

Cal Performances Presents

Sunday, September 17, 2006, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Nuccia Focile, *soprano*
Members of the Berkeley Symphony Orchestra
Robert Cole, *conductor*

PROGRAM

- Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791) “Porgi Amor” from *Le nozze di Figaro* (1786)
- Charles-François Gounod (1818–1893) “Marguerite’s Jewel Song” from *Faust* (1859)
- Gounod “Les Nubiennes” and Adagio (ballet music)
from *Faust* (orchestra only)
- Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924) “Si. Mi chiamano Mimi” from
La Bohème (1896)
- Ruggero Leoncavallo (1857–1919) “Stridono lassù” from *I Pagliacci* (1892)

INTERMISSION

- Francesco Cilea (1866–1950) “Io son l’umile ancella” from
Adriana Lecouvreur (1902)
- Puccini “Sola perduta abbandonata” from
Manon Lescaut (1893)
- Pietro Mascagni (1863–1945) Intermezzo from *Cavalleria rusticana* (1890)
(orchestra only)
- Jules Massenet (1842–1912) “Adieu notre petite table” from *Manon* (1884)
- Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901) “Pace, pace, mio Dio” from
La forza del destino (1862)

This concert is presented with the generous support of Angela and Shu Kai Chan’s ASK Foundation.

Cal Performances’ 2006–2007 season is sponsored by Wells Fargo.

Texts and Translations

Mozart: “Porgi, amor” from *Le nozze di Figaro*

Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro, Al mio duolo, a' miei sospir! O mi rendi il mio tesoro, O mi lascia almen morir.	Love, bring me some relief For my sorrow, for my sighs! Give me back my loved one Or in mercy let me die.
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Gounod: “Marguerite’s Jewel Song” from *Faust*

O Dieu! que de bijoux!...est-ce un rêve charmant? Qui m’émblouit, ou si je veille! Mes yeux n’ont jamais vu de richesse pareille!	Oh, heaven! what jewels! Can I be dreaming? Or am I really awake? Ne’er have I seen such costly things before!
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*Marguerite puts down the casket and kneels
in order to adorn herself with the jewels.*

Si j’osais seulement Me parer un moment De ces pendants d’oreille!	I should just like to see How they’d look upon me Those brightly sparkling earrings!
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She takes out the earrings.

Voici tout justement, Au fond de la cassette, Un miroir!...comment N’être pas coquette?	Ah! at the bottom of the casket is a glass: I there can see myself! But am I not becoming vain?
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*She puts on the earrings, rises and looks at herself
in the glass.*

Ah! je ris de me voir Si belle en ce miroir!... Est-ce toi, Marguerite? Réponds-moi, réponds vite! Non! non! — ce n’est plus toi! Ce n’est plus ton visage! C’est la fille d’un roi, Qu’on salue au passage!	Ah! I laugh, as I pass, to look into a glass Is it truly Marguerite, then? Is it you? Tell me true! No, no, no, ’tis not you! No, no, that bright face there reflected Must belong to a queen! It reflects some fair queen, whom I greet as I pass her.
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Ah! s’il était ici! S’il me voyait ainsi!... Comme une demoiselle Il me trouverait belle!... Achevons la métamorphose! Il me tarde encor d’essayer Le bracelet et le collier.	Ah! could he see me now, Here, deck’d like this, I vow, He surely would mistake me, And for noble lady take me! I’ll try on the rest. The necklace and the bracelets I fain would try!
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*She adorns herself with the bracelets and necklace,
and rises.*

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

Dieu! c'est comme une main qui sur
mon bras se pose!
Ah! je ris de me voir
Si belle en ce miroir!
Est-ce toi, Marguerite?
Réponds-moi, réponds vite!
Non! non! — ce n'est plus toi!
Ce n'est plus ton visage!
C'est la fille d'un roi,
Qu'on salue au passage!
Ah! s'il était ici!
S'il me voyait ainsi!
Comme une demoiselle
Il me trouverait belle!
Ah! s'il était ici!

Heavens! 'Tis like a hand
That on mine arm doth rest!
Ah! I laugh, as I pass, to look into a glass
Is it truly Marguerite, then?
Is it you?
Tell me true!
No, no, no, 'tis not you!
No, no, that bright face there reflected
Must belong to a queen!
It reflects some fair queen, whom I greet
as I pass her.
Ah! could he see me now.
Here, deck'd like this, I vow,
He surely would mistake me,
And for noble lady take me!

