

77TH SEASON OF
CONCERTS

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART | FEBRUARY 24, 2019



PROGRAM



Photo by Karli Cadel

Curtis Opera Theatre Vocal Quartet

Sage DeAgro-Ruopp, soprano

Anastasiia Sidorova, mezzo-soprano

Dominic Armstrong, tenor

Patrick Wilhelm, baritone

Miloš Repický, piano

Mikael Eliasen, piano

February 24, 2019 | 3:30

West Building, West Garden Court

Program subject to change

Sigmund Romberg (1887–1951)

“Serenade,” from *The Student Prince*

Sage DeAgro-Ruopp, soprano

Anastasiia Sidorova, mezzo-soprano

Dominic Armstrong, tenor

Patrick Wilhelm, baritone

Leonard Bernstein (1918–1990)

“Glitter and Be Gay,” from *Candide*

Sage DeAgro-Ruopp, soprano

Georges Bizet (1838–1875)

“Près des remparts de Séville (Seguidilla),” duet from *Carmen*

Anastasiia Sidorova, mezzo-soprano

Dominic Armstrong, tenor

Kurt Weill (1900–1950)

“It Never Was You,” from *Knickerbocker Holiday*

Patrick Wilhelm, baritone

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

“Là ci darem la mano,” from *Don Giovanni*

Anastasiia Sidorova, mezzo-soprano

Patrick Wilhelm, baritone

Franz Lehár (1870–1948)

“Dein ist mein ganzes Herz,” from *Das Land des Lächelns*

Dominic Armstrong, tenor

“Lippen schweigen,” from *Die lustige Witwe*

Sage DeAgro-Ruopp, soprano

Patrick Wilhelm, baritone

Leonard Bernstein

“Tonight,” from *West Side Story*

Sage DeAgro-Ruopp, soprano

Dominic Armstrong, tenor

Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)

“Un di, se ben rammentomi...Bella figlia dell’amore,” from *Rigoletto*

Sage DeAgro-Ruopp, soprano

Anastasiia Sidorova, mezzo-soprano

Dominic Armstrong, tenor

Patrick Wilhelm, baritone

Intermission

Leonard Bernstein

Overture to *Candide*

Miloš Repický, piano

Mikael Eliasen, piano

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Liebeslieder Walzer, op. 52

1. Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes
2. Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut
3. O die Frauen!
4. Wie des Abends schöne Röte
5. Die grüne Hopfenranke
6. Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel
7. Wohl schön bewandt war es
8. Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
9. Am Donaustrande
10. O wie sanft die Quelle sich
11. Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen
12. Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser
13. Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft
14. Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar
15. Nachtigall, sie singt so schön
16. Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe
17. Nicht wandle, mein Licht
18. Es bebet das Gesträuche

Sage DeAgro-Ruopp, soprano

Anastasiia Sidorova, mezzo-soprano

Dominic Armstrong, tenor

Patrick Wilhelm, baritone

Miloš Repický, piano

Mikael Eliasen, piano

THE MUSICIANS

Dominic Armstrong has quickly established himself as an artist of superb musicality and characterization. This season, Armstrong joins the Syracuse Opera singing Macduff in Verdi's *Macbeth*, directed by R.B. Schather. He also joins the Florida Orchestra for Michael Tippett's *The Child of Our Time*, the Kaohsiung Symphony Orchestra for an opera gala concert, and the Portland Symphony to sing in Rachmaninoff's *The Bells*. He is participating in a tour of the United States with Curtis on Tour and travels to France to perform Cavaradossi in Puccini's *Tosca* with conductor Emmanuel Plasson.

Last season, Armstrong joined the Milwaukee Symphony for Bach's *Magnificat*, Curtis on Tour for their annual touring initiative, and Hudson Hall as Jo the Loiterer in Virgil Thomson's, *The Mother of Us All*, and appeared with both Los Angeles Opera and the Center for Contemporary Opera in a double bill of two Gordon Getty one-act operas, *Usher House* and *The Canterville Ghost*, as Edgar Allen Poe and Duke Cecil of Yorkshire. Along with his wife, Ashley Emerson, Armstrong also participated in a tour of Russia for the occasion of Leonard Bernstein's centenary celebration under the baton of Maestro Mark Mandarano.

In recent seasons, Armstrong returned to Dayton Opera as Don José in Bizet's *Carmen* and to the Lansing Symphony for Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. In January, he joined Beth Morrison Projects for the New York City performances of Missy Mazzoli's *Breaking the Waves*. Previously, Armstrong traveled to Russia to perform Britten's *War Requiem* with the Russian National Orchestra and subsequently performed in a series of concerts, collaborating with Craig Rutenberg. He also made his company debut with Opera Colorado as Arthur Dimmesdale in the anticipated world premiere of Lori Laitman's *The Scarlet Letter*, sang the Second Jew in Strauss's *Salome* with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, and performed in recital with the Brooklyn Art Song Society.

