

19-20

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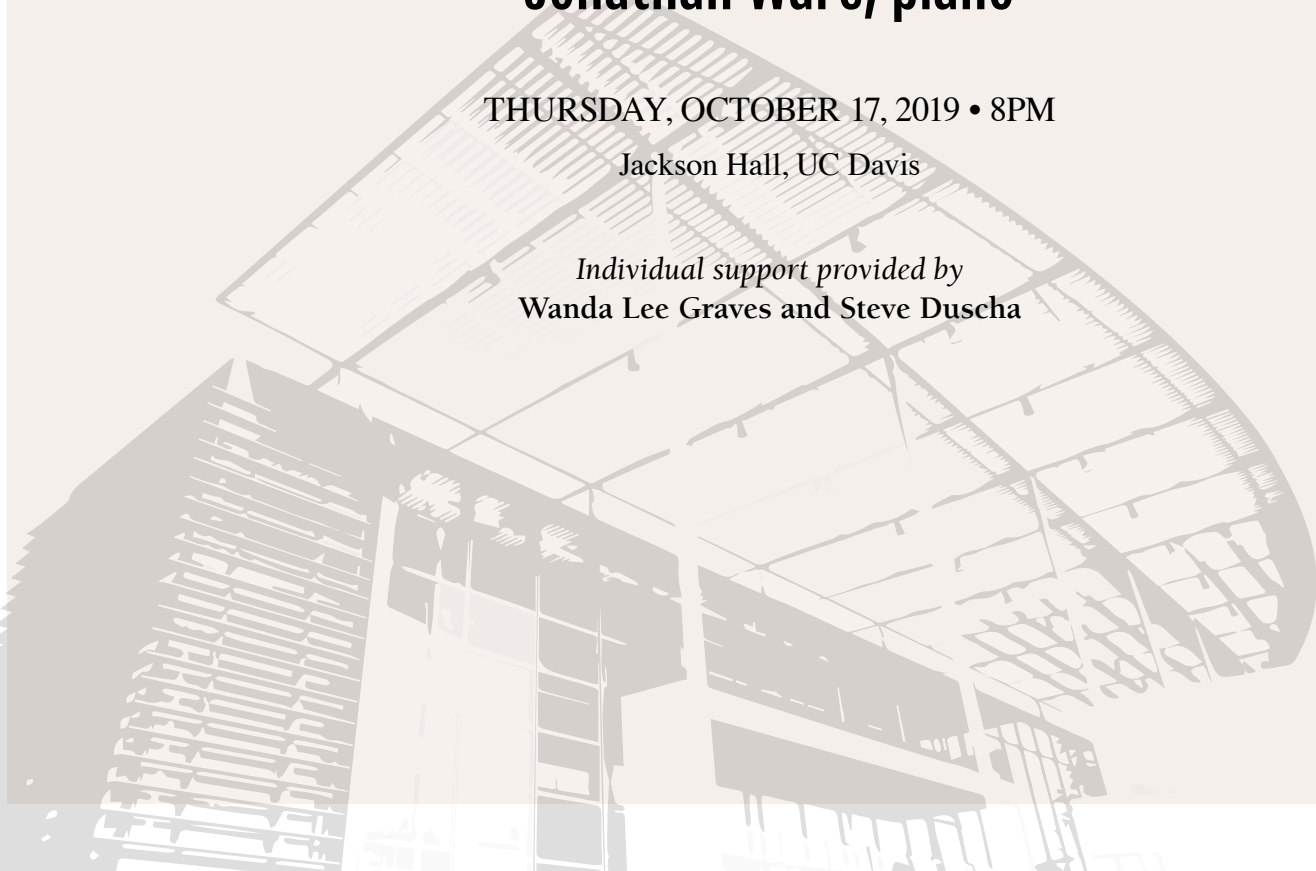


Luca Pisaroni, bass-baritone and Jonathan Ware, piano

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 2019 • 8PM

Jackson Hall, UC Davis

*Individual support provided by
Wanda Lee Graves and Steve Duscha*



We should take a moment to acknowledge the land on which we are gathered.

For thousands of years, this land has been the home of Patwin people.

Today, there are three federally recognized Patwin tribes:

Cachil DeHe Band of Wintun Indians of the Colusa Indian Community,

Kletsel Dehe Wintun Nation, and Yocha Dehe Wintun Nation.

