ABOUT TONIGHT’S ARTISTS

Laura Wayte, soprano

with David Riley, piano

Melissa Peña, oboe and

Steve Vacchi, bassoon

Stage Panels Created by

Helen Hui-ling Liu was born in Taiwan in 1957. Helen spent most of her childhood in Taiwan, and lived in Indonesia and Thailand with her parents as a teenager. She came to the United States for her college education and graduated from the Pacific Northwest College of Art with a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in Painting and Graphic Design. She later received a master of Arts degree in International Studies from the University of Oregon. Her MA thesis on a Taiwanese folk craft, entitled Up In Flames, the Ephemeral Art of Pasted-Paper Sculpture in Taiwan, is published by Stanford University Press in March, 2004.

While working as a graphic designer since receiving her BFA, Helen continued to paint and draw. In the summer of 1997, she spent three months in Amsterdam with her husband and daughter. Inspired by the art she saw there, she decided to paint full-time and now only takes on occasional design work. Helen lives in Eugene, Oregon with her husband, Glenn May, daughter, Rachel, and son, Benjamin.

Melissa Peña joins the University of Oregon faculty in 2012 as Assistant Professor of Oboe and General Music. Prior to joining the Oregon faculty, she held the position of Associate Principal Oboe/English Horn with the New Mexico Symphony Orchestra (2002-2011) and was Assistant Professor of Oboe at the University of Northern Colorado.

Steve Vacchi is professor of bassoon at the University of Oregon, where he also coordinates the chamber music program. His teachers have included C. Robert Reinert, Rebecca Eldredge, Matthew Ruggiero, K. David Van Hoesen, Stephen Maxym, Frank Morelli, and William Ludwig. He holds degrees in performance from the Eastman School of Music (B.M. with high distinction/Performer’s Certificate), The Hartt School (M.M.), and Louisiana State University (D.M.A.), where he held a Board of Regents Fellowship.

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Laura Decher Wayte joined the UO voice faculty in 2007. A soprano, she has been teaching voice since 1999. Wayte graduated with a master’s degree from the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, where she was awarded Outstanding Achievement in Opera Performance. She has a Bachelor of Arts in Philosophy and German from the University of Vermont. Major voice teachers include Nina Hinson, Donald Stenberg, and Janet Parlova.

Since moving to Oregon, she has performed with the Oregon Mozart Players (Rodrigo’s Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios, Mozart’s Exsultate Jubilate and Copland’s Tender Land Suite), Eugene Concert Choir (Brahms’ Ein Deutsches Requiem) and debuted as Zerlina (Don Giovanni) with the Eugene Opera. In 2012 Wayte returned to the Eugene Opera as Madame Mao in John Adams’ Nixon in China.

Wayte appeared as Micaela with Nevada Opera, and as a soloist in Beethoven’s Choral Fantasia with the Los Angeles Philharmonic. In 2001, she debuted with the Los Angeles Philharmonic singing music by Joaquin Rodrigo, and with the San Francisco Choral Society in Brahms’ Ein Deutsches Requiem. Other concert work includes Handel’s Messiah with the Santa Fe Symphony, Orff’s Carmina Burana with the Sacramento Choral Society, and a world premiere with Amsterdam’s Nieuw Ensemble. Her operatic repertoire includes Clorinda in La Cenerentola, Mimi in La Bohème, Micaela in Carmen, and Beatrice in Beatrice et Benedict. With Berkeley Opera, she performed Zerlina in Don Giovanni, and Blanche in The Dialogues of the Carmelites. A frequent soloist with Music at St. Albans in Los Angeles, Wayte performed oratorios by Mozart, Haydn, Handel, Brahms, and Bach. As a mezzo-soprano, she performed the role of Hansel in San Francisco Opera Center’s Hansel and Gretel, and the title role in Berkeley Opera’s The Riot Grrrl on Mars, an adaptation of Rossini’s L’Italiana in Algeri.

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UPCOMING PERFORMANCES

Dead Man Walking, Eugene Opera — March 15 and 17
Stanford University Recital — April 6
Chamber Music Amici — May 20

David Riley is associate professor and director of accompanying and chamber music at the University of Oregon, where he joined the music faculty in 2004. He holds degrees from the Cleveland Institute of Music and the Eastman School of Music, studying with Anne Epperson and Jean Barr, respectively.

Riley has received rave reviews throughout the U.S. and Canada, including “Absolutely exquisite technique” (New York Concert Review), “A soloist’s dream, star quality, gifted and sensitive...” (Billings Gazette). He has extensive experience as a professional recitalist, frequently performing at many of North America’s most prestigious venues, such as Merkin Hall with the New York Philharmonic Chamber Players, the National Art Gallery in Washington D.C., Weill Hall at Carnegie Hall, the Dame Myra Hess Series in Chicago, the Gardner Museum in Boston, the Phillips Collection in Washington D.C., the 92nd St. Y in New York City, Bellas Artes in San Juan P.R., the Ottawa Chamber Music Festival, and Salle de Concert Pollack in Montreal, among others.

