RENÉE FLEMING
Saturday, October 8, 2016, 7:30 pm

HANCHER AUDITORIUM
OPENING SEASON 2016/2017

Great Artists. Great Audiences.
Hancher Performances.
Charles Swanson and staff
Hancher Auditorium
1 East Park Road
Iowa City, IA 52242

Dear Chuck and the Hancher Staff,

Congratulations on the opening of the new, Cesar Pelli-designed Hancher Auditorium. It is truly a spectacular design and quite clearly a labor of love. Enclosed is our ad for the inside front cover of your program. Lazare Diamonds and Hands Jewelers are proud to be a part of your new building, your new season and your glorious future. We wish you many years of growth, success and experiences of their lives.

It is hard to believe that it’s been excellent performing arts venue and it is alive, not only in Iowa City, but in the state! And now we have a home at brilliantly designed showpiece of new Hancher Auditorium.

We are proud to be a part of your brilliant future, providing performing arts and Iowans with the most meaningful.

With warmest regards,

Bill
RECITAL PROGRAM

RENÉE FLEMING, soprano
HARTMUT HÖLL, pianist

Massenet: C'est Thais, l'idole fragile from Thais

Saint-Saëns: Soirée en mer

Straus: Je t’aime quand même from Les Trois Valses

Schumann: Frauenliebe und -leben, Op. 42
1. Seit ich ihn gesehen
2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
3. Ich kann’s nicht fassen, nicht glauben
4. Du Ring an meinem Finger
5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
6. Süßer Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an
7. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Intermission

Tosti: Aprile
Donaudy: O del mio amato ben
Boito: L'altra notte in fondo al mare from Mefistofele
Leoncavallo: Mattinata

Ponce: Estrellita
Gómez: La Morena de mi copla

Rodgers & Hammerstein: The King and I
1. I Whistle a Happy Tune
2. Something Wonderful
3. Shall We Dance?
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SEASON SPONSOR

WEST MUSIC
Renée Fleming is one of the most acclaimed singers of our time. In 2013, President Obama awarded her America’s highest honor for an individual artist, the National Medal of Arts. Winner of the 2013 Best Classical Vocal Grammy Award, she has sung at momentous occasions around the world, from the Nobel Peace Prize ceremony to performances in Beijing during the 2008 Olympic Games. In 2012, she sang on the balcony of Buckingham Palace in the Diamond Jubilee Concert for HM Queen Elizabeth II. In 2014 she became the first classical singer ever to perform the U.S. National Anthem at the Super Bowl; and the same year, she celebrated the 25th anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall in a televised concert at the Brandenburg Gate. An earlier distinction came in 2008 when Ms. Fleming became the first woman in the 125-year history of the Metropolitan Opera to solo headline an opening night gala.

Renée has appeared in virtually all of the world’s greatest opera houses and concert halls. This year, her concert schedule has already taken her to Boston, New York, Stockholm, London, Paris, Vienna, Madrid, Monte Carlo, Mexico City, and Buenos Aires. In August, she sang with the Philadelphia Orchestra and Maestro Yannick Nézet-Séguin in Saratoga, NY. Other concerts this fall include San Francisco, Toronto, Los Angeles, and Miami. The year finishes with her appearance as the Marschallin in a new production of Strauss’s Der Rosenkavalier at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden. She will sing the role again at the Metropolitan Opera in the spring.
Known for bringing new audiences to classical music and opera, Renée has sung not only with Luciano Pavarotti, Plácido Domingo, and Andrea Bocelli but also with Elton John, Paul Simon, Sting, Lou Reed, Josh Groban, and Joan Baez. Renée has hosted a wide variety of television and radio broadcasts, including the Metropolitan Opera’s Live in HD series and Live from Lincoln Center. She has been a frequent guest on Garrison Keillor’s A Prairie Home Companion, and she famously sang the “Top Ten” list on The Late Show with David Letterman. In 2015, she made her Broadway debut as an actress in the comedy Living on Love, for which she was nominated for a Drama League Award. In 2013, she joined with the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts to present American Voices, a concert and three-day festival celebrating the best American singing in all genres. The festival was the subject of a Great Performances documentary on PBS.