Puccini: Si. Mi chiamano Mimì from *La Bohème*

Si. Mi chiamano Mimì,
ma il mio nome è Lucia.
La storia mia
è breve: a tela o a seta
ricamo in casa e fuori.
Son tranquilla e lieta,
ed è mio svago
far gigli e rose.
Mi piaccion quelle cose
che han sì dolce malia,
che parlano d'amor, di primavera;
che parlano di sogni e di chimere,
quelle cose che han nome poesia.
Lei m'intende?

Mi chiamano Mimì,
il perchè non so.
Sola mi fo il pranzo da me stessa.
Non vado sempre a messa,
ma prego assai il Signor.
Vivo sola, soletta,
là in una bianca cameretta;
guardo sui tetti e in cielo,
ma quando vien lo sgelo,
il primo sole è mio!
il primo bacio dell'aprile è mio!
Il primo sole è mio!
Germoglia
in un vaso una rosa;
foglia a foglia

Yes. They call me Mimi,
but my name is Lucia.
My story
is brief: I embroider linen
or silk, at home or outside.
I'm contented and happy,
and it's my pleasure
to make roses and lilies.
I love those things
which possess such sweet enchantment,
which speak of love and springtime,
of dreams and visions,
those things that people call poetic.
Do you understand?

They call me Mimi,
why, I don't know.
All alone, I make my own supper.
I don't always go to Mass,
but I pray diligently to God.
I live alone, quite alone
there in a little white room;
I overlook roofs and sky,
but when the thaw comes,
the first sunshine is mine,
April's first kiss is mine!
The first sunshine is mine,
In a vase
a rose is coming into bloom;
petal by petal

Texts and Translations

la spio! Così gentil
il profumo d'un fior.
Ma i fior ch'io faccio, ahimè!...
i fior ch'io faccio, ahimè!
non hanno odore!
Altro di me non le saprei narrare:
sono la sua vicina
che la vien fuori d'ora
a importunare.

I watch it! The scent
of a flower is so sweet.
But the flowers I make, alas,
the flowers I make
have no smell!
There's no more I can tell you about myself:
I am your neighbor
who comes to bother you
at the wrong moment.

Leoncavallo: "Stridono lassù" from *I Pagliacci*

Hui! Stridono lassù, liberamente
Lanciati a vol come frecce, gli augel.
Disfidano le nubi e il sol cocente,
E vanno, e vanno per le vie del ciel.
Lasciateli vagar per l'atmosfera
Questi assetati di azzurro e di splendor;
Seguono anch'essi un sogno, una chimera,
E vanno, e vanno fra le nubi d'or.
Che incalzi il vento e latrì la tempesta,
Con l'ali aperte san tutto sfidar;
La pioggia, i lampi, nulla mai li arresta,
E vanno, e vanno sugli abissi e i mar.
Vanno laggiù verso un paese strano
Che sognan forse e che cercano invan.

Hui! How wildly they shout up there,
Launched on their flight like arrows!
They defy storm-clouds and burning sun,
As they fly on and on through the heaven.
Light-thirsty ones, avid for air and splendor,
Let them pursue their journey; they, too,
Follow a dream and a chimera,
Journeying on and on through clouds of gold.
Let winds buffet and storms toss them,
They challenge all with open wings;
Neither rain nor lightning daunts them,
Neither sea nor chasms, as they fly on and on.
They journey towards a strange land yonder,
A land they've dreamt of, which they seek
in vain.
Vagabonds of the sky, who obey only
The secret force that drives them on and on.

Ma i boëmi del ciel seguon l'arcano
Poter che li sospinge, e vano, e van!

Cilea: "Io son l'umile ancella" from *Adriana Lecouvreur*

Io son l'umile ancella del Genio creator:
ei m'offre la favella, io la diffondo ai cor...

I am the creative genius' humble instrument;
I have steeped my soul in the talents given
to me...

Del verso io son l'accento,
l'eco del dramma uman,
il fragile strumento vassallo della man.
Mite, gioconda, atroce, mi chamo Fedeltà :
un soffio è la mia voce,
che al nuovo di morrà.

