco i fretta
Non se fida n’i tirà!

Votta mannaggia iza!
Tira ca vene iza!
Votta! Ohè! Ahrriah!

Ahu! Mannaggia!
Ahu! Mannaggia!
La sagliuta d’a Nfrascata,
Se fa sera, e Fortunata
A Antiguan st’a aspettà.

Votta mannaggia iza!
Tira ca vene iza!
Votta! Ohè! Ahrriah!

PIETRO MASCAGNI

“Voi lo sapete, o mamma”

from *Cavalleria rusticana*

[Giovanni Targioni-Tozzetti/Guido Menasci]

Voi lo sapete, o mamma,
Prima d’andar soldato,
Turiddu aveva a Lola
Eterna fè giurato.
Tornò, la seppe sposa;
E con un nuovo amore
Volle spegner la fiamma
Che gli bruciava il core:
M’amò, l’amai.
Quell’invidia d’ogni delizia mia,
Del suo sposo dimentica,
Arse di gelosia...
Me l’ha rapito...
Priva dell’onore mio rimango:
Lola e Turiddu s’amano,
Io piango, io piango!

“The Carter of Vomero”

Come on! Dammit!
Come on! Dammit!
The horse and the cart!
Just when I’m in a hurry,
He becomes skittish and refuses to budge!

Go on, damn you!
Get on with it, pull! Go!
Come on! Giddyap!

Come on! Dammit!
Come on! Dammit!
It’s uphill to Nfrascata,
It’s getting dark, and Fortunata
is waiting at Antigiano.

Go on, damn you!
Get on with it, pull! Go!
Come on, go! Giddyap!

“You know, O mama”

You know, O mama,
before leaving to become a soldier,
Turiddu swore to Lola
his eternal faithfulness.
He returned and found her married to another;
and so with a new love
he tried to extinguish the flame
that consumed his broken heart.
He loved me, I loved him.
Soon, she envied all my joy.
Forgotten by her husband,
she burned with jealousy.
She stole him from me.
I am ashamed and left without honor:
Lola and Turiddu love each other,
and so I cry! I cry!

RICHARD STRAUSS

“Zueignung,” Op. 10, No. 1

[Hermann von Gilm]

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
 Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
 Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
 Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
 Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
 Und du segnetest den Trank,
 Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
 Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
 Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
 Habe Dank!

“Nichts,” Op. 10, No. 2

[Hermann von Gilm]

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr, meine
 Königin im Liederreich!
 Toren, die ihr seid,
 ich kenne sie am wenigsten von euch.
 Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
 Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
 Fragt nach Gang und Tanz und Haltung,
 Ach, und was weiß ich davon.
 Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
 Alles Lebens, alles Licht's
 Und was wissen von derselben
 Ich, und ihr, und alle? – nichts!

“Dedication”

Yes, dear soul, you know
 that far from you, I am in torment.
 Love makes hearts sick—
 Thank you.

Once, relishing freedom,
 I held high the amethyst cup
 And you blessed that drink—
 Thank you.

And you banished the evil spirits,
 Till I, as never before,
 Sank holy upon your heart—
 Thank you.

“Nothing”

You say I should name
 my queen in the realm of song!
 Fools that you are,
 I know her least of all of you.
 Ask me the color of her eye.
 Ask me of her voice's tone.
 Ask me of her walk, her dance, her poise.
 Ah! what do I know of all that?
 Is the sun not the source
 of all life, all light?
 And what do we know about it?
 I, and you, and all?—nothing!

“Die Georgine,” Op. 10, No. 4
[Hermann von Gilm]

Warum so spät erst, Georgine?
Das Rosenmärchen ist erzählt,
Und honigsatt hat sich die Biene
Ihr Bett zum Schlummer ausgewählt.

Sind nicht zu kalt dir diese Nächte?
Wie lebst du diese Tage hin?
Wenn ich dir jetzt den Frühling brächte,
Du feuergelbe Träumerin,

Wenn ich mit Maitau dich benetzte,
Begöße dich mit Junilicht,
Doch ach! dann wärest du nicht die Letzte,
Die stolze Einzige auch nicht.

Wie, Träumerin, lock’ ich vergebens?
So reich’ mir schwesterlich die Hand,
Ich hab’ den Maitag dieses Lebens
Wie du den Frühling nicht gekannt;

Und spät wie dir, du Feuergelbe,
Stahl sich die Liebe mir ins Herz;
Ob spät, ob früh, es ist dasselbe Entzücken
und derselbe Schmerz.