Sage DeAgro-Ruopp, from Traverse City, Michigan, entered the Curtis Institute of Music in 2017 and studies in the voice program with Marlena Kleinman Malas. She is the Gianna Rolandi Annual Fellow. A soprano, DeAgro-Ruopp has sung the roles of Bessie (*Mahagonny: Ein Songspiel*), Monica (*The Medium*), and Mélisande (*Impressions of Pelléas*) for the Curtis Opera Theatre; and the Fairy (*Cendrillon*), Corilla (*Viva la Mamma*), and Morgana (*Alcina*) for the Oberlin Opera Theater. Also at Oberlin, she premiered Matthew Schreibeis's *The Sandburg Songs* with the school's contemporary music ensemble. She has performed as a soloist with the Interlochen Arts Academy Orchestra as the winner of their 2014 Concerto Competition, and she has appeared as a guest on *A Prairie Home Companion*.

DeAgro-Ruopp attended the Chautauqua Institution and Oberlin in Italy and was named a YoungArts winner in 2014. She holds a performance diploma from the Oberlin Conservatory. Her teachers have included Duane Mahy, Scott Skiba, and Marilyn Tilley.

Mikael Eliasen is artistic director of the Curtis Opera Theatre and the Hirsig Family Dean of Vocal Studies at the Curtis Institute of Music. Born in Denmark, he received his early training in Copenhagen, Montreal, and Vienna. He has collaborated with numerous singers in recital worldwide, including Robert Merrill, Tom Krause, John Shirley-Quirk, Elly Ameling, Edith Mathis, Florence Quivar, Mira Zakai, Sarah Walker, Joan Patenaude-Yarnell, and Curtis alumni Theodor Uppman, Michael Schade, and Rinat Shaham.

Eliasen has given master classes at Aix-en-Provence, the Shanghai Conservatory, the Tchaikovsky Conservatory, the Jerusalem Music Center, and the National Opera of Prague. He has a long association with the young artist programs at the Royal Danish Opera and the Opera Studio of Amsterdam. In the United States, he works regularly at the Lyric Opera of Chicago and the principal operas of Los Angeles, Houston, Pittsburgh, Santa Fe, and New York. He has recorded for Albany Records, CBC, Hilversum Radio, Polish State Radio, Kol Israel, Irish Radio and Television, London Records, MHS, and Supraphon.

Eliasen was music director of the San Francisco Opera Center from 1994 to 1996 and artistic director of the European Center for Opera and Vocal Art in Belgium from 1984 to 1994. For twenty years, he has taught at Chautauqua's Voice Program during the summers. In 2013, he was appointed artistic adviser to Opera Philadelphia. He led the Young Artist Voice Program as part of Curtis Summerfest 2016. Eliasen joined the faculty of the Curtis Institute of Music in 1986 and became the head of the department in 1988.

Miloš Repicky, pianist and conductor, is on the faculty of the Curtis Institute of Music. As assistant conductor with the Metropolitan Opera, he has served twelve seasons, with recent productions including *Rusalka*, *Jenůfa*, *Anna Bolena*, *Otello*, *The Death of Klinghoffer*, and *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk*. He enjoys regular collaborations with the Cleveland Orchestra, including this season's *Cunning Little Vixen* at Severance Hall, Vienna's Musikverein, and in Luxembourg. Previously he performed *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *Daphne* at the Lincoln Center Festival, as well as *Bluebeard's Castle/Miraculous Mandarin* with the Joffrey Ballet. He has worked with the Houston Grand Opera, the Canadian Opera Company, the Spoleto Festival, the San Francisco Opera, the Kennedy Center, Oman's Royal Opera House Muscat, and Spain's Orquestra Nacional de Galicia. His collaborations as guest music director with Against the Grain Theatre in Toronto include *#UncleJohn* and the development of a new, immersive work, *No One's Safe*, at the Banff Centre. At the Kennedy Center's World Stages

Festival, he conducted Tobin Stokes and Heather Raffo's new opera, *Fallujah*. As a pianist, he has performed for the Ottawa International Chamber Festival, Carnegie Hall, Medici TV, TED, Alice Tully Hall, Jeunesses-Musicales du Canada, and the Banff Centre. He is a featured pianist on the Sundialtech Pictures multimedia DVD of *Pierrot Lunaire* and recently conducted a soundtrack for the feature film *The Bohemians*, an adaptation of Puccini's *La bohème*. He has been on the guest faculty at the Juilliard School, the Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music, Yale University, the Chautauqua Institution, and the Castleton Festival. With his wife, Lilah Gosman, he is co-artistic director of Music for Montauk, on Long Island.