The Patwin people have remained committed to the stewardship of this land over many centuries. It has been cherished and protected, as elders have instructed the young through generations.

We are honored and grateful to be here today on their traditional lands.

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PROGRAM

Luca Pisaroni, bass-baritone

Jonathan Ware, piano

“La Partenza” Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)
“In questa tomba oscura”
“Hoffnung (Dimmi ben mio)”
“Beato quei che fido”
“L'amante impaziente I”

“Canzon, s'al dolce loco” Johann Friedrich Reichardt (1752–1814)
“Erano i capei d'oro” Texts by Francesco Petrarca (1304–74)
“O poggi, o valli, o fiumi, o selve”
“Piu' volte gia' del bel sembiante”
“Pace non trovo”
“Or che 'l ciel e la terra”

“Memnon” Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
“Fischerweise” D 881
“Schatzgräbers Begehrt” D719
“Lied des gefangenen Jägers” D 843
“Der Schiffer”

INTERMISSION

“Schäfers Klagelied” D. 121 Schubert
“Geheimes” D761 Texts by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)
“Am Flusse” 766
“Wanderers Nachtlied II”
“Erkönig”

“Auf dem See” D. 543
“Grenzen der Menschheit”
“Ganymed” Op.19 No.3
“Wandrer's Nachtlied”
“An Schwager Kronos”
“Rastlose Liebe”
“Willkommen und Abschied”

Luca Pisaroni appears by arrangement with IMG Artists
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The artists and fellow audience members appreciate silence during the performance. Please be sure that you have switched off cellular phones, watch alarms and pager signals. Videotaping, photographing and audio recording are strictly forbidden. Violators are subject to removal.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

Born December 17, 1770, Bonn

Died March 26, 1827, Vienna

“La Partenza”

Beethoven’s “La Partenza” is a 1795 setting of a text which was originally written and set as a canzonetta by Pietro Metastasio—a pseudonym for Pietro Antonio Domenico Trapassi—in 1749. Beethoven, along with Franz Schubert, often studied composition with Antonio Salieri, and Metastasio was a frequent poet that Beethoven and Schubert set to music. Beethoven followed Metastasio’s lead, also fashioning his setting in the style of a canzonetta, which was a secular vocal composition that began appearing in the second half of the 16th century in Italy as an amalgamation of the madrigal and the villanella—two popular, secular vocal genres found in Italy in the 16th century. The canzonetta’s popularity grew quickly, as they were fun to perform and often focused on lighter subjects. The genre was further popularized by renowned baroque composers such as Luca Marenzio and Claudio Monteverdi. These early canzonettas were composed for three to five singers, but as the genre spread throughout Europe during the 18th century, it transformed into a light song for solo voice and piano accompaniment, which is where we find Beethoven’s setting.

“In questa tomba oscura”

The origin story of Beethoven’s setting of “In questa tomba oscura” is rather interesting, as it was written in response to a musical challenge. The Italian poet Giuseppe Carpani invited composers living in and around Vienna to compete for the best setting of his poem. In total, sixty-three composers responded to Carpani’s invitation, including Beethoven, Antonio Salieri, Luigi Cherubini and Carl Czerny, whose setting allegedly filled 11 folio pages. All of the submissions were collected in a large volume, with Beethoven’s appearing last, and all have since been lost with the exception of Beethoven’s. This song is divided into three sections, with the third section repeating the first. The first section opens with a slow and simple piano accompanying a solemn voice. The middle section is defined by the quickening piano accompaniment and soaring vocal melody, as the text details the singer’s indignation toward the woman he once loved. The song cools off into the third section, marked by a return to the calmer style of the first section. Although the song sounds rather sweet at its ending, it is juxtaposed with the singer repeating “ingrata,” indicating the sorrow and despair of the singer who now lays in his grave.

“Hoffnung (Dimmi ben mio)”

This bright and affectionate song comes from a collection by Beethoven called *Four Ariettas and one Duet* which was published in 1811. Three of the songs are based on texts by Pietro Metastasio, though the author of the text for this first song is still unknown. This song is rather charming, with the singer calling out to his lover to reciprocate his love. Beethoven is a bit more intentional with his setting for this song, as he includes some ornamental figures on the line “Cara, con un sorriso,” (“My dear, with just one smile”) indicating the satisfaction given through reciprocated fondness. We find Beethoven’s compositional creativity once more when the song blissfully intensifies while the singers mentions the “paradise” that he enters when he receives her love.