Ms. Fleming won her fourth Grammy Award for her album Poèmes. Her most recent album, Berg: Lyric Suite; Wellesz: Sonnets, recorded with the Emerson String Quartet, was released in September 2015 by Decca. Her first-ever holiday album, Christmas in New York, was released in 2014, and was the inspiration for a special on PBS. Recipient of 14 Grammy nominations to date, she has recorded everything from complete operas and song recitals to an album of indie rock covers, Dark Hope, the jazz album Haunted Heart and the movie soundtrack of The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King.

Her recent opera DVDs include Strauss’s Arabella and Ariadne auf Naxos, and Donizetti’s Lucrezia Borgia. Other recent DVD releases include Verdi’s Otello, Handel’s Rodelinda, and Massenet’s Thaïs, all three in the Metropolitan Opera Live in HD series, and Verdi’s La Traviata, filmed at London’s Royal Opera House.

In March Ms. Fleming was appointed Artistic Advisor-At-Large for the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. In 2010, Ms. Fleming was named the first-ever creative consultant at Lyric Opera of Chicago, where she recently curated the creation of Bel Canto, a world-premiere opera based on Ann Patchett’s best-selling novel. The production will be telecast on PBS Great Performances in the coming season. Renée is currently a member of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Hall Corporation, the Board of Sing for Hope, and the Artistic Advisory Board of the Polyphony Foundation. Among her awards are the Fulbright Lifetime Achievement Medal, the Chevalier de la Légion d’Honneur, Germany’s Cross of the Order of Merit, Honorary Membership in the Royal Academy of Music, Sweden’s Polar Music Prize, and honorary doctorates from Harvard University, the University of Pennsylvania, Duke University, Carnegie Mellon University, the Eastman School of Music, and The Juilliard School.

www.reneefleming.com


Ms. Fleming is an exclusive recording artist for Decca and Mercury Records (UK)

Ms. Fleming’s jewelry is by Ann Ziff for Tamsen Z
HARTMUT HÖLL

For over a decade, Hartmut Höll has accompanied Renée Fleming in concerts across Europe, Australia, Asia, and North America. For nearly four decades, he has worked closely with Mitsuko Shirai on the lieder repertory. Their recitals, broadcasts, and CDs have set new standards in lied interpretation. From 1982 to 1992, Höll was the regular performance partner of legendary baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, acclaimed in recitals at the Salzburg and Edinburgh Festivals, as well as in Florence, Munich, Berlin, and New York’s Carnegie Hall. Höll has recorded some sixty CDs, many winning international awards.

Currently a professor at the University of Music Karlsruhe, Höll previously taught at Frankfurt and Cologne. He was visiting professor in Helsinki and the Salzburg Mozarteum University and has given master classes for lied at the Weimar International Music Seminar, the Schleswig-Holstein Music Festival, as well as in Jerusalem, Cairo, and the United States. For nearly a decade he lectured at the Zurich University of the Arts (ZHdK). Since October 2007, he is serving as the rector for the University of Music Karlsruhe. In 1990, Höll was honored with the Robert Schumann Prize of the city of Zwickau. He is an honorary member of the Robert Schumann Society Zwickau and the Philharmonic Society of St. Petersburg, Russia. In 1997, together with Mitsuko Shirai he received the ABC International Music Award. As juror, he was appointed Chairman of the Robert Schumann Competition in Zwickau, invited to New York’s Naumburg Competition, and the ARD International Music Competition in Munich.

From 1985 to 2007, Hartmut Höll was artistic director of the International Hugo Wolf Academy, Stuttgart and was invited with the Academy for performances at New York’s Lincoln Center and the Louvre Auditorium in Paris. In 2012, Höll’s autobiographical WordMusic was published by Staccato Verlag in Düsseldorf, describing experiences, lied interpretation, and personal memories.
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CONGRATULATIONS TO THE TEAM THAT BRINGS HANCHER AUDITORIUM.

THE ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS, ACOUSTICIANS, LIGHTING DESIGNERS, STAFF, AUDIENCES & PERFORMERS, WHO HAVE CREATED AND WILL CREATE ART IN THE MASTERPIECE THAT IS HANCHER. WE, TOO, BELIEVE IN TEAMWORK AND TOGETHER WORK CREATIVELY TO ENHANCE THE ART OF REAL ESTATE, BUILD RELATIONSHIPS, PRODUCE GREAT RESULTS. WE STRIVE FOR FAVORABLE REVIEWS BUT IT IS HANCHER THAT EXCITES THE WORLD.