Repicky studied at the Manhattan School of Music with Warren Jones, and at the California's Music Academy of the West, the Merola Program at San Francisco Opera, and the Banff Centre. He joined the faculty of the Curtis Institute of Music in 2016.

Anastasiia Sidorova, from St. Petersburg, Russia, entered the Curtis Institute of Music in 2014 and studies voice with Patricia McCaffrey. She is the Casiana Hilton Annual Fellow.

A mezzo-soprano, Sidorova won first prize in the 2015 Classical Singer Vocal Competition. She received the Encouragement Award at the Gerda Lissner Foundation Lieder/Song Competition in 2015, and was the 2012 Third Laureate and 2011 Second Laureate in the Vivat-Talent International Contest and Festival in St. Petersburg. She joined Opera Philadelphia's Emerging Artists Program in 2016, singing the role of Roggiero in *Tancredi* and covering the role of Dodo in *Breaking the Waves*. In the 2017–2018 season, she continued as an Emerging Artist in the roles of Third Lady in *Die Zauberflöte* and Mérèdes in *Carmen*.

For the Curtis Opera Theatre, Sidorova's notable roles include Dinah (*Trouble in Tahiti*), Dido (*Dido and Aeneas*), Olga and Filippyevna (*Eugene Onegin*), Bianca (*The Rape of Lucretia*), Martha (*Iolanta*), Lucilla (*La scala di seta*), Dryad (*Ariadne auf Naxos*), Mother Goose (*The Rake's Progress*), Rosette (*Manon*), and Cherubino (*Le nozze di Figaro*). She participated in the Wolf Trap Studio Artist Program in 2018 and has also attended California's Music Academy of the West and the Verbier Music Festival in Switzerland.

Patrick Wilhelm, from Maplewood, New Jersey, and Lausanne, Switzerland, entered the Curtis Institute of Music in 2015 and studies voice with Julia Faulkner. He is the Lelia A. Wike Fellow.

Wilhelm, a baritone, has appeared as Sam (*Trouble in Tahiti*), Aeneas (*Dido and Aeneas*), Mr. Gobineau (*The Medium*), Bill (*A Quiet Place*), Zaretsky (*Eugene Onegin*), Pelléas (*Impressions of Pelléas*), Junius (*The Rape of Lucretia*), and the Black Cat (*L'enfant et les sortilèges*) with the Curtis Opera Theatre. An avid recitalist, he frequently performs on the Student Recital Series at Curtis. In the summers of 2015 and 2016, Wilhelm attended the Académie internationale d'été de Nice, singing in classes with Dalton Baldwin and Lorraine Nubar. He attended the Salzburg Mozarteum in 2017, and has also participated in Boston University's Tanglewood Institute.

The Curtis Institute of Music educates and trains exceptionally gifted young musicians to engage a local and global community through the highest level of artistry. One of the most selective schools in the United States, Curtis accepts 4 percent of applicants each year on average, and a tuition-free policy ensures that talent and artistic promise are the only considerations for admission.

With a small student body of about 175, Curtis ensures that each young musician receives an education of unparalleled quality, distinguished by a “learn by doing” philosophy and personalized attention from a faculty that includes a high proportion of actively performing musicians.

Curtis students hone their craft through more than two hundred orchestra, opera, and solo and chamber music offerings each year and programs that bring arts access and education to the community. This real-world training allows these extraordinary young musicians to join the front rank of performers, composers, conductors, and musical leaders, making a profound impact on music onstage and in their communities.

Curtis on Tour is the Nina von Maltzahn global touring initiative of the Curtis Institute of Music. An embodiment of the school's “learn by doing” philosophy, it offers students real-world, professional touring experience alongside celebrated alumni and faculty. In addition to performances, musicians offer master classes, interactive programs, and community engagement activities while on tour. Curtis on Tour also facilitates solo performances of Curtis students and alumni with professional orchestras and recital series. Since the program was established in 2008, students, faculty, and alumni have performed more than two hundred concerts in Europe, Asia, and the Americas.

TRANSLATIONS

Bizet: "Près des remparts de Séville,"
duet from *Carmen*

Text: Henri Meilhac; Translation: Paul Horsley

CARMEN:

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 les 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.

JOSÉ:
Tais-toi, je me dit de ne pas me parler!