I am merely the voice of the poet,
an echo of the human drama,
carrying out what others have created.
I am faithful to comedy or despair:
my voice is only a breath
that dies away with every new day.

Puccini: "Sola, perduta, abbandonata" from *Manon Lescaut*

Sola, perduta, abbandonata...
in landa desolata!
Orror! Intorno a me s'oscura il ciel...

Alone, lost and forsaken...
in a desolate land!
How horrible! All around me the sky grows
dark...

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

Ahimè, son sola!

E nel profondo deserto io cado,
strazio crudel, ah! sola, abbandonata,
io, la deserta donna!

Ah! non voglio morir!

No! non voglio morir!

Tutto dunque è finito.

Terra di pace mi sembrava questa

Ah! mia beltà funesta,

ire novelle accende...

Strappar da lui mi si volea;

or tutto il mio passato orribile risorge,

e vivo innanzi al guardo mio si posa.

Ah! di sangue s'è macchiato.

Ah! tutto è finito.

Asil di pace ora la tomba invoco...

No! non voglio morir...amore, aita!

Alas, I am alone!

And in the heart of the wilderness I am dying;
cruel torture. Ah! all alone, abandoned...

I, a deserted woman!

Ah! I don't want to die!

No! I don't want to die!

All, then, is ended.

A land of peace, this seemed to me...

Alas, my fatal beauty,

kindles new strife...

They would have taken me from him!

Now all my hateful past rises up again,

and vividly brings itself before my gaze!

Ah! It is stained with blood.

Ah! All is ended.

Now I call upon the tomb, haven of peace...

No, I do not want to die! Beloved, help me!

Massenet: "Adieu, notre petite table" from *Manon*

Adieu, notre petite table

Qui, nous réunit si souvent!

Adieu, notre petite table,

Si grande pour nous cependant!

On tient, c'est inimaginable...

Si peu de place...en se serrant...

Adieu, notre petite table!

Un même verre était le nôtre,

Chacun de nous, quand il buvait,

Y cherchait les lèvres de l'autre...

Ah! Pauvre ami, comme il m'aimait!

Adieu...notre petite table.

Farewell, our little table,

Which brought us together so often!

Farewell, our little table,

Which seemed so large to the two of us!

It's unimaginable, how little space we take...

How little space...when we're embracing...

Farewell, our little table!

We used the same cup,

The two of us, when we each drank,

When we tried to find each other's lips...

Ah! My poor friend, how he loved me!

Farewell...our little table.

Verdi: "Pace, pace, mio Dio" from *La forza del destino*

Pace, pace, mio Dio, pace, mio Dio.

Cruda sventura

m'astringe, ahimè, a languir;

come il dì primo da tant'anni dura

profondo il mio soffrir.

Pace, pace, mio Dio, pace, mio Dio.

L'amai, gli è ver,

ma di beltà e valore

cotanto Iddio l'ornò,

che l'amo ancor, nè togliermi dal core

l'immagin sua saprò.

Fatalità, fatalità, fatalità!

Peace, peace, my God, give me peace!

Bitter misfortune

has brought me low.

I suffer now as I did the very day

I entered these long years of hardship.

Peace, O mighty Father, give me peace!

I loved him, it is true!

But Heaven had given him

such beauty and courage

that I cannot help loving him still,

nor expunge his image from my heart.

A tragedy! A tragedy!

Texts and Translations

Un delitto
disgiunti n'ha quaggiù!
Alvaro, io t'amo,
e su nel cielo è scritto
non ti vedrò mai più!
Oh, Dio, Dio fa ch'io muoia;
chè la calma può darmi morte sol.
Invan la pace qui sperò quest'alma
in preda a tanto duol,
in mezzo a tanto duol.

Misero pane, a prolungarmi vieni
la sconsolata vita.
Ma chi giunge?
Chi profanare ardisce il sacro loco?
Maledizione! Maledizione!

That a fatal accident
should have driven us apart in this world!
Alvaro, I love you,
but it is the decree of Heaven
that I shall never see you again!
Oh, Father everlasting, let me die;
for only in death shall I ever find peace.
In vain this soul of mine seeks rest
but is a prey
to long and bitter woe.