The A-Team: Alan Swanson, Adam Pretorius, Tim Conroy
Blank & McCune The Real Estate Company
506 E. College St., Iowa City IA 52240 I 319-321-3129
Jules Massenet (1842-1912)

C’est Thaïs, l'idole fragile
from Thaïs
Text by Louis Gallet (1835-1898)

It’s Thaïs, the frail idol

I am Thaïs, the frail idol, who comes for the last time to sit at your flower adorned table Tomorrow, I will be nothing to you but a name! For one long week we loved each other! That’s more than enough fidelity, you won’t complain, and now I shall go, free, far from your arms. For tonight, be joyful, let the happy hours blossom and let us ask from this night nothing more than a little intoxication and divine forgetfulness! Tomorrow! Tomorrow! Tomorrow, I will be nothing to you but a name! Ah! Tomorrow! I will be nothing to you... but a name!

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

Soirée en mer
Text by Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

Evening on the Sea

Near the rowing fisherman, While we two, at dimming day, Roam in the little boat, Letting the frail man sing And the powerful wave groan; Under the refuge made by the sails We sit the while In the shadow that veils you While your gaze Seems to catch the rays of light; When we two think to read What nature writes, Answer, you whom I behold! How come my heart sighs? How come your brow smiles?
Dis, d’où vient qu’à chaque lame
Comme une coupe de fiel,
La pensée emplit mon âme?
C’est que moi je vois la rame
Tandis que tu vois le ciel!

C’est que je vois les flots sombres,
Toi, les astres enchantés!
C’est que, perdu dans leurs nombres,
Hélas! je compte les ombres
Quand tu comptes les clartés!

Que sur la vague troublée
J’abaisse un sourcil hagard;
Mais toi, belle âme voilée,
Vers l’espérance étoilée
Lève un tranquille regard!

Tu fais bien. Vois les cieux luire.
Vois les astres s’y mirer.
Un instinct là-haut t’attire.
Tu regards Dieu sourire;
Moi, je vois l’homme pleurer!

Say, how come at each swelling,
Like a cup of gall,
Thought fills my soul?
It is I who sees the oar,
While you see heaven!

It is I who sees the grim waves,
You, the celestial stars!
I that, alas, lost in their numbers,
count shadows,
As you count the lights!

That I lower my haggard brow
on the troubled tide
But you, beautiful veiled soul,
Towards starry hope
raises a tranquil gaze!

You do well. See the heavens gleam,
See the stars mirrored there.
An instinct toward pulls you higher,
You see God smiling;
Me, I see man weeping!

Oscar Straus (1870-1954)

Je t’aime quand même
from Les Trois Valses
Text by Paul Knepler (1879-1967)
and Armin L. Robinson (1900-1985)
French translation by
Léopold Marchand (1891-1952)
and Albert Willemetz (1887-1964)

Tu es très volage, n’est-ce pas ton âge?
Ton coeur trop léger aime
le partage
Et l’âme un peu folle,
papillon frivole,
Tu ne peux pas t’engager
à ne plus voltiger.

Je t’aime, quand même, éprise,
conquise, soumise,
je viens à toi
dès que je vois tes yeux
J’hésite, mais vite,
craintive, captive,
J’arrive, sittôt
que ton regard me dit,
je veux!

Je tente ma chance,
c’est de la démence,

I love you, all the same

You are very fickle, is it not your age?
Your heart too light likes to share love
among many.
And your mind, a bit silly,
frivolous butterfly
You cannot make yourself stop
fluttering about!

I love you, all the same, smitten,
conquered, subdued,
I come to you
as soon as I see your eyes
I hesitate, but quickly,
timidly, captive,
I grasp right away
what your glance tells me:
I want you!

I try my luck,
it is insanity,
ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810-1856)

Frauenliebe und -leben, Op. 42
Text by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838)
Translations by George Bird and Richard Stokes

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh' ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begeh' ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.