CARMEN:
Je ne te parle pas,
Je chante pour moi-même;
je chante pour moi-même!
Et je pense,
Il n'est pas défendu de penser
Je pense à certain officier,

Bizet: "Near the walls of Seville,"
duet from *Carmen*

CARMEN:

Near the walls of Seville
at my friend Lillas Pastia's place
I'll dance the Seguidilla
and drink Manzanilla.
I'll go to my friend Lilla Pastia's place!
Yes, though one does get bored all alone,
and real pleasures are for two.
So to keep me company,
I'll take my lover with me.
My lover, he's the devil knows where,
yesterday I showed him to the door.
My poor heart is quite consolable,
my heart is as free as air!
Oh, I have suitors by the dozen,
but none of them is to my liking.
Here it is, the weekend;
whoever wants to love me, I'll love him back!
Whoever wants my heart? It's for the taking.
You've come at just the right time;
I hardly have time to wait,
because with my new lover,
near the walls of Seville
at my friend Lillas Pastia's place,
I'll dance the Seguidilla
and drink Manzanilla.
I'll be at my friend Lillas Pastia's place!

JOSÉ:
Quiet! I told you not to talk to me!

CARMEN:
I'm not talking to you,
I'm singing to myself;
I'm singing to myself!
and I think,
that thinking is not forbidden!
I'm thinking about a certain officer,

je pense à certain officier,
Qui m'aime,
Et qu'a mon tour, oui, qu'a mon tour,
je pourrais bien aimer.

JOSÉ:
Carmen!

CARMEN:
Mon officier n'est pas un capitaine,
Pas même un lieutenant,
il n'est que brigadier;
mais c'est assez pour une Bohémienne
et je daigne m'en contenter!

JOSÉ:
Carmen, je suis comme un homme ivre,
Si je cède, si je me livre,
Ta promesse, tu la tiendras,
Ah! si je t'aime, Carmen, Carmen,
Tu m'aimeras?

CARMEN:
Oui.
Nous danserons la Séguedille
En buvant du Manzanilla.

JOSÉ:
Chez Lillas Pastia
Tu le promets!
Carmen,
Tu le promets!

CARMEN:
Ah!
Près des remparts de Séville,
Chez mon ami Lillas Pastia,
Nous danserons la Séguedille
Et boirons du Manzanilla:
tra la
tra la la.

I'm thinking about a certain officer,
who loves me,
and whom I might, I just might,
be able to love in return.

JOSÉ:
Carmen!

CARMEN:
My officer is not a captain,
he's not even a lieutenant,
he's no more than a brigadier;
but that's enough for a Gypsy,
and I'm willing to be content with it!

JOSÉ:
Carmen, I am like a drunk man,
If I agree, if I give myself to you,
Your promise, will you keep it?
Oh! If I love you, Carmen, Carmen,
Will you love me?

CARMEN:
Yes.
We will dance the Seguidilla
and drink Manzanilla.

JOSÉ:
At Lillas Pastia's,
you promise!
Carmen,
you promise!

CARMEN:
Ah!
Near the walls of Seville,
at my friend Lillas Pastia's place,
we will dance the Seguidilla
and we'll drink Manzanilla:
tra la la la la la la la la la
tra la la.

**Mozart: "Là ci darem la mano,"
from *Don Giovanni***

Text: Lorenzo Da Ponte; Translation: Paul Horsley

DON GIOVANNI:

Là ci darem la mano,
Là mi dirai di sì.
Vedi, non è lontano;
Partiam, ben mio, da qui.

ZERLINA: (tra sé)

Vorrei, e non vorrei,
Mi trema un poco il cor.
Felice, è ver sarei:
Ma può burlarmi ancor.

DON GIOVANNI:

Vieni, mio bel diletto!

ZERLINA: (tra sé)

Mi fa pietà Masetto!

DON GIOVANNI:

Lo cangierò tua sorte.

ZERLINA:

Presto, non son più forte.

DON GIOVANNI, ZERLINA:

Andiam, andiam, mio bene,
A ristorar le pene
D'un innocente amor!

**Mozart: "There we'll take hands,"
from *Don Giovanni***

DON GIOVANNI:

There we'll take hands,
and you will say to me, "yes."
See, it's not far;
my dear, let's leave this place.

ZERLINA: (aside)

I would like to, and yet I would not,
my heart is trembling a little.
It's true, I would be happy:
But he may still be tricking me.

DON GIOVANNI:

Come, my pretty delight!

ZERLINA: (aside)

I pity poor Masetto!

DON GIOVANNI:

I will change your fate.

ZERLINA:

Quickly then, I'm not strong to resist.

DON GIOVANNI, ZERLINA:

Oh come, oh come, my dearest,
and soothe the ache
of an innocent love!