JOHANNES BRAHMS

“Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen,” Op. 32, No. 2
[Georg Friedrich Daumer]

Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen,
Beschloß ich und beschwor ich,
Und gehe jeden Abend,
Denn jede Kraft und jeden Halt verlor ich.

Ich möchte nicht mehr leben,
Möcht’ augenblicks verderben,
Und möchte doch auch leben
Für dich, mit dir, und nimmer, nimmer sterben.

Ach, rede, sprich ein Wort nur,
Ein einziges, ein klares;
Gib Leben oder Tod mir,
Nur dein Gefühl enthülle mir, dein wahres!

“The Dahlia”

Why, dahlia, do you appear so late?
The rose’s tale is told,
and the bee, full of honey,
has found its bed for slumber.

Are these nights not too cold for you?
How do you live through these days?
What if I brought you springtime now,
you fiery yellow dreamer?

What if I watered you with May dew,
showered you in June’s light?
but ah... then you would not be the last...
nor proud to be the only one.

How, O dreamer, do I tempt you in vain?
Then give me your sisterly hand.
I’ve not known May-time in this life,
just as you’ve not known the spring.

And as with you, fiery yellow flower,
love stole late into my heart.
Late or early, it is the same delight
and the same pain.

“Nevermore to go to you”

Nevermore to go to you,
I decided and swore,
and yet I go each evening
for I’ve lost all strength and my resolve.

I wish to live no longer,
I wish to die in an instant,
And yet would sooner live
For you, with you, and never, never die.

Oh, speak, say just a word,
One, clear;
Give me life or death,
Reveal to me your true feeling!

“Botschaft,” Op. 47, No. 1

[Georg Friedrich Daumer]

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht, hinwegzufliehn!
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe,
Sprich: “Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;
Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn.”

“Message”

Blow, breeze, gentle and lovely
about the cheek of my beloved,
play softly in her locks,
do not hurry to fly away!
Then if she should question
how things are with poor me,
say: “His woe is unending,
his situation so grave;
but now he can hope
to rejoice in life once more,
because you, fairest, think of him.”

ROBERT OWENS

Drei Lieder, Op. 19

[Joseph von Eichendorff]

“Die Nacht”

Nacht ist wie ein stilles Meer,
Lust und Leid und Liebesklagen
Kommen so verworren her
In dem linden Wellenschlagen.

“Night”

Night is like a calm sea;
desire, and sorrow, and lament of love
join, confused,
in the gentle waves.

Wünsche wie die Wolken sind,
Gleiten durch die stillen Räume,
Wer erkennt im lauen Wind,
Ob's Gedanken sind oder Träume?

Wishes, like clouds,
slide through quiet space;
who knows in the warm breeze
if they are thoughts or dreams?

Schliess' ich nun auch Herz und Mund,
Die so gern den Sternen klagen,
Leise doch im Herzensgrund
Bleibt das linde Wellenschlagen.

I now close my heart and mouth,
who love lamenting to the stars:
quietly in the depths of my heart,
the waves move gently on.

“Morgendämmerung”

Gedenk ich noch der Frühlingsnächte
Vor manchem, manchem Jahr,
Wie wir zusammen im Garten standen
Und unten über den Landen
Alles so still noch war.

Wie wir standen in Gedanken,
Bis eine Morgenglocke erwacht.
Das ist alles lange vergangen;
Aber die Glocken, die da klangen,
Hör ich noch oft bei Nacht.

“Der verliebte Reisende”

Da fahr’ ich still im Wagen,
Du bist so weit von mir,
Wohin er mich mag tragen,
Ich bleibe doch bei dir.

Da fliegen Wälder, Klüfte
Und schöne Täler tief
Und Lerchen hoch in Lüften,
Als ob dein’ Stimme rief.

Die Sonne lustig scheint
Weit über das Revier,
Ich bin so froh verweinet,
Und singe still in mir.

Vom Berge geht’s hinunter,
Das Posthorn schallt im Grund,
Mein’ Seel’ wird mir so munter,
Grüß dich aus Herzensgrund.

“Daybreak”

I still remember the spring night
many a year ago;
how we stood together in the garden
and down over the country
everything was still so quiet.

How we stood in our thoughts
until a morning bell woke—
it was all a long time ago;
but the bells that rang
I still often hear at night.

“The traveler in love”

I travel silently in the coach –
You are so far from me
but wherever it may take me,
I stay with you, still.

Forests fly by, ravines,
and lovely deep valleys,
and larks high in the air,
as if your voice calls.

The sun shines merrily
all across the grounds;
I am weeping so happily,
and I sing silently inside.

Down from the mountains,
the posthorn resounds;
my soul grows so bright,
and I greet you from the bottom of my heart.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND*Half-Minute Songs***“Making the Best of It”**

What you can't help, forget!