2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also Er an meinem Himmel,

Because I will suffer for it,
I know in advance
Who cares! I'll risk it, yes,
I am your property
And, without thinking of the regrets,
and sorrows I will have

I love you, all the same, smitten,
Conquered, subdued,
I come to you
as soon as I see your eyes
I hesitate, but quickly,
timidly, captive
I come because it is nothing but
happiness for me,
It’s you!

1. Since I Saw Him

Since I saw him,
I think I am blind;
Wherever I look,
I see only him;
As in a waking dream
His image floats before me,
Rising out of darkest depths
Only more brightly.

The rest is dark and pale
All around me,
For my sisters’ games
I am no longer eager,
I would rather weep
Quietly in my little room;
Since I saw him,
I think I am blind.

2. He, the Most Wonderful of All

He, the most wonderful of all,
So gentle, so good.
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
Clear mind and firm resolve.

As there in the blue depths,
That star, clear and wonderful,
So is he in my heaven,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen, Nur betrachten deinen Schein, Nur in Demut ihn betrachten, Selig nur und trauung sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten, Deinem Glucke nur geweiht; Darfst mich niedere Magd nicht kennen, Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen Darf beglücken deine Wahl, Und ich will die Hohe segnen, Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen, Selig, selig bin ich dann; Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen, Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

Er, der Herrlichste von allen, Wie so milde, wie so gut! Holde Lippen, klares Auge, Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

Wie so milde, wie so gut!

3. Ich kann’s nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Ich kann’s nicht fassen, nicht glauben, Es hat ein Traum mich berückt; Wie hätt’er doch unter allen Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war’s, er habe gesprochen: "Ich bin auf ewig dein," Mir war’s, ich träume noch immer, Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O laß im Traume mich sterben, Gewieget an seiner Brust, Den seligsten Tod mich schlüpfen In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

4. Du Ring an meinem Finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger, Mein goldenes Ringelein, Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen, Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Clear and wonderful, majestic, remote.

Wander, wander your ways; Just to watch your radiance, Just to watch it in humility, Just to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer For your happiness alone; Me, lowly maid, you must not know, Lofty, wonderful star.

Only the most worthy woman of all May your choice favour And that exalted one will I bless Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep, Be blissful, blissful then; Even if my heart should break, Then break, O heart, what matter?

He, the most wonderful of all, So gentle, so good. Sweet lips, bright eyes, Clear mind and firm resolve.

So gentle, so good!

3. I cannot grasp it, or believe it

I cannot grasp it, nor believe it, I am in the spell of a dream; How, from amongst all, has he Raised and favored poor me?

He said, I thought, “I am forever yours,” I was, I thought, still dreaming, For it can never be so.

O let me, dreaming, die, Cradled on his breast; Blissful death let me savor, In tears of endless joy.

4. Ring on my finger

Ring on my finger, My little golden ring, Devoutly I press you to my lips, To my heart.
Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,  
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,  
Ich fand allein mich, verloren  
Im oden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,  
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen  
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,  
Ihm angehören ganz,  
Hin selber mich geben und finden  
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringelein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen  
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,  
Freundlich mich schmücken,  
Dient der Glücklichen heute, mir.  
Windet geschäftig  
Mir um die Stirne  
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,  
Freudigen Herzens,  
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,  
Immer noch rief er,  
Sehnsucht im Herzen,  
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,  
Helft mir verscheuchen  
Eine törichte Bangigkeit,  
Daß ich mit klarem  
Aug’ ihn empfange,  
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,  
Du mir erschienen,  
Giebst du mir, Sonne deinen Schein?  
Laß mich in Andacht,  
Laß mich in Demut,  
Laß mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,  
Streuet ihm Blumen,  
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar,  
Aber euch, Schwestern,  
Grüß ich mit Wehmut

I had finished dreaming  
Childhood’s tranquil pleasant dream,  
Alone I found myself, forlorn  
In boundless desolation.

Ring on my finger,  
You have first taught me,  
Unlocked my eyes  
To life’s deep, boundless worth.

I will serve him, live for him,  
Belong wholly to him,  
Yield to him and find  
Myself transfigured in his light.

Ring on my finger,  
My little golden ring,  
Devoutly I press you to my lips,  
To my heart.

5. Help me, sisters

Help me, sisters,  
In kindness to adorn myself,  
Serve me, the happy one, today,  
Eagerly twine  
About my brow  
The flowering myrtle.