**Lehár: "Dein ist mein ganzes Herz!"
from *Das Land des Lächelns***

Text: Victor Léon and Leo Stein
Translation: Paul Horsley

PRINCE SOU-CHONG:

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz!
Wo du nicht bist, kann ich nicht sein.
So, wie die Blume welkt,
Wenn sie nicht küsst der Sonnenschein!
Dein ist mein schönstes Lied,
Weil es allein aus der Liebe erblüht.
Sag mir noch einmal, mein einziger Lieb,
Oh sag noch einmal mir:
Ich hab dich lieb!

Wohin ich immer gehe,
Ich fühle deine Nähe.
Ich möchte deinen Atem trinken
Und betend dir zu Füßen sinken,
Dir, dir allein! Wie wunderbar
Ist dein leuchtendes Haar!
Traumschön und sehnsgeschwängert
Ist dein strahlender Blick.
Hör ich der Stimme Klang,
Ist es so wie Musik.

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz!
Wo du nicht bist, kann ich nicht sein.
So, wie die Blume welkt,
Wenn sie nicht küsst der Sonnenschein!
Dein ist mein schönstes Lied,
Weil es allein aus der Liebe erblüht.
Sag mir noch einmal, mein einziger Lieb,
Oh sag noch einmal mir:
Ich hab dich lieb!

**Lehár: "Lippen schweigen,"
from *Die lustige Witwe***

Text: Victor Léon and Leo Stein
Translation: Paul Horsley

DANILO:

Lippen schweigen,
's flüstern Geigen:
Hab' mich lieb!
All' die Schritte sagen: bitte,
Hab' mich lieb!

**Lehár: "My heart is completely yours!"
from *The Land of Smiles***

PRINCE SOU-CHONG:

My heart is completely yours!
Where you are absent, I cannot be.
Just as a flower wilts

when it is not kissed by sunlight!
Yours is my most beautiful song,
because it alone blooms from our love.
Tell me once more, my only love,
please tell me once more:

I love you!
Wherever I go,
I feel your closeness.
I wish to drink your breath
and sink to my feet, praying to you,
to you and you alone! How wonderful
is your shimmering hair!
Dreamily beautiful and yearningly luring
is your radiant glance.
When I hear the sound of your voice,
it is like music.

My heart is completely yours!
Where you are absent, I cannot be.
Just as a flower wilts
when it is not kissed by sunlight!
Yours is my most beautiful song,
because it alone blooms from our love.
Tell me once more, my only love,
please tell me once more:
I love you!

**Lehár: "Though lips are silent,"
from *The Merry Widow***

DANILO:
Though lips are silent,
violins whisper:
Love me!
Every step says: Please
love me!

Jeder Druck der Hände
Deutlich mir's beschrieb,
Er sagt klar: 's ist wahr, 's ist wahr,
Du hast mich lieb!

HANNA:
Bei jedem Walzerschritt
Tanzt auch die Seele mit,
Da hüpf't das Herzchen klein,
Es klopft und pocht:
Sei mein! Sei mein!
Und der Mund er spricht kein Wort,
Doch tönt es fort und immerfort:
Ich hab' dich ja so lieb,
Ich hab' dich lieb!

HANNA UND DANILO:
Jeder Druck der Hände
Deutlich mir's beschrieb,
Er sagt klar: 's ist wahr, 's ist wahr,
Du hast mich lieb!

Verdi: "Un dì, se ben rammentomi...
Bella figlia dell'amore," from Rigoletto
Text: Francesco Maria Piave
Translation: Paul Horsley

DUCA:
Un dì, se ben rammentomi,
O bella, t'incontrai,
Mi piacque di te chiedere
E intesi che qui stai.
Or sappi che d'allora
Sol te quest'alma adora.

GILDA:
(Iniquo!)

MADDALENA:
Ah! Ah! e vent'altre appresso
Le scorda forse adesso?
Ha un'aria il signorino
Da vero libertino.

Every press of your hand
makes it crystal-clear to me,
and says: It's true, it's true,
you love me!

HANNA:
With every waltz step
my soul joins the dance,
my little heart, it leaps
and knocks and pounds:
Be mine! Be mine!
And though my lips speak not a word,
it echoes to and fro:
I love you so much,
I love you!

HANNA AND DANILO:
Every press of your hand
makes it crystal-clear to me,
and says: It's true, it's true,
you love me!

Verdi: "One day, if I remember correctly...
fairest daughter of love," from Rigoletto

DUCA:
One day, if I remember correctly,
I met you, my pretty one.
I asked someone about you,
and was told that you lived here.
Let me say that from that point on,
My heart has been only yours.

GILDA:
(Deceiver!)

MADDALENA:
Hah! Hah! And what of the twenty others
that you've forgotten about?
The young gentleman has the air
of true libertine.

