



## **Opera Workshop**

Drake Dantzler, Director

Victoria Shively, Music Director

Amanda Sabelhaus, Piano

Titles by Charlotte Darr

**Thursday, April 15, 2021 at 6 p.m.**  
**Festival Stage**

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*Die Zauberflöte* – Nos. 1-2 “Zu hilfe, zu hilfe...”

W.A. Mozart

Premiere: Freihaus-Theater auf der Wieden, Vienna, 1791

Tamino – Carson Arcuri

First Lady – Angela Bonello

Second Lady – Danielle DiNardo

Third Lady – Nina Gojcaj

Papageno – Caleb Wayman

*Die Fledermaus* – No. 4 “So I must say farewell, my dear...”

Johann Strauss II

Premiere: Theater an der Wien, Vienna, 1874

Rosalinde – Cassidie Singelyn

Eisenstein – Samuel Newton

Adele – Olivia Langsdorf

*Orfeo ed Euridice* – Scene 2 “Numi, barbari numi...”

Christoph Willibald Gluck

Premiere: Burgtheater, Vienna, 1762

Orfeo – Danielle DiNardo

Euridice – Madeleine Krick

*Don Giovanni* – No. 7 “La ci darem la mano...”

W.A. Mozart

Premiere: National Theater (now Estates Theater), Prague, 1787.

Don Giovanni – Seth Miller

Zerlina – Angela Bonello

*Die Zauberflöte* – No. 5 “Hm! hm! hm! hm! hm!”

W.A. Mozart

Premiere: Freihaus-Theater auf der Wieden, Vienna, 1791

Papageno – Caleb Wayman

Tamino – Kellan Dunlap

1<sup>st</sup> Lady – Cassidie Singelyn

2<sup>nd</sup> Lady – Olivia Langsdorf

3<sup>rd</sup> Lady – Nina Gojcaj

*The Merry Wives of Windsor* – Scene 6 “Fenton, my Fenton”

Otto Nicolai

Premiere: Hofoper, Berlin, 1849

Anne – Madeleine Krick

Fenton – Carson Arcuri

*Don Giovanni* – No. 2 “Ma quell mai s’offre, oh Dei...”

W.A. Mozart

Premiere: National Theater (now Estates Theater), Prague, 1787.

Donna Anna – Angela Bonello

Don Ottavio – Kellan Dunlap

*Carmen* – No. 20 Card Trio

Georges Bizet

Premiere: Opéra Comique, Paris, 1875.

Mercédès – Danielle DiNardo

Frasquita – Cassidie Singelyn

Carmen – Nina Gojcaj

*The Abduction from the Seraglio* – Scene 8 “Vivat Baccus!”

W.A. Mozart

Premiere: Burgtheater, Vienna, 1782.

Pedrillo – Samuel Newton

Osmin – Seth Miller

*The Tender Land* – “The Promise of Living”

Aaron Copland

Premiere: New York City Opera, 1954

Ensemble

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### **Special Thanks**

Kerro Knox 3

Kathy Boersma and Crew

Christa Koerner and Scene Shop

Joe Beck and Shop

Opera Workshop Translations  
By Charlotte Darr

*Die Zauberflöte* – Opening Scene  
Music by W.A. Mozart  
Lyrics by Emanuel Schikaneder

TAMINO:  
Help! Or else I am lost. Help! Or else I am lost,  
intended as a sacrifice to the cunning serpent.  
Merciful Gods! Already it is approaching!  
Oh save me! Oh protect me!

THREE LADIES:  
Die, monster, by our might!  
Triumph! It is carried out, the heroic deed.  
He has been rescued by the valor of our arms.

FIRST LADY:  
A charming youth, gentle and handsome.

SECOND LADY:  
As handsome as I have ever seen.

THIRD LADY:  
Yes, yes, certainly handsome enough to be painted.

THREE LADIES:  
If I would dedicate my heart to love, it would be for this youth.  
Let us to the Queen hurry, and bring her this news.  
Perhaps this handsome man can give her back her former peace of mind.

FIRST LADY:  
So go and tell her, I stay meanwhile here.

SECOND LADY:  
No, no, you go to her and I'll watch over him here.

THIRD LADY:  
No, no, that cannot be, I'll protect him by myself.

FIRST LADY:  
Now go and tell our Queen.

SECOND LADY:  
While I keep guard his rest.

THIRD LADY:  
That task shall be for me.

FIRST LADY:  
I stay!