“Beato quei che fido amor”

Strangely, this song goes by several different titles, with some in German and some in Italian: “Lebensglück,” “Das Glück der Freundschaft,” and “Vita felice,” as well as the title for this program, “Beato quei che fido amor.” The discussion of whether the song was originally written in Italian or German are inconclusive, since the author is unknown, but it has been set in both German and Italian, and even French. This optimistic song focuses on the positive experiences that one shares with friends and loved-ones, saying that “shared pleasure doubles itself” and “shared sorrow melts away.” While this initial theme takes on several perspectives, either platonically or romantically, the end of text is exclusively romantic as the poem speaks to the benefits of a romantic relationship and how it improves all aspects of one’s life. The joy expressed in the poem is mirrored in the musical setting. Overall, the song is light and cheerfully brisk, and ends with an exuberant piano accompaniment, as the singer realizes the wonder he has received through love.

“L’amante impaziente I”

This song comes from Beethoven’s collection, *Four Ariettas and one Duet*, previously mentioned with the song “Hoffnung.” This song is derived from Pietro Metastasio’s libretto for the dramma per musica, *Adriano in Siria*. The libretto was first performed in Vienna in 1732 and the aria “Che fa il mio bene?” from Act II scene 6 is the source for Beethoven’s “L’amante impaziente.” Beethoven saw an opportunity to compose two different emotional settings for the same text, and he indicates the difference between these two songs with the subtitle “arietta buffa” (“comic arietta”) for the first, and “arietta assai seriosa” (“very serious arietta”) for the second. This first version opens with a flurry of notes from the piano, trading off with the solo voice, followed by a lilting accompaniment that evokes the lighthearted and comic style that Beethoven hoped to draw out of the text. The *buffa* version of this song hints at

the untroubled attitude of the singer, as they are waiting for their lover to return to them. Although they do not know why their lover has yet to return, they merrily long for the lover, carrying on casually. These feelings are heightened by the piano, which continues the vivacious and jaunty accompaniment that is found at the beginning of the song.

JOHANN FRIEDRICH REICHARDT

Born November 25, 1752, Königsberg

June 27, 1814, Giebichenstein

“Canzon, s’al dolce loco”

“Erano i capei d’oro”

“O poggi, o valli, o fiumi, o selve”

“Piu’ volte gia’ del bel sembiante”

“Pace non trovo”

“Or che ‘l ciel e la terra”

Johann Friedrich Reichardt was a classical era composer who is primarily known for his prolific song composition—over 1,500 songs set to over 125 poets. Reichardt was born into a musical family 1752 in East Prussia. His father was a lutenist and city musician and Reichardt began studying lute, violin and keyboard from a very early age. Later in life, Reichardt held several important musical positions such as the Kapellmeister for the Royal Prussian Court in Potsdam and Theater Director in Kassel, and was able to frequently compose music, even while evading French troops in Paris for his outspoken political opposition to Napoleon.

It is not clear when these songs were composed, as very few of Reichardt’s songs exist in modern editions and a majority of attention given to the study of Reichardt’s music focuses on his partnership with Goethe. Francesco Petrarca, the poet that Reichardt chose for this set of songs, was a fourteenth-century Italian poet who is credited in part with the start of the Renaissance, and is particularly known for his contributions to humanism. His sonnets are some of his most beloved medieval poetry and were seen as the model of lyric poetry for medieval and renaissance poets, many of whom attempted to imitate his style. Reichardt’s choice of Petrarca is not surprising, given that Petrarca has been set by many composers throughout history, including Cipriano de Rore, Palestrina, Monteverdi and even Schoenberg.

Very little is known about Reichardt’s settings of Petrarca, though there are some musical features to his settings that make these songs attractive. Reichardt’s piano accompaniment for many of these songs are simple, yet somewhat characteristic of accompaniments of the period. The piano is a harmonic “guide” for the song, setting the overall tone and mood of a song, but does not engage in too many illustrative techniques—more common with lieder of the Romantic era—that may connect it closer to the

meaning of the text. This leaves the voice to express the natural beauty of Petrarca’s poetry. The voice is reminiscent of Italian opera of the period, with soaring, elongated, but controlled melodies that build on the romanticism and tension found in the poetry, while the piano rhythmically drives the song forward, providing harmonic underpinnings that comment on the mood and emotion of a given verse.