DUCA:
Sì, un mostro son.
(per abbracciarla)

GILDA:
Ah, padre mio!

MADDALENA:
Lasciatemi,
Stordito.

DUCA:
Ah, che fracasso!

MADDALENA:
Stia saggio!

DUCA:
E tu si docile, Non farmi tanto chiasso.
Ogni saggezza chiudesi
Nel gaudio e nell'amore.
La bella mano candida!

MADDALENA:
Scherzate voi, signore.

DUCA:
No, no.

MADDALENA:
Son brutta.

DUCA:
Abbracciami.

GILDA:
(Iniquo!)

MADDALENA:
Ebbro!

DUCA:
D'amore ardente,

DUCA:
Yes, I am a monster.
(goes to embrace her)

GILDA:
Ah, father!

MADDALENA:
Leave me alone,
you mess of a man.

DUCA:
Ugh, what a fuss!

MADDALENA:
Behave yourself!

DUCA:
Be nice, don't make such a commotion.
Good manners do not exclude
either joy or love.
Pale, pretty hand!

MADDALENA:
You are joking, sir.

DUCA:
No, no.

MADDALENA:
I am ugly.

DUCA:
Embrace me.

GILDA:
(Deceiver!)

MADDALENA:
Drunkard!

DUCA:
With ardent love,

MADDALENA:
Signor, l'indifferente
vi piace canzonar?

DUCA:
No, no, ti vo' sposar,

MADDALENA:
Ne voglio la parola,

DUCA:
(Ironico)
Amabile figliuola!

RIGOLETTO:
(A Gilda che avrà
tutto osservato ed inteso)
E non ti basta ancor?

GILDA:
Iniquo traditor!

DUCA:
Bella figlia dell'amore,
Schiavo son dei vezzi tuoi;
Con un detto sol tu puoi
Le mie pene consolar.
Vieni e senti del mio core
Il frequente palpitar.

MADDALENA:
Ah! ah! rido ben di core,
Che tai baie costan poco,
Quanto valga il vostro gioco,
Mel credete, so apprezzar.
Son avvezza, bel signore,
Ad un simile scherzar.

GILDA:
Ah, così parlar d'amore
A me pur intame ho udito!
Infelice cor tradito,
Per angoscia non scoppiar.

MADDALENA:
Sir, if you're trifling with me,
sing that song elsewhere.

DUCA:
No, no, I want to marry you,

MADDALENA:
I want your word on that,

DUCA:
(cynically)
Sweet little child!

RIGOLETTO:
(to Gilda, who has been
observing intensely)
Haven't you seen enough?

GILDA:
Deceiving traitor!

DUCA:
Fairest daughter of love,
I am a slave to your charms;
with a single word
you could relieve all my pain.
Come and feel my heartbeat,
how it's racing!

MADDALENA:
Hah! Hah! Your heart, that makes me laugh;
talk like that is cheap.
I know how little your game
is worth, believe me.
I am well accustomed to,
to such foolish jokes.

GILDA:
Ah, these are the words of love
that he once spoke to me!
Hapless heart, do not betray me,
do not break from sheer agony.

RIGOLETTO: (a Gilda)
Taci, il piangere non vale,
Ch'ei mentiva sei sicura.
Taci, e mia sarà la cura
La vendetta d'affrettar.
Sì, pronta fia, sarà fatale,
Io saprolo fulminar.

RIGOLETTO:
M'odi! ritorna a casa.
Oro prendi, un destriero
Una veste viril che t'apprestai,
E per Verona parti.
Saròvi io pur doman.

GILDA:
Or venite.

RIGOLETTO:
Impossibil.

GILDA:
Tremo.

RIGOLETTO:
Va'.

Brahms: *Liebeslieder-Walzer*, op. 52

Text: Georg Friedrich Daumer
Translation: Paul Horsley

1. Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes
Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes,
Das mir in die Brust, die kühle,
Hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke
Diese wilden Glutgefühle!

Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen,
Willst du, eine Überfromme,
Rasten ohne traute Wonne,
Oder willst du, daß ich komme?

Rasten ohne traute Wonne,
Nicht so bitter will ich büßen.
Komme nur, du schwarzes Auge.
Komme, wenn die Sterne grüßen.

RIGOLETTO: (to Gilda)
Be still, crying is of no use,
is it now clear to you that he was lying.
Be still, and leave it up to me
to hasten our vengeance.
Yes, it will be quick and it will be deadly,
I know how to bring this to a close.

RIGOLETTO:
Listen to me! Go back home.
Take some money, take a horse,
put on the men's clothing that I gave you,
and leave for Verona.
I'll see you there tomorrow.

GILDA:
Come, now.

RIGOLETTO:
It's impossible.