SECOND LADY:  
I watch!

THIRD LADY:

I protect!

THREE LADIES:

I should go away? Ho, ho, how splendid! (They would happily be with him alone.)  
No, no, that can not be. (What wouldn't I give if I could live with this youth!)  
Yet, none of them is going; it can not be. (It is best then if I go now.)  
You youth handsome and loving! You dear youth, farewell! (Until I see you again.)

PAPAGENO:

The birdcatcher I am, yes, always merry, tra, la, la!  
I, the birdcatcher am known, by old and young in the entire countryside.  
(I know how to deal with bird nets and traps, and to make myself understood by my piping.)  
This can I cheerful and merry be, since all birds are surely mine.  
A net for young girls I would like, I would catch them by the dozen for myself,  
(then I'd lock them up at home,) and all the maidens would be mine.  
If all maidens were mine, then I'd barter happily for sugar  
She, who was dearest to me, to her I'd give right away the sugar.  
And if she would kiss me tenderly then, she'd be my wife and I her husband.  
She would fall asleep at my side, I'd rock her to sleep like a child.

Orfeo ed Euridice – “Numi, barbari numi...”

Music by Christoph Willibald Gluck

Lyrics by Ranieri de' Calzabigi

ORFEO:

Gods, barbarous gods,  
Of Acheron and Hades pale inhabitant, whose hand, thirsty for the dead, was not held back by  
the beauty or youth of the deceased.  
You stole from me my beautiful Euridice,  
Oh, remembrance cruel, in the flower of her years!  
I want her back from you, gods tyrannical!  
I have enough courage to search for my beloved even within your horrific realm, where the  
most intrepid heroes have walked.

AMOR:

Amor is coming to help you!  
Orfeo, Jupiter feels pity for your suffering.  
Jupiter will allow you to cross, alive, the dark waters of the Lethe!  
You are now on the path of this dark abyss:  
If your singing can placate the furies, the monsters and wretched death,  
At daylight, your beloved Euridice shall be returned to you.

ORFEO:

Ah how? Ah when? Can it be possible? Explain yourself!

AMOR:

Will you have sufficient courage to face this difficult test?

ORFEO:

You promise me Euridice and think I am afraid?

AMOR:

Do you know the terms you must agree to in order to complete this deed?

ORFEO:

Speak!

AMOR:

You may not look at Euridice until you are outside of the caves of the Styx!  
And you must not reveal to her this mighty ban or else you lose her again and forever.  
And you shall end your days in despair, a hopeless man, abandoned to your fierce desires.

Ponder it well, farewell!

Your gaze restrain, control your words, remember if you are suffering.  
But your grief will pass in a few moments, and you will no longer suffer.  
You know well that lovers are often blind, confused and trembling, and unable to speak to the  
object of their affection.

AMOR:

What did he say?

What did I hear?

Then Euridice will live again? I shall have her before me? And after so many miseries mine

At that moment, in the turmoil of my passion,

I mustn't look at her? Not clasp her to my heart?

Wife unhappy! Whatever will she say? What will she think?

I can foresee her distress, I can understand my anguish!

The thought alone chills my blood and sets my heart a-trembling!

But I can do it! I want it! I am resolved!

The greatest, the most insufferable of all ills

Is to be deprived of the one and only beloved object of my soul.

Assist me, oh gods! The condition I accept.

*Don Giovanni* – “Ma quell mai s’offrei, oh Dei...”

Music by W.A. Mozart

Lyrics by Lorenzo da Ponte

DONNA ANNA:

Ah! Let us fly to the aid of my father in danger!

DON OTTAVIO:

All my blood I will spill if need be.

Where is the scoundrel?

DONNA ANNA:

In this place...

But whatever offers itself, oh Gods, is offered to my eyes!

My father!... Father mine!... My dear father!...

DON OTTAVIO:  
Sir...

DONNA ANNA:

Ah! The murderer killed him... that blood... that wound...  
That face tinged and covered by the colors of death...  
He doesn't breathe any longer... could are his limbs...  
Father mine!... Dear father!... Father beloved!... I am fainting... I am dying...

DON OTTAVIO:

Ah! Succor, friends, my beloved. Look for and bring me some smelling salts, some spirits...  
Don't delay! Donna Anna!... Bride!... Friend!...  
The poor lady is being killed by her extreme grief!  
She's coming to already. Renew your assistance to her.

DONNA ANNA:

My Father!