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Born January 31, 1797, Vienna

Died November 19, 1828, Vienna

“Memnon”

Franz Schubert was particularly close with the Austrian poet Johann Baptist Mayrhofer, who wrote the text to this song. Schubert set Mayrhofer’s poems 47 times and used his librettos for two operas—*Die Freunde von Salamanka* and *Adrast*—but his lieder by Mayrhofer are profoundly beautiful. Mayrhofer’s text is based on the Greek mythological story of Memnon, the Ethiopian king and son of Tithonus and Eos. Memnon was a strong warrior and was sent to Troy to help defend against the Greeks. While in battle at Troy, Memnon was killed by Achilles, who sought revenge against Memnon for slaying Antilochus. According to the mythology, Zeus was profoundly moved by Memnon’s death and granted him immortality. Mayrhofer’s text captures the tragedy of Memnon’s fight in Troy, as he frames this current moment as a lament by Memnon, and Schubert’s gorgeous setting draws upon the monumentality of Memnon and the dramatic elements of his story. The hastened accompaniment in the third verse is particularly noticeable and it marks the shifting mood from optimism in death to sorrow, fear and anguish. The final verse reclaims the serenity found at the beginning of the song, and closes tenderly, as we hear Memnon calling to the goddess of dawn for his liberation.

“Fischerweise”

Unlike a lot of lieder where the subject is romantic or a desirable lover, Schubert’s “Fischerweise,” with a text by Franz Schlegel, rather focuses on the sole male character and his romanticized fishing experience. Schlegel’s colorful text, depicting the motion of the water and the fish that swim through it, as well as the feelings of freedom and delight intimated by the fisherman, is enhanced by Schubert’s energetic and driving piano accompaniment. The structure of the vocal melody also contributes to the musical expression, alternating between stronger, louder verses and lighter, softer verses, further mirroring the sentiments and illustrations of the text. While we expect a day of fishing to be calm and soft, Schubert’s setting instead highlights the fisherman’s delectation on his day in nature.

“Schatzgräbers Begehrt”

Schubert developed a close relationship with poet Franz von Schober in hopes of creating a large-scale romantic opera production together—a departure from the lighter genre of *singspiel* that Schubert had previously composed for. Though they achieved their goal, completing the opera *Alfonso und Estrella* in the late part of 1822, no opera house in Vienna, Berlin or Graz wanted to stage their final product. It is unknown exactly when the song and text for “Schatzgräbers Begehrt” were written, though it is conceivable that they were written contemporaneously with *Alfonso und Estrella*, and perhaps the attitudes of the compositional process of the opera made their way into this song. The song is clearly divided into two sections, marked by the noticeable shift in volume and expression. The first two verses are exceptionally fierce, supported by a minor key, and depict the intensity of the singer and their desire to prove to the world their efforts searching for the so-called “treasure” are not wasteful. In the second half, the song slackens as the singer realizes that while they may be digging fervently, searching for their treasure, they may also be digging their own grave. However, the vocal melody rises to the upper register and the accompaniment shifts into a major key, illustrating that their inner perseverance toward a personal goal is remarkable in the face of doubters and nay-sayers.

“Lied des gefangenen Jägers”

Adam Storck’s poem, “Lied des gefangenen Jägers,” is a German adaptation of “Lay of the imprisoned Huntsman” from *Lady of the Lake* (1810) by the eminent English poet and playwright, Sir Walter Scott. Each of the three verses are divided into two parts: the first four lines are the lament, with the dejected hunter reviewing the sad state of affairs that they currently face—a weary horse, a dog that dislikes their food, and so on—while the second four lines express the optimism and joy found in the hunter when they think about the pleasures of hunting and the gratification of bringing home a trophy. However, the last line in each verse returns once again to the despair and misery of separation from hunting. Schubert’s setting, published in 1819, perfectly echoes the sentiments expressed by the singer, as the sprightly rhythm of the piano accompaniment harkens to the feeling of adventure, while the minor and major keys relate to the hunter’s emotional state as he oscillates between pessimism and hope.