When I, content,  
With joyous heart,  
Lay in my beloved’s arms,  
Still would he call  
With yearning heart,  
Impatiently for today.

Help me, sisters,  
Help me banish  
Foolish fear;  
So that I, clear-  
Eyed, may receive him,  
The source of joy.

You, my beloved,  
Have appeared before me,  
Will you, sun, give me your radiance?  
Let me in reverence,  
Let me in humility,  
Let me bow to my lord.

Strew, Sisters,  
Strew flowers for him,  
Offer budding roses.  
But you, sisters,  
I salute sadly,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

6. Süßer Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an

Süßer Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Laß der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In den Auge mir.

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüßt ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich’s sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in’s Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

Weißt du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann?
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Daß ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

7. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

Das Glück ist die Liebe,
die Lieb’ ist das Glück,
Ich hab’s gesagt
und nehms nicht zurück.

Hab’ überschwenglich mich geschätzt
Bin überglücklich aber jetzt.

Departing, joyous, from your throng.

6. Sweet friend, you look at me in wonder

Sweet friend, you look
At me in wonder,
Cannot understand
How I can weep;
These moist pearls let,
As a strange adornment,
Tremble joyous bright
In my eyes.

How anxious my heart,
How full of bliss!
If only I knew words
To say it;
Come, hide your face,
Here, against my breast,
For me to whisper you
My full joy.

Now you know the tears
That I can weep,
Are you not to see them,
Beloved man?
Stay against my heart,
Feel its beat,
So that I may press you
Ever closer.

Here by my bed
Is the cradle’s place,
Where, silent, it shall hide
My sweet dream.
The morning will come
When that dream will awake,
And your image
Smiles up at me.

7. At My Heart, at My Breast

At my heart, at my breast,
You my delight, you my joy!

Happiness is love,
love is happiness,
I have said
and will not take back.

I thought myself rapturous,
But now I am delirious with joy.
Nur die da säugt,
nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;

Nur eine Mutter weiß allein
Was lieben heißt und glücklich sein.

O, wie bedaur’ ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!

Du lieber, lieber Engel, du,
Du schauest mich an
und lachest dazu!

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

8. Nun hast du mir den ersten
Schmerz getan

Nun hast du mir den ersten
Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf.
Du schläfst, du harter,
unbarmherz’ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlaßne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab’ ich und gelebt, ich bin
Nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh’ mich in mein
Innres still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab’ ich dich
und mein verlornes Glück,
Du meine Welt!

8. Now have you caused me
my first pain

Now have you caused me
my first pain,
But it has struck me hard.
You, harsh,
pitiless man are sleeping
The sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,
The world is void.
Loved have I and lived,
I am living no longer.

Quietly I withdraw
into myself,
The veil falls;
There I have you
and my lost happiness,
You, my world.

FRANCESCO PAOLO TOSTI (1846-1916)

Aprile
Text by Rocco Emanuele Pagliara
(1856-1914)

Non senti tu ne l’aria
il profumo che spande Primavera?
Non senti tu ne l’anima
il suon de nova voce lusinghiera?

È l’Aprile! È la stagion d’amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil
su’ prati’n fiore!

April

Do you not smell on the air
the wafting perfume of Spring?
Do you not hear in your soul the
tunes of a new coaxing voice?

It is April – the season of love!
Come! Come, my love,
into the blooming fields!
Il piè trarrai fra mammole, 
avrai su’l petto rose e cilestrine, 
e le farfalle candide 
t’aleggeranno intorno al nero crine.

È l’April! È la stagion d’amore! 
Deh! Vieni, o mia gentil 
su’ prati’n fiore!

Il pië trarrai fra mammole, 
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È l’April! È la stagion d’amore! 
Deh! Vieni, o mia gentil 
su’ prati’n fiore!

O del mio amato ben
Text by Stefano Donaudy

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei chi m’era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze sempre la cerco e chiamo con pieno il cor di speranze.
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m’è sì caro, che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lei, triste ogni loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno; mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero di darmi ad altra cura, sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lei, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa senza il mio ben.

Your paths are strewn with violets, you will dress with roses and bluebells, and pure white butterflies will dance lightly around your hair.

It is April! It is the season of love!
Come! Come my love, into the blooming fields!