DON OTTAVIO:

Hide, remove from the eyes hers that object of horror.  
My beloved... console yourself... take heart!...

DONNA ANNA:

Flee, cruel man, flee! Let me also die, now that the man who gave me life is dead.

DON OTTAVIO:

Listen, my beloved, please listen: Look at me one sole moment;  
Is talking to you the dear lover who lives only for you.

DONNA ANNA:

You are... forgive me... my beloved... the grief mine... the sufferings... Ah! The father mine  
where is he?

DON OTTAVIO:

Your father... leave, oh the dear one, the remembrance bitter:  
You have a husband and father in me.

DONNA ANNA:

Ah! To avenge if you can, swear to me that you will always avenge my father's blood.

DON OTTAVIO:

I swear it by your eyes, I swear it by our love.

ALL:

What oath, oh gods! What barbarous moment!  
My heart is fluttering among hundreds upon hundreds of emotions.

*Die Zauberflöte – "Hm, Hm, Hm, Hm, Hm, Hm..."*

Music by W.A. Mozart

Lyrics by Emanuel Schikaneder

PAPAGENO:

Hm! Hm! Hm!

TAMINO:

The poor fellow can talk of punishment, for his speech is gone.

PAPAGENO:

Hm! Hm! Hm!

TAMINO:

I can do nothing but pity you since I am too weak to help.

PAPAGENO:

Hm! Hm! Hm!

TAMINO:

I can do nothing but pity you since I am too weak to help.

FIRST LADY:

The Queen pardons you and remits the punishment for you through me.

PAPAGENO:

Can Papageno chatter again now?

FIRST LADY:

Yes, chatter! Just don't lie anymore.

PAPAGENO:

I lie never again! No! No!

SECOND LADY:

This lock shall be your warning.

PAPAGENO:

This lock shall be my warning.

ALL:

If only all liars were given such a lock on their mouths, instead of hate, defamation and black bile, would endure love and brotherhood.

FIRST LADY:

Oh Prince, take this gift from me! Our sovereign sends this to you!  
This magic flute will protect you, in the greatest misfortune sustain you.

THREE LADIES:

With the flute you can act as if omnipotent,  
The human beings' passions transform.  
The sad will be joyful, and love wins over the confirmed bachelor.

ALL:

Oh, such a flute is worth more than gold and crowns,  
Because it will increase humanity's happiness and contentment.

PAPAGENO:

Now you pretty ladies may I... so, I take my leave.

THREE LADIES:

You can always take your leave, but the Queen has determined that you hasten without delay  
with the prince to Sarastro's castle.

PAPAGENO:

No, I thank you for that!  
I heard you say it yourselves that Sarastro is like a tiger,  
who without any mercy would have me plucked and roasted.  
He'd set me before the dogs.

THREE LADIES:

The prince will keep you safe from harm, trust him only!  
For that reason, you must be his servant.

PAPAGENO:

If only the Prince would go to the devil!

My life is dear to me. In the end, by my honor, he will creep away from me like a thief.

FIRST LADY:

Here, take this treasure, it is yours.

PAPAGENO:

Well, well! What may be inside there?

THREE LADIES:

You hear little bells sound inside.

PAPAGENO:

Will I also be able to play them?

THREE LADIES:

Oh, quite certainly! Yes, yes, certainly!

ALL:

Silver little bells, magic flutes, are necessary for your protection.

Farewell! We want to go, farewell! Until we meet again!

TAMINO:

But, lovely ladies, tell us...

PAPAGENO:

How can one find the castle?

THREE LADIES, then PAPAGENO and TAMINO:

Three young boys, young, handsome, sweet and wise, will hover over you on your journey.

They will be your guides, follow their advice only.

ALL:

Farewell and may we meet again! We want to go, farewell.

*Don Giovanni* – “La ci darem la mano...”

Music by W.A. Mozart

Lyrics by Lorenzo da Ponte

DON GIOVANNI:

At last we're freed, Zerlinetta gentle, from that great boor.

What do you say, my dearest, didn't I handle it neatly?

ZERLINA:

Sir, he's my husband...

DON GIOVANNI:

Who! Him?

Do you think that an honest man, a noble cavalier as I pride myself to be,

Could suffer that your little face of gold, that face deliciously sweet should be ill-treated by a base ploughman like Masetto?

ZERLINA:

But sir, I gave him my word to marry him.