“Der Schiffer”

Mayrhofer’s “Der Schiffer,” written in 1817, is an inspirational poem that depicts a sailor fighting against raging waters and violent storms. Mayrhofer’s descriptive text illustrates the power of the storm and its effect on the boat, as it creaks and rolls through the wind and waves. This brief, rousing setting by Schubert focuses not on the

danger of the poem, but rather the tenacity of the sailor and his dominance over the forces that seek his failure. In the third verse of the poem, the singer states that they desired this struggle, saying that they much prefer a good challenge over an easier task. Though Schubert’s setting does not vary much through all four verses, the pace and vigor of the piano accompaniment and the heroism of the vocal melody suffice in their expression of the ideas injected in Mayrhofer’s original poem.

“Schäfers Klagelied”

Only one song can claim to be Schubert’s first publicly performed song. Schubert’s setting of Goethe’s “Shepherd’s Lament,” first published in 1804, was warmly received at its premiere, and that can partially be attributed to Schubert’s attention to popular lieder aesthetics of the period. The pastoral subject of this poem combined with the dotted rhythms found throughout are telltale characteristics of a *siciliano*, which was a baroque musical style that was popular with audiences, even into the nineteenth century. The first three verses differ in their style, with the second section defined by its repetitive, ascending piano triplets and the third and fourth sections marking the overall climax of the song. If one listens closely you will recognize the vocal melody and piano accompaniment of the fifth section are the same as the second, and the final section harkens all the way back to the first, making the form of this song palindromic. Beyond the form, Schubert’s setting alternates between major and minor keys effectively to mirror the melancholic expression of the lamenting shepherd. While he is surrounded by natural beauty, remarking in every verse a new, wonderful facet, he is depressed over lost love and only the sheep keep him company at the song’s end.

“Geheimis”

Albeit fleeting, this gentle, little song is nothing short of delightful. The vocal melody takes center stage in Schubert’s setting of Mayrhofer’s poem, as the piano accompaniment is repetitions of the same rhythmic idea. However, it’s difficult to tell how Schubert interpreted this poem, as the third verse certainly describes some flirtatious actions by the female subject, which in context with the first verse, reflecting on everyone’s attention toward “his” woman, it might appear that the action is taking place in a brothel. The second verse would appear to confirm this suspicion, as it mentions the seductive eyes, which appear to be personal to one man, yet every man in the room receives the same alluring eyes and feels similarly. On top of that, the title, “Secret,” makes this reading almost impossible to dismiss. Given this interpretation, Schubert’s setting is rather puzzling, as it sounds almost harmless and innocent. Underneath the surface, however, Schubert’s clever setting, with the use of major and minor keys to evoke false love, the seductive-

sounding melodic ornaments, and the tension created by the near-constant repetition of the rhythmic motif, this little song turns out to be rather complex and immensely suggestive.

“Am Flusse”

Schubert set this particular 1799 text by Goethe twice, one in 1815, and this version just seven years later in 1822. The 1815 setting of “Am Flusse” is far more mournful, which can be mostly attributed to its minor key, but this later version is in a major key, evoking a lighter and more relaxed feeling. At only 33 measures, “Am Flusse” is very short, though it is shocking to note how a simple change from minor setting to major setting drastically changes our interpretation of the same text. It is a mature interpretation, whereas the then 18-year-old Schubert opted for a sorrowful lament. Schubert chose in this version to focus on the relief expressed by the singer as they watch the pain and scorn float away from them and down the river. The idiomatic phrase “water under the bridge” relates well to Schubert’s emotional expression in his gorgeous second edition of “Am Flusse.”

“Wanderers Nachtlied II”

If you thought “Am Flusse” was short, Schubert’s setting of the famous Goethe poem from 1780 comes in at a mere 14 measures—with all the music fitting onto a single page. The story behind the original poem is perhaps the more interesting. Goethe was hiking in the mountains near Weimar and etched this poem onto the wall of the hotel he was staying in at the top of the Kickelhahn mountain. The poem alone is sublime. Goethe beautifully describes the calming at the top of the mountain, as the birds hush and the winds die down, foreshadowing the rest that is coming for the reader (the popular holiday song “Silent Night” immediately comes to mind here). Schubert does no harm with his setting and only enhances the calm scene that Goethe has painted at the top of the mountain. Schubert keeps the piano accompaniment simple and the voice soft, which turns this gorgeous little poem into a lullaby of sorts, peacefully sending the listener into a good night’s rest.