In 2008 he performed recitals at the Kammermusikfest Kloster Kamp in Linfort, Germany, chamber music concerts at the Oregon Bach Festival, with Kronos Quartet cellist Jeffrey Zeigler at Lake Tahoe, and was a guest artist at Stanford University as a mem-

PROGRAM

This concert will be performed without intermission

L’Invitation au Voyage Emmanuel Chabrier
for soprano, bassoon and piano

(1841-1894)

Manuel de Falla’s Siete Canciones Populares,

1. El Paño Moruno
2. Seguidilla Murciana
3. Asturiana
4. Jota
5. Nana
6. Cancion
7. Polo

Ten Blake Songs Ralph Vaughan Williams
for soprano and oboe

1. Infant Joy
2. A Poison Tree
4. The Lamb
5. The Shepherd
6. Ah! Sun-flower
7. Cruelty has a Human Heart
8. The Divine Image
10. Eternity

Ariettes Oubliees Claude Debussy

(1862-1918)

1. C’est l’Extase
2. Il pleure dans mon coeur
3. L’ombre des Arbres
4. Chevaux de Bois
5. Green
6. Spleen

Vorrei spiegari, oh Dio! K. 418 W.A. Mozart
Concert aria with obbligato oboe
text by Anonymous

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Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)

Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)

**l’Invitation au Voyage**

*Mon enfant, ma sœur,*
*Songe à la douceur* 
*D’aller là-bas vivre ensemble,*
*Aimer à loisir,*
*Aimer et mourir*
*Au pays qui te ressemble.*

*Les soleils mouillés*
*De ces ciels brouillés*
*Pour mon esprit ont les charmes*
*Si mystérieux*
*De tes traîtres yeux,*
*Brillant à travers leurs larmes.*

*Là, tout n’est qu’ordre et beauté,*
*Luxe, calme et volupté.*

**The Invitation to a Voyage**

*My child, my sister,*
*dream of the sweetness* 
*of going there to live together!* 
*To love at leisure,*
*to love and to die*
*in a country that is the image of you!*
*The misty suns*
*of those changeable skies*
*have for me the same*
*mysterious charm*
*as your fickle eyes*
*shining through their tears.*

*There, all is harmony and beauty,*
*luxury, calm and delight.*

**Siete Canciones Populares**

*El Paño Moruno*
*Al paño fino, en la tienda,*
*una mancha le cayó;*
*Por menos precio se vende,*
*Porque perdió su valor.*
*¡Ay!*
They say that you don't love me any more
But you've already loved me.
Go away, all that was gained,
"of that look"
In exchange for all that which is lost,
"Mother, on the brink!"
"Mother!"

Polo
Ay!
Guardo una, ¡Ay!
Guardo una, ¡Ay!
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,
¡Ay!'
¡Y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!

Malhaya el amor, malhaya,
Malhaya el amor, malhaya,
¡Ay!
Which I will not tell anyone!

Cursed be love, cursed;
Cursed be love, cursed;
¡Ay!
And the one that brought me to know it!
¡Ay!

Cécile Debussy (1862-1918)
Polo

2. Il pleure dans mon cœur
Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville ;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur ?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'enivre,
Ô le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écreve.
Quoi! nulle trahison ? ... 
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine,
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine
Mon cœur a tant de peine!

3. L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée,
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaissent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur,
ce paysage bleme
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient
dans les hautes feuillées,
Tes espérances noyées.

4. Chevaux de Bois
Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'aîe du filou sournois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur !

2. There is weeping in my heart
There is weeping in my heart
like the rain falling on the town.
What is this languor
that pervades my heart?

Oh the patter of the rain
on the ground and the roofs!
For a heart growing weary
oh the song of the rain!

There is weeping without cause
in this disheartened heart.
What! No betrayal?
There's no reason for this grief.

Truly the worst pain
is not knowing why,
without love or hatred,
my heart feels so much pain.

3. The shadow of the trees in
The shadow of the trees in
the misty river
fades and dies like smoke;
while above, among the
real branches,
the doves are lamenting.

Oh traveler, how well this
pale landscape
mirrored your pallid self!
And how sadly, in the high
foliage, your hopes were weeping,
your hopes that are drowned.

4. Wooden Horses
Turn, turn, good horses of wood,
turn a hundred turns, turn a thousand turns,
turn often and turn always,
turn, turn to the sound of the oboes.

The red-faced child and pale mother,
the boy in black and the girl in pink,
the one pursuing and the other posing,
each getting a penny's worth of Sunday fun.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
while all around your turning
squints the sly pickpocket's eye --
turn to the sound of the victorious cornet.

Ariettes Oubliées
1. C'est l'extase langoureuse
C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étendue des brises,
C'est vers les ramures grises
Le chœur des petites voix.

Oh le frêle et frais murmure !
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire... 
Tu disiras, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis soudé des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormant
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas ?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antenne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas ?

Forgotten arias
1. It is the languorous ecstasy
It is the languorous ecstasy,
It is the fatigue after love,
It is all the rustling of the wood,
In the embrace of breezes;
It is near the gray branches:
A chorus of tiny voices.

Oh, what a frail and fresh murmure!
It babbles and whispers,
It resembles the soft noise
That waving grass exhales.
You'd say it is, under the bending stream,
The muffled sound of rolling pebbles.

This soul, which laments
And this dormant moan,
It is ours, is it not?
Is it not mine—tell me—and yours,
Whose humble anthem we breathe
On this mild evening, so very quietly?

2. Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écreve.
Quoi! nulle trahison ? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine,
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine
Mon cœur a tant de peine!

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while all around your turning
squints the sly pickpocket's eye --
turn to the sound of the victorious cornet.
C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez ! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!

5. Green
Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposée,
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

On votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

5. Green
Here are some fruit, some flowers, some leaves and some branches,
And then here is my heart, which beats only for you.
Do not rip it up with your two white hands,
And may the humble present be sweet in your beautiful eyes!

I arrive all coverered in dew,
Which the wind of morning comes to freeze on my forehead.
Suffer my fatigue as I repose at your feet,
Dreaming of dear instants that will refresh me.

On your young breast allow my head to rest,
Still ringing with your last kisses;
Let it calm itself after the pleasant tempest,
And let me sleep a little, since you are resting.