GILDA:
I'm afraid.

RIGOLETTO:
Go!

Brahms: *Liebeslieder-Walzer*, op. 52

1. Tell me, dearest maiden
Tell me, dearest maiden,
who with your glance hurled
into my once-aloo heart
such wild, over-brimming feelings!

Do you not wish to soften your heart?
Will you remain so chaste,
living without tender bliss;
or do you want me to come to you?

To live without tender bliss?
I am loath to pay such bitter penance.
So come, dark-eyed beauty.
Come when the stars greet you.

2. Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut

Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut,
Heftig angetrieben;
Wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß,
Lernt es unterm Lieben.

3. O die Frauen!

O die Frauen, o die Frauen,
Wie sie Wonne tauen!
Wäre lang ein Mönch geworden,
Wären nicht die Frauen!

4. Wie des Abends schöne Röte

Wie des Abends schöne Röte
Möcht ich arme Dirne glühn,
Einem, Einem zu gefallen,
Sonder Ende Wonne sprühn.

5. Die grüne Hopfenranke

Die grüne Hopfenranke,
Sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin.
Die junge, schöne Dirne,
So traurig ist ihr Sinn!

Du höre, grüne Ranke!

Was hebst du dich nicht himmelwärts?
Du höre, schöne Dirne!
Was ist so schwer dein Herz?

Wie höbe sich die Ranke,
Der keine Stütze Kraft verleiht?
Wie wäre die Dirne fröhlich,
Wenn ihr das Liebste weit?

6. Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel

Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel
Nahm den Flug
Zum Garten hin,
Da gab es Obst genug.
Wenn ich ein hübscher,
Kleiner Vogel wär,
Ich säumte nicht,
Ich täte so wie der.

2. Against the stones the stream rushes

The torrent rushes, powerfully driven
to dash upon the stones;
he who has not learned to sigh there,
will learn when he falls in love.

3. O women!

O women, o women!
How they thaw the heart with bliss!
I would have become a monk long ago,
had it not been for women!

4. Like the lovely reddening evening

Like the lovely reddening evening.
I, a poor maiden, would like to glow,
to please one man, just one:
radiating bliss 'til the end of time.

5. Green shoots of the hops vine

Green shoots of the hops vine,
meander along the ground.
Meanwhile the pretty young maiden,
is in such a gloomy mood!

Listen up, green vine!

Why are you not rising toward heaven?
Listen, too, pretty maiden!
Why is your heart so heavy?

How could the vine rise up,
when nothing sturdy supports it?
How could the maiden be cheerful,
when her beloved is far away?

6. A pretty little bird

A pretty little bird
took flight
into a garden
with an abundance of fruit.
If I were a pretty
little bird,
I'd not hesitate:
I'd do just the same.

Leimruten-Arglist

Lauert an dem Ort;
Der arme Vogel
Konnte nicht mehr fort.
Wenn ich ein hübscher,
Kleiner Vogel wär,
Ich säumte doch,
Ich täte nicht wie der.

Der Vogel kam
In eine schöne Hand,
Da tat es ihm,
Dem Glücklichen, nicht and.
Wenn ich ein hübscher,
Kleiner Vogel wär,
Ich säumte nicht,
Ich täte doch wie der.

7. Wohl schön bewandt war es

Wohl schön bewandt
War es vorehe
Mit meinem Leben,
Mit meiner Liebe;
Durch eine Wand,
Ja durch zehn Wände,
Erkannte mich
Des Freundes Sehe;
Doch jetzo, wehe,
Wenn ich dem Kalten
Auch noch so dicht
Vor'm Auge stehe,
Es merkt's sein Auge,
Sein Herze nicht.

8. Wenn so lind dein Auge mir

Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
Und so lieblich schauet,
Jede letzte Trübe flieht
Welche mich umgrauet.

Dieser Liebe schöne Glut,
Laß sie nicht verstieben!
Nimmer wird, wie ich, so treu
Dich ein anderer lieben.

Treacherous lime-twigs

lurked there, though;
the poor bird
could not escape.
If I were a pretty
little bird,
I would have indeed hesitated:
I would not have done what he did.

Then the bird landed
upon a pretty hand,
which did no harm
to the lucky fellow.
If I were a pretty
little bird,
I'd not hesitate:
I'd do just the same.

7. I was quite content

I was quite content
(prematurely, perhaps)
with my life,
with my love;
through any wall,
indeed through ten walls,
my friend's gaze
could find me.
But now, to my dismay,
when I am with this cold boy,
no matter how near
I stand to him,
neither his eyes
nor his heart notices me.

8. When your eyes gaze at me

When your eyes gaze at me
so tenderly and lovingly,
all trace of grey gloom
flees from me.