“Erlkönig”

Franz Schubert’s tumultuous setting of Goethe’s “Erlkönig” is a beloved piece of the tenor vocal repertoire. This narrative song recounts the tragic story of a father and son riding on a horse through the woods late at night and their encounter with the alluring, maleficent Erlking. As the father and son are riding, the son exclaims to the father that he sees the Erlking off in the distance. The Erlking lures the child with promises of games, extravagant clothing and beautiful locales. Although the boy grows more distressed, the father ignores his son’s pleas, dismissing them as merely fog, rustling leaves or willow branches blowing in the breeze. The Erlking entices the

boy once more, only this time he threatens to forcefully take him. The boy screams out as he feels the touch of the Erlking, and the father responds instantly by riding faster. However, the father is too late. When they arrive back at the farm, he finds the son dead in his arms. The emotional quality of the piano accompaniment tracks the development of the story: the opening is hurried and menacing and shifts to serene and beautiful when the Erlking is luring the son. Schubert is also careful in mirroring the physical movement of this story in the piano accompaniment. As the song approaches the end, the repeated notes slowly come to a halt, paralleling the horse’s slowing as they reach the farm. Additionally, Schubert is rather clever with this song, as he pairs each of the four characters of the story—narrator, father, son, and Erlking—with a certain vocal range. The narrator, heard right at the beginning of the song, generally falls in the middle range, while the father lies in the low range. The son and the Erlking both occupy a higher range. Though many composers attempted to set this poem, few were as successful as Schubert, who published his first edition of this song in 1815 when he was just a teenager.

“Auf dem See”

Goethe wrote this poem in Summer 1775 when he was visiting his good friends in Switzerland. Musicologist Lorraine Byrne suggests in her book *Schubert’s Goethe Settings* that the lake that is the backdrop of this song is Lake Zurich and the female subject and love interest of the third verse is said to be Lili Schönemann, whom Goethe was infatuated with in his hometown of Frankfurt. Schubert’s setting for “Auf dem See” proves rather challenging for the singer in the first verse, as the vocal melodies are long and drawn-out, requiring a significant breath. The accompaniment is busy, but controlled, moving gracefully up and down the piano, adding to the serenity of the beautiful scene by the lake. The second verse marks a change in texture, as the piano accompaniment shifts slightly to accommodate the change in emotion by the singer. The singer questions the moment they are experiencing: is this a dream? They quickly dismiss the rosy “vision” and believe instead that love and life are happening right in front of them. Schubert shifts into a minor key briefly, and the piano slides around several key areas, echoing the questions of the singer. The end of the song is striking, as we hear the singer bid farewell to the stars. It’s a particularly sublime moment, and we hear the grace and serenity in the singer through a soaring, but gentle vocal melody, as the piano gradually diminishes.

“Grenzen der Menschheit”

It’s unusual that Schubert composed a standalone song much longer than three or four minutes, making this song particularly interesting, at least at first glance. Composed in 1821 and published over a decade later, Schubert’s “Grenzen der Menschheit” builds upon the supplication

and humility found in Goethe's poem, with all of the seriousness and intention that such a text might demand from a musical setting. Schubert's undemanding piano accompaniment is more of a collection of harmonic guides rather than any collection of melodic material. However, it is notable that his straightforward accompaniment undergirds the sacred and humble singer with harmonies that both create tension and bring relief and grace. Perhaps the simplicity of the piano accompaniment allowed the moving vocal melody to shine through. The prominence given to the voice suggests to the listener that the true subject of invocation suggested through the text is most important, rather than the illustrative and metaphorical elements that might be abstracted from it, as is customary for many of Schubert's songs. Though if one listens closely, the carefully crafted vocal melody evokes several musical ideas: the sacred, chantlike sound of repeated notes, or the rising and falling melodies linked with the undulation of the rolling waves. The emphasis on the voice in this song shows Schubert's flexibility with the genre, by granting the majority of the illustrative labor to the vocal melody rather than the piano.