*She crosses to a rock where some provisions
have been left for her.*

Miserable food, you have come only
to prolong a life of wretchedness.
But whom do I hear approaching?
Who dares profane this sacred place?
The curse! The curse!

please turn page quietly

About the Artists



Soprano **Nuccia Focile**'s versatility as an artist is renowned. She is well known for her interpretation of many of Mozart's heroines yet her repertoire also focuses on the Puccini, Verdi and *bel canto*, as well as Tchaikovsky and Janáček roles.

Ms. Focile has appeared at many of the world's leading opera houses, including the Welsh National Opera, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Metropolitan Opera, Bayrische Staatsoper, Teatro alla Scala, Opéra de Paris, Teatro Colón, Philadelphia Opera, Hamburg Staatsoper, Teatro Massimo Palermo, Houston Grand Opera, Théâtre du Châtelet, Opéra Comique, Opéra de Nancy, New Israeli Opera, Dallas Opera, La Fenice, Seattle Opera and Opera de Monte Carlo, as well as singing at the Saito Kinen Festival and at gala concerts in Costa Rica.

Future engagements include her acclaimed interpretation of Despina in *Così fan tutte* at the Lyric Opera of Chicago, conducted by Sir

Andrew Davis, at Cincinnati Opera and in concerts at the Accademia di Santa Cecilia in Rome; Mimì in *La Bohème*, Nedda in *I Pagliacci*, Violetta and Iphigénie in *Iphigénie en Tauride* at the Seattle Opera; Mimì in *La Bohème* at the Teatro Comunale di Bologna; Desdemona in concert performances of *Otello* with the WDR Orchestra conducted by Semyon Bychkov; Alice Ford in *Falstaff* and the Countess in *Le nozze di Figaro* with Opéra du Rhin; Musetta in *La Bohème* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; and Tatiana in *Eugene Onegin* at the Welsh National Opera.

Robert Cole is a graduate of the University of Southern California School of Music and studied conducting with Richard Lert in California, with Leonard Bernstein and Leon Barzin at the Tanglewood Music Center, and with Hans Swarowsky in Europe.

Mr. Cole has served as Director of Cal Performances at the University of California, Berkeley, since 1986. He is also General Director of the Berkeley Festival & Exhibition, an international festival of early music which he founded in 1990. Prior to his appointment in Berkeley, Mr. Cole was Director of several performing arts centers in New York.

Mr. Cole was previously Associate Conductor of the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra and was Music Director and Executive Director of the Ballet Society of Los Angeles. He has recently appeared as conductor with the Mark Morris Dance Group at Sadler's Wells in London, the Brooklyn Academy of Music in New York and in Berkeley. He has also conducted concerts for the Lake Tahoe Summer Music Festival in Lake Tahoe.

In 1995, Mr. Cole was named a Chevalier of the Order of Arts and Letters by the Government of France.

About the Artists

Members of the Berkeley Symphony

Violin I

Katherine Kyme
Yasushi Ogura
Valerie Tisdell
Virginia Baker
Larisa Kopylovsky
Lisa Pratt
Rita Lee
Alice Kennelly
Lylia Guion
Daryl Schilling

Violin II

Carla Picchi
David Cheng
Brooke Aird
Lisa Zadek
Jonathan Haddox
Omid Assadi

Viola

Kurt Rohde
Patrick Kroboth
Gordon Thrupp
Marta Tobey
Michelle Dulak Thomson

Cello

Carol Rice
Nancy Bien Souza
David Wishnia
Joan Hadeishi

Bass

Michel Taddei
Karen Horner
Jon Keigwin

Flute

Dawn Walker
Susan Waller
Laurie Camphouse

Piccolo

Laurie Camphouse

Oboe

James Mattheson
Kathleen Conner

English horn

Bennie Cottone

Clarinet

Arthur Austin
Diana Dorman

Bass clarinet

Peter Josheff

Bassoon

Karla Ekholm
Kathleen Johannessen

French horn

Paul Avril
Richard Reynolds
Loren Tayerle
Nicky Roosevelt

Trumpet

Catherine Murtagh
Laurie McGaw
Jonathan Knight

Trombone

Michael Mendelson
Steven Suminsky
Kurt Patzner

Tuba

Julian Dixon

Harp

Dan Levitan

Timpani

Kevin Neuhoff

Percussion

Ward Spangler
Amanda Thompson

Organ

Larry Marietta

Personnel Manager

Diana Dorman

Librarian

Michelle Dulak Thompson