DON GIOVANNI:

Such a promise is worth nothing,  
You aren't made to be a peasant. Another fate will be procured for you by those eyes roguish,  
Those little lips so lovely, those little fingers white and perfumed: it feels as if I am touching  
buttermilk and smelling roses.

ZERLINA:

Ah!... I wouldn't want...

DON GIOVANNI:

What wouldn't you want?

ZERLINA:

To be left deceived in the end; I know that rarely with women you cavaliers are honest and  
sincere.

DON GIOVANNI:

It's a common people's deception. You can tell a noble person's honesty by his eyes.  
Some, let us not lose time; In this instant I want to marry you.

ZERLINA:

You?

DON GIOVANNI:

Certainly, I.

That little house is mine: alone we will be, and there, jewel mine, we will get married.  
There we will hold hands, there you will tell me "yes."  
Look, it isn't far, let us leave, my beloved, from here.

ZERLINA:

I would like to and not like to... My heart trembles a bit.

Happy, it's true, I'd be: but he could just be tricking me.

DON GIOVANNI:

Come, my lovely delight!

ZERLINA:

I feel sorry for Masetto.

DON GIOVANNI:

I will change your fate.

ZERLINA:

Soon I won't be able to resist.

DON GIOVANNI:

Let us go, my beloved, to soothe the pangs of an innocent love.  
Come! There we will hold hands.

ZERLINA:

I would like to and not like to...

DON GIOVANNI:

There you will tell me "yes"

ZERLINA:

My heart trembles a bit...

DON GIOVANNI:

Let us leave, my love, from here.

ZERLINA:

But he could just be tricking me...

DON GIOVANNI:

Come, my lovely delight!

ZERLINA:

I feel sorry for Masetto.

DON GIOVANNI:

I will change your fate

ZERLINA:

Soon I won't be able to resist.

TOGETHER:

Let us go, my beloved, to soothe the pangs of an innocent love.

*Carmen* - Card Trio

Music by Georges Bizet

Lyrics by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy

FRASQUITA and MERCEDES:

Shuffle! Cut! Good, that's that!

Three cards here, four there!

And now, speak, my pretties, of the future, give us some news;

Tell us who will be tray us, tell us who will love us! Speak!

FRASQUITA:

Me, I see a young suitor, who loves me more than anything.

MERCEDES:

Mine is very rich and very old but he speaks of marriage.

FRASQUITA:

I settle myself on his horse, and to the mountain he carries me off.

MERCEDES:

In a castle, almost royal, mine sets me up like a queen!

FRASQUITA:

Love making to never end, all the days new raptures!

MERCEDES:

Gold as much as I can hold, diamonds and precious stones!

FRASQUITA:

Mine becomes a famous leader, a hundred men march in his retinue!

MERCEDES:

Mine, can I believe my eyes? Yes, he dies! Ah! I am a widow and I inherit!

FRASQUITA and MERCEDES:

Speak again, speak my pretties....

Fortune! Love!

CARMEN:

Let's see, let me have a turn.

Diamonds, spades... death!

I have clearly read... I first, then he... for the two of us death!

In vain to avoid the bitter replies, in vain you will shuffle;

That is of no avail, for the cards are sincere and will not lie!  
If your page in the heavenly book is a happy one, shuffle and cut without fear,  
The card under your fingers will turn up happy, foretelling you good luck.  
But if you must die, if the terrible word is written by fate,  
Begin over twenty times, the pitiless card will repeat: death!  
Again! Again! Always death!

FRASQUITA and MERCEDES:

Speak again, speak my pretties.

All we ask is that you're truthful in replying.

Tell us who will betray us, tell us who will love us! Speak!

CARMEN:

Again! The despair! Always death!

*Die Entführung aus dem Serail* – “Vivat Bacchus”

Music by W.A. Mozart

Lyrics by Gottlieb Stephanie

PEDRILLO:

Vivat Bacchus, Bacchus long live! Bacchus was a good man!

OSMIN:

Should I dare it? Should I drink? Can gods really see it?

PEDRILLO:

What good is hesitating? Down with it! Don't deliberate so long!

OSMIN:

Now it's happened, now it's down! That call I daring!

TOGETHER:

Long live the girls, the blond ones, the brunettes! Long may they live!

OSMIN:

That tastes great!

PEDRILLO:

This tastes excellent!

TOGETHER:

Ah! That I call a drink of the gods!

Bacchus, he who wine invented!

Vivat Bacchus, Bacchus long live! Bacchus was a good man!