

ABOUT TONIGHT'S ARTISTS

ber of the new music ensemble Beta Collide. Riley has been featured on dozens of radio broadcasts throughout North America, including NPR's Performance Today and Morning Edition, CBC National Radio, and WQXR and WNYC in New York City. Recent awards include the 2008 Canadian Independent Music Awards "Favourite Classical CD" and "Best Music" at the 2007 Silver Wave Film Festival for performances of Beethoven, Ives, and Kroll on CBC Television. Along with violinist Jasper Wood, he received the 2004 East Coast Music Award 'Best Classical Recording' for a CD of works for violin and piano of Igor Stravinsky. Other violinists with whom Riley has concertized include Juyoung Baek, Jennifer Frautschi, Ilya Gringolts, Phillipe Quint, and Giora Schmidt, along with cellists Denise Djokic and Jesus Morales, and clarinetists Alex Fiterstein and Ricardo Morales.

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.

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

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 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.

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Season 112, Program 46

O SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

"Forget Me Not"

the songs of **Debussy, Mozart, Chabrier,**
Vaughan Williams, and Falla

Laura Wayte, *soprano*
with **David Riley**, *piano*

Melissa Peña, *oboe* and
Steve Vacchi, *bassoon*

stage panel paintings by
Helen Hui-ling Liu

*this performance is dedicated
to the memory of*

Sue-Chung Liu

March 31 1932 - Feb. 5 2013

Beall Concert Hall
Wednesday, February 6, 2013, 8 p.m.



This concert will be performed without intermission

L'Invitation au Voyage
for soprano, bassoon and piano

Emmanuel Chabrier
(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
for soprano and oboe

Ralph Vaughan Williams

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 spiegarvi, oh Dio! K. 418
Concert aria with obbligato oboe

W.A. Mozart
text by Anonymous

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*.

www.facebook.com/LauraDecherWayte

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-

6. *Spleen*

*Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.*

*Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.*

*Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.*

*Je crains toujours, -- ce qu'est d'attendre
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.*

*Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,*

*Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas !*

6. *Spleen*

**Around were all the roses red
The ivy all around was black.**

**Dear, with just a small movement,
Shall all mine old despairs awake!**

**Too blue, too tender was the sky,
The air too soft, too green the sea.**

**Always I fear, I know not why,
Some lamentable flight from thee.**

**I am so tired of holly-sprays
And weary of the bright box-tree,**

**Of all the endless country ways;
Of everything! save thee. Alas!**

Mozart Concert Aria
Librettist: Anonymous

*Vorrei spiegarvi, oh Dio!
Qual è l'affanno mio;
Ma mi condanna il fato
A piangere e tacer.
Arder non pù il mio core
Per chi vorrebbe amore
E fa che cruda io sembri,
Un barbaro dover.
Ah conte, partite,
Correte, fuggite
Lontano da me;
La vostra diletta
Emilia v'aspetta,
Languir non la fate,
È degna d'amor.
Ah stelle spietate!
Nemiche mi siete.
Mi perdo s'ei resta.
Partite, correte,
D'amor non parlate,
È vostro il suo cor.*

**I would like to explain to you, oh God,
Why I am sad!
Fate, however condemns me
To weep and keep silent.
My heart may not love
The one I would like to love
Making me apparently hard-hearted
and cruel.
Alas, Count, part from me,
Run, flee
Far away from me;
Your beloved
Emilia awaits you,
Don't keep her languishing,
She is worthy of love.
Alas, pitiless stars!
You are hostile to me.
I am lost when he stays.
Part from me, run,
Do not talk about love,
Her heart is yours.**

P'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.*

*Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière!
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.*

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!*

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.**

**See how those ships,
nomads by nature,
are slumbering in the canals.
To gratify
your every desire
they have come from the ends of the earth.
The westering suns
clothe the fields,
the canals, and the town
with reddish-orange and gold.
The world falls asleep
bathed in warmth and light.
There, all is harmony and beauty,
luxury, calm and delight.**

Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

Seven Popular Songs

**The Moorish cloth
On the fine cloth in the store
a stain has fallen;
It sells at a lesser price,
because it has lost its value.
Alas!**

*Dicen que no me quieres,
Ya me has querido...
Váyase lo ganado,
»Del aire«
Por lo perdido,
»Madre a la orilla
Madre«*

Polo

*¡Ay!
Guardo una, ¡Ay!
Guardo una, ¡Ay!
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,
¡Ay!
Que a nadie se la diré!*

*Malhaya el amor, malhaya,
Malhaya el amor, malhaya,
¡Ay!
¡Y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡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!
I keep an "Ay!"
I keep an "Ay!"
I keep a pain in my breast,
I keep a pain in my breast,
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!**

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

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'ennuie,
Ô le bruit de la pluie!*

*Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
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

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

*Combien, ô voyageur,
ce paysage blême
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'œil 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'étreinte des brises,
C'est vers les ramures grises
Le choeur des petites voix.*

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

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

Forgotten arias**1. It is the langorous ecstasy**

**It is the langorous 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 murmur!
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?**

Seguidilla Murciana

*Cualquiera que el tejado
Tenga de vidrio,
No debe tirar piedras
Al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡Puede que en el camino
Nos encontremos!*

*Por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo
Con peseta que corre
De mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
Y cráyendola falsa
¡Nadie la toma!*

Asturiana

*Por ver si me consolaba,
Arrime a un pino verde,
Por ver si me consolaba.*

*Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.*

Jota

*Dicen que no nos queremos
Porque no nos ven hablar;
A tu corazón y al mio
Se lo pueden preguntar.*

*Ya me despido de tí,
De tu casa y tu ventana,
Y aunque no quiera tu madre,
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.
Aunque no quiera tu madre.*

Nana

*Duérmete, niño, duerme,
Duerme, mi alma,
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.
Naninta, nana,*

Cancion

*Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos;
No sabes lo que cuesta,
»Del aire«
Niña, el mirarlos.
»Madre a la orilla
Madre«*

Seguidilla Murciana

**Who has a roof
of glass
should not throw stones
to their neighbor's (roof).
Let us be muleteers;
It could be that on the road
we will meet!**

**For your great inconstancy
I compare you
to a coin that runs
from hand to hand;
which finally blurs,
and, believing it false,
no one accepts!**

Asturiana

**To see whether it would console me,
I drew near a green pine,
To see whether it would console me.**

**Seeing me weep, it wept;
And the pine, being green,
seeing me weep, wept.**

Jota

**They say we don't love each other
because they never see us talking
But they only have to ask
both your heart and mine.**

**Now I bid you farewell,
to your house and your window
And even though your mother may not want it,
Farewell, my sweetheart until tomorrow.
Even though your mother may not want it.**

Nana

**Sleep, child, sleep,
Sleep, my soul;
Sleep, little light
Of the morning.
Lullaby,**

Cancion

**Because your eyes are traitors
I will bury them away;
You don't know what it costs me,
"of that look"
Little girl, to look at them.
"Mother, on the brink!"
"Mother!"**

*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.*

*Sur 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 covered 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.**

**It is astonishing how it intoxicates you
to go around this way in a stupid circle,
nothing in the belly and an ache in the head,
very sick and having lots of fun.**

**Turn, wooden horses, with no need
ever to use spurs
to command you to gallop around,
turn, turn, with no hope for hay.**

**And hurry, horses of their souls--
hear the supper bell already,
the night that is falling and chasing the troop
of merry drinkers, famished by their thirst.**

**Turn, turn! The velvet sky
is slowly clothed with golden stars.
The church bell tolls sadly.
Turn, to the happy sound of drums.**