I’l piè trarrai fra mammole, 
avrai su’l petto rose e cilestrine, 
e le farfalle candide 
t’aleggeranno intorno al nero crine.

È l’April! È la stagion d’amore! 
Deh! Vieni, o mia gentil 
su’ prati’n fiore!

L’altra notte in fondo al mare from Mefistofele
Text by Arrigo Boito

L’altra notte in fondo al mare 
im mio bimbo hanno gittato, 
Or per farmi delirare dicon ch’io l’abbia affogato.
L’aura è fredda, il carcer fosco, e la mesta anima mia come il passero del bosco
Vola, vola, vola via….
Ah! Pietà di me!

The other night into the depths of the sea

The other night into the depths of the sea
they cast my baby, 
And now to drive me mad they say I drowned him. 
The air is cold, the cell is gloomy And my sad soul like a bird in the wood flies, flies away.
Ah, have pity on me.

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Ah, have pity on me.
In letargico sopore
è mia madre addormentata,
E per colmo dell’orrore dicon ch’io
L’abbia attoscata.
L’aura è fredda, il carcer fosco,
e la mesta anima mia come
il passero del bosco
Vola, vola, vola via…
Ah! Pietà di me!

INTO A DEEP SLUMBER
my mother fell sleeping
And now the ultimate horror,
they say I poisoned her.
The air is cold, the cell is gloomy
And my sad soul
like a bird in the wood
flies, flies away.
Ah, have pity on me.

RUGGERO LEONCAVALLO (1857-1919)

Mattinata
Text by Ruggero Leoncavallo

L’ Aurora, di bianco vestita,
già l’uscio dischiude
al gran sol,
di già con le rose sue dita
carezza dè ’fiori lo stuol!
Commosso da un fremito arcano
intorno il creato già par,
e tu non ti desti, ed invano,
Mi sto qui dolente a cantar:
Metti anche tu la veste bianca
e schiudi l’uscio al tuo cantor!
Ove non sei la luce manca,
ove tu sei nasce l’amor!

Morning

The dawn, dressed in white,
has already opened the door
to the sun,
and with rosy fingers
careses the myriad flowers.
A mysterious trembling seems
to disturb all nature,
yet you will not awaken, and in vain,
I stand here sadly and sing.
Dress yourself, too, in white
and open the door to your serenader!
Where you are not, all is dark,
where you are, love is born!

MANUEL PONCE (1882-1948)

Estrellita
Text by Anonymous

Estrellita del lejano cielo,
que miras mi dolor,
que sabes mi sufrir.
Baja y dime
si me quiere un poco,
porque yo no puedo sin su amor vivir.
¡Tu eres estrella mi faro de amor!
Tu sabes que pronto he de morir.
Baja y dime
si me quiere un poco,
porque yo no puedo sin su amor vivir.

Little star

Little star from the distant sky
That watches my pain
That knows my suffering
Come down
and tell me if you like me a little
because I can’t live without your love.

You are, little star, my beacon of love,
you know that I will soon die.
Come down
and tell me if you like me a little
because I can’t live without your love.
La Morena de mi copla
Text by Alfonso Jofre De Villegas

Julio Romero de Torres
Pintó a la mujer morena,
Con los ojos de misterio
Y el alma llena de pena.
Puso en sus brazos de bronce
La guitarra cantaora.
En su bordón hay suspiros
Y en su caja una dolora.

Morena, la de los rojos claveles
La de la reja floría.
La reina de las mujeres.
Morena, la del bordao mantón,
La de la alegre guitarra,
La del clavel español.

Como escapada del cuadro,
En el sentir de la copla,
Toda España la venera,
Y toda España la llora.
Trenza con su taconeo,
La seguidilla de España,
En su danzar es moruna,
En la venta de Eritaña.

Morena, la de los rojos claveles
La de la reja floría.
La reina de las mujeres.
Morena, la del bordao mantón,
La de la alegre guitarra,
La del clavel español.

The dark-haired lady of my ballad

Julio Romero de Torres
painted a dark lady
with mysterious eyes
and a tortured soul.
In her bronze arms he put
a balladeer’s guitar,
with sighs in its strings
and passion in its body.

Dark-haired lady of the red carnations
She of the flowered lattices,
the queen of all women.
Dark-haired lady of the lace shawl,
She of the laughing guitar,
Lady of the Spanish carnation.