“First Ask Yourself”

Before you have said it about them,
ask yourself if you'd like them
to know you said it.

“To Understand”

To understand a sorrow,
you must have one all your own.

“Don't You Listen”

No matter what they say,
keep a-walking straight ahead...
why they'll praise you when you're dead,
but don't you listen.

“How to Find Success”

The man who finds success,
looks sometimes when he's tired.

“The Pleasure of Giving”

I'd rather say “You're Welcome” once,
than “Thank You” a thousand times.

“Answer the First Rap”

Opportunity may knock often,
but it's better to answer the first rap.

“A Good Exercise”

With evil things you'll always find
it's best to be deaf dumb and blind.

“A Present from Yourself”

A friend is a present you give yourself.

“Now and Then”

The “lucky” fellow gets up at 5am,
and generally works till 10pm;
But the other fellow not quite so “lucky,”
works hard just now and then!

“When They Say the Unkind Things”

Ain't it gay that what “they say”
can't hurt you unless it's true?

“Keep Awake”

Success never comes to the sleeping.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN**“One Hundred Easy Ways to Lose a Man”***from Wonderful Town*

[Betty Comden and Adolph Green]

The first way to lose a man...

You've met a charming fellow and you're out
for a spin

The motor fails and he just wears a helpless grin

Don't bat your eyes and say, “What a romantic
spot we're in!”

Just leap out, crawl under the car,
tell him it's the gasket and fix it in two seconds
flat with a bobby pin.

That's a good way to lose a man.

He takes you to a baseball game,
you sit knee to knee.

He says, “The next guy up at bat will bunt,
you'll see.”

Don't say, “Ooh, what's a bunt? This game's
too hard for little old me.”

Just say, “Bunt? What are you nuts?
With no outs, two men on base,
and a left-handed batter coming up,
he'll walk right into a triple play,
just like it happened in the fifth game of the
World Series in 1923.”

That's a sure way to lose a man.

A sure, sure, sure, sure way to lose a man,
a splendid way to lose a man,
just throw your knowledge in his face,
he'll never try for second base...
ninety-eight ways to go.

The third way to lose a man, the life-guard
at the beach
that all the girlies adore, swims bravely out
to save you through the ocean's roar,
don't say, “Gee, thanks. I would have drowned
in just one second more.”

Just push his head under and yell,
“Last one in is a rotten egg”,
and race him back to shore.
That's a swell way to lose a man.

You've found your perfect mate and it's been
love from the start.

He whispers, "You're the one to who I give
my heart."

Don't say, "I love you too, my dear, let's never,
never part..."

Just say, "I'm afraid you've made a
grammatical error.

It's not 'to who I give my heart,'
it's 'to whom I give my heart.'

You see, with the preposition 'to,'

'who' becomes the indirect object,
making the use of 'whom' imperative,
which I can prove to you
with this very simple chart."

That's a fine way to lose a man.

A fine, fine, fine, fine way to lose a man.

A dandy way to lose a man.

Just be more well-informed than he.

You'll never hear "Oh, Promise Me."

Just show him where his grammar errs
then mark your towels "hers" and "hers."

Yes, girls, you too can lose your man
if you will use Ruth Sherwood's plan...

One hundred easy ways to lose a man!

WALTER KENT

"The Last Mile Home"

[Walton Farrar]

You can travel 'round the globe,
and see a lot of things,
from Mandalay to old Pompeii,
to Paris in the spring.

But you'll only find one thing.

Yes, just one thing.

The longest mile is the last mile home,
when you've been away.

The dearest dreams are the dreams of home,
when you've been away.

You travel far over land and sea,
then one day it's as clear as can be—
the sweetest mile you'll ever roam,
is the last mile home!

COLE PORTER

"Why Can't You Behave?" from *Kiss Me, Kate*

Why can't you behave?

Oh, why can't you behave?

After all the things you told me,
and the promises that you gave
oh, why can't you behave?

Why can't you be good?

And do just as you should?

Won't you turn that new leaf over,
so your baby can be your slave...

Oh, why can't you behave?

There's a farm I know near my old hometown
where we two can go and try settlin' down.

There I'll care for you forever,
'cause you're all in the world I crave,
but why can't you behave?

—all English translations by Christine Goerke,
unless otherwise noted

All English lyric translations by Christine Goerke, except for Pietro Cimara's "Stornello" and Riccardo Zandonai's "Sotto il ciel" (translations by Nathalie Doucet).

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Opening fanfare used by permission from Jordi Savall from his 2015 recording of Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo* on Alia Vox.

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