Let us not permit the lovely radiance
of this love to be stamped out!
Never will another love you
as faithfully as I do.

9. Am Donaustrand

Am Donaustrand,
Da steht ein Haus,
Da schaut ein rosiges
Mädchen aus.

Das Mädchen,
Es ist wohl gut gehegt,
Zehn eiserne Riegel
Sind vor die Türe gelegt.

Zehn eiserne Riegel
Das ist ein Spaß;
Die spreng ich
Als wären sie nur von Glas.

10. O wie sanft die Quelle sich
O wie sanft die Quelle sich
Durch die Wiese windet!
O wie schön, wenn Liebe sich
Zu der Liebe findet!

11. Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen
Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen
mit den Leuten;
Alles wissen sie so giftig auszudeuten.

Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich lose Triebe;
Bin ich still, so heißtts, ich wäre irr aus Liebe.

12. Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser
Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser,
Schlösser ohne Zahl;
Denn die bösen Mäuler will ich
Schließen allzumal.

13. Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft
Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft,
Sucht nach einem Aste;
Und das Herz, ein Herz begehrts,
Wo es selig raste.

9. On the banks of the Danube

On the banks of the Danube
stands a house;
a rose-cheek maiden
peers out from it.

The maiden
is well-guarded:
ten iron bars
have been placed on the door.

Ten iron bars:
What a joke!
I'll blow them up
as if they were made of glass.

10. O how gently the spring
O how gently the spring
winds through the meadow!
O how beautiful it is
when love is requited by love!

11. No, it is not possible to get along
No, it is not possible to get along
with these people;
They interpret everything such poisonous ways.

If I am cheerful, they say I harbor loose desires;
if I am quiet, they think I'm madly in love.

12. Locksmith, come and make me locks
Locksmith, come and make me locks,
a great many locks,
so that I can lock up their evil mouths
once and for all.

13. A little bird rushes through the sky
A little bird rushes through the sky,
searching for a branch;
similarly, a heart desires a heart
in which it can find blessed rest.

14. Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar

Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar,
Blickt der Mond hernieder!
Die du meine Liebe bist,
Liebe du mich wieder!

15. Nachtigall, sie singt so schön
Nachtigall, sie singt so schön,
Wenn die Sterne funkeln.
Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz,
Küsse mich im Dunkeln!

16. Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe
Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe,
Ein gar zu gefährlicher Bronnen;
Da fiel ich hinein, ich Armer,
Kann weder hören noch sehn,
Nur denken an meine Wonnen,
Nur stöhnen in meinen Wehn.

17. Nicht wandle, mein Licht
Nicht wandle, mein Licht, dort außen
Im Flurbereich!
Die Füße würden dir, die zarten,
Zu naß, zu weich.

All überströmt sind dort die Wege,
Die Stege dir;
So überreichlich tränte dorten
Das Auge mir.

18. Es bebet das Gesträuche
Es bebet das Gesträuche,
Gestreift hat es im Fluge
Ein Vögelein.
In gleicher Art erbebet
Die Seele mir, erschüttert
Von Liebe, Lust, und Leide,
Gedenkt sie dein.

14. Look how clear the waves are

Look how clear the waves are,
when the moon shines down upon them!
Since you are my love,
love me once again!

15. The nightingale sings so beautifully
The nightingale sings so beautifully,
when the stars are sparkling.
Love me, my dearest heart,
and kiss me in the dark!

16. Love is a dark mineshaft
Love is a dark mineshaft,
an all-too-dangerous well;
and I, poor soul, fell in,
and can neither hear nor see;
I think only of my bliss,
and moan over my grief.

17. Do not wander out, my love
Do not wander out, my love,
into the fields!
The ground would be too wet, too soft,
for your tender feet.

The paths and the bridges there
are all completely flooded;
so abundantly
have I filled them with tears.

18. The bushes are trembling
The bushes are trembling,
a little bird in flight
has brushed up against them.
My soul trembles,
in like manner, shuddering
with love, desire, and sorrow,
when it thinks of you.

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**Unless otherwise noted, concerts
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Featuring works by Webern, Bartók,
and Schulhoff

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Peter Vinograde, piano

J.S. Bach's Seven Keyboard Toccatas

March 10, 3:30

Parthenia

With Ryland Angel, countertenor
Celebrating *Drawing in Tintoretto's
Venice and Venetian Prints in the
Time of Tintoretto*

Tomb Sonnets

Featuring works by Martin Kennedy,
Luca Marenzio, Philippe Verdelot,
Jacques Arcadelt, Cipriano de Rore,
Girolamo Frescobaldi, and Andrea and
Giovanni Gabrieli

March 17, 3:30

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