As if set free from the painting
In the feeling of her ballad.
All Spain celebrates her
All Spain cries for her
Weaving the steps
Of the Seguidilla of Spain
In her dance a Moorish spirit,
In the tavern of Eritaña.

Dark-haired lady of the red carnations
She of the flowered lattices,
the queen of all women.
Dark-haired lady of the lace shawl,
She of the laughing guitar,
Lady of the Spanish carnation.

RICHARD RODGERS (1902-1979)

I Whistle a Happy Tune
from The King and I
Text by Oscar Hammerstein II (1895-1960)

Whenever I feel afraid,
I hold my head erect
And whistle a happy tune,
So no-one will suspect
I’m afraid.

While shivering in my shoes,
I strike a careless pose
And whistle a happy tune,
So no-one ever knows
I'm afraid.

The result of this deception
Is very strange to tell,
For when I fool the people I fear,
I fool myself as well!

I whistle a happy tune,
And every single time
The happiness in that tune
Convinces me that I'm
Not afraid.

Make believe you're brave
And the trick will take you far;
You may be as brave
As you make believe you are!

RICHARD RODGERS

Something Wonderful
from The King and I
Text by Oscar Hammerstein II

This is a man who thinks with his heart,
His heart is not always wise.
This is a man who stumbles and falls,
But this is a man who tries.
This is a man you'll forgive and forgive
And help and protect, as long as you live.

He will not always say what you would have him say
But, now and then he’ll say something wonderful.
The thoughtless things he’ll do will hurt and worry you,
Then, all at once he’ll do something wonderful.

He has a thousand dreams that won’t come true
You know that he believes in them and that’s enough for you.

You’ll always go along, defend him when he’s wrong
And tell him when he’s strong, he is wonderful.
He'll always needs your love and so he'll get your love
A man who needs your love can be wonderful.
We’ve just been introduced,
I do not know you well,
But when the music started
Something drew me to your side.

So many men and girls,
Are in each other’s arms.
It made me think we might be
Similarly occupied.

Shall we dance?
On a bright cloud of music shall we fly?
Shall we dance?
Shall we then say “Goodnight” and mean “Goodbye”?
Or perchance,
When the last little star has left the sky,
Shall we still be together
With our arms around each other
And shall you be my new romance?
On the clear understanding
That this kind of thing can happen,
Shall we dance?
Shall we dance?
Shall we Dance?
HANCHER MILESTONES

DEC 2012
► Preparatory work started at the site on December 26, 2012

JULY 2013
► Site ceremony with San Jose Taiko, Rinde Eckert

DEC 2013
► Construction goes on 24 hours a day, even in frigid temperatures

MAY 2014
► Tomáš Kubínek, Wycliffe Gordon perform for workers

OCT 2014
► Leave Your Mark beam signing; Susan Werner performs for workers

JUNE 2015
► 70 percent of work is complete

AUG 2015
► Drawing Closer festivities with Squonk Opera

JAN 2016
► Nearing completion; over 200 craftsmen at work daily

AUG 2016
► Mucca Pazza performance for workers

SEPT 2016
► Hancher Auditorium opens
The Hancher Showcase—staffed and managed entirely by volunteers in the Hancher Guild—is filled with unique, high-quality items that you’ll want for yourself or when you need a special gift.

Proceeds of all Showcase sales are used to support Hancher’s educational programs.

The Showcase opens one hour prior to a performance’s starting time and remains open through and after the performance.

The Showcase is also open on Wednesdays, from 10 am to 1 pm, and on Thursdays, from 5 to 7 pm, while the Stanley Café is open to the public for Thursday Nights at Hancher.


HOURS:

- One hour before performances, at intermission, and after performances
- Wednesdays 10 am–1 pm
- Thursdays 5–7 pm
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Black Box Theater, Iowa Memorial Union

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MBA
Licensed Nursing Home Administrator

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### Upcoming Events

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<td>Step Afrika!</td>
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<td>4/14–15</td>
<td>Club Hancher: Fred Hersch Trio</td>
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<td>5/4</td>
<td>/peh-LO-tah/, Marc Bamuthi Joseph</td>
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### Tickets

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<td><strong>$10 for Most Student Tickets</strong></td>
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