"Ganymed"

Ganymede is a divine hero from Greek mythology who is recognized as the most beautiful of all mortals. In this particular story, Ganymede is seduced by Zeus, who, in some versions of the mythology, fell in love with Ganymede's stunning appearance. The myth stirs questions of homosexuality and the ancient Greek custom of pederastia, which was a social, romantic relationship between an adult man and a younger man. Goethe's poem focuses on this romantic exchange between Zeus and Ganymede, depicting the response by Ganymede to Zeus's seduction. Schubert's setting is light and bright, especially in the first verse with soaring vocal melodies and a serene accompaniment. At the end of the first verse, Schubert dramatically slows the music, drawing upon the sentiments of Ganymede as he remarks about Zeus's warmth and their embrace. The piano accompaniment is quite illustrative in the second verse. Schubert makes note of the nightingale mentioned and the accompaniment almost echoes a bird call. At the end of the verse, with Ganymede stating, "I am coming, I am coming," the song accelerates quickly, remarking about the excitement expressed by Ganymede in that moment. As the song gently closes, one notices how the piano and voice work in tandem in this song to evoke the sense of shared affection between Ganymede and Zeus. The comfort of the final lines is brought out by the piano that fades into the background and the soft voice that disappears into the clouds along with Ganymede.

"Wandrer's Nachtlied"

Schubert's first "Wandrer's Nachtlied" was composed in 1815 and is based on the first of the two poems that Goethe wrote for "Wandrer's Nachtlied." This first poem was part

of several letters that Goethe sent to his friend Charlotte von Stein in 1776 from a mountain in the area surrounding Ettersberg, which is found in Goethe's signature on the letter. The poem is similar to the second "Wandrer's Nachtlied" in that its subject focuses on ridding oneself of grief and sorrow bestowed upon them by the world and resting and refreshing. Schubert's simplistic setting for this poem begins softly and gradually builds in activity and emotional intensity until it climaxes on "Ach" in the middle of the poem, as the singer despairs over their weariness. The final two lines steadily settle, with Schubert echoing the gentle accompaniment from the beginning of the song, leading the singer into their time of rest.

"An Schwager Kronos"

Schubert's rhythmically-driving setting for Goethe's 1774 poem perfectly mimics the circumstances that surround the metaphor created through Goethe's text. Goethe apparently wrote this poem as he was riding in a coach from Darmstadt to his hometown of Frankfurt. It is possible to read this poem as quasi-autobiographical, with the ups and downs of the poetics alluding to his own life, though it is perhaps more interesting to focus on how Schubert negotiates this "ride through life." Schubert is not afraid of drawing inspiration from mechanical, moving aspects of poetry and often uses them to drive the song forward through a repetitive, motor-like accompaniment. The steady accompaniment found here echoes some of his other well-known works that utilize the same technique, such as "Gretchen at the spinning wheel" and "Erlkönig." Looking at the voice, one will find great variety in the dynamics as well as the expression. In the early verses of the song, the voice is strong and punctuated, though in the middle verses, the voice softens dramatically, marking the shift in focus away from the wilder parts of his life to his numerous romantic encounters. Not too long after, however, the ferocity of the voice returns as the piano continues to push onward and the singer sings about the end of life and the frailty of man as they grow older. It is well documented that Schubert was deeply invested in Goethe's poetry, and this particular example shows not only his interest in Goethe's more autobiographical works, but also echoes the same metaphors expressed by the original text through his illustrative setting.

"Rastlose Liebe"

"Rastlose Liebe" was composed by Schubert in 1815 and dedicated to one of his composition teachers, Antonio Salieri (For those of you who may not recognize this name, this is the man who recalls the story of Mozart in the well-known *Amadeus* film.) Like many of the songs on this program, this poem, written by Goethe during a snowstorm in 1776, was set twice by Schubert, with the second edition composed in 1821, though it was not published until 1970 as part of the *New Schubert Edition*. This powerful and storming setting was quite popular after

its 1824 premiere and has become a mainstay of Schubert's vocal repertoire. It is clear that Schubert paid attention to the fact that Goethe wrote this poem during a snow storm, and makes every attempt in both the voice and piano to replicate the ferocity of the weather event. The flurrying piano accompaniment and potent vocal melody help create the tempest of this song. In regards to the lyrical content of this piece, perhaps the sheer difficulty in performing this song relates to the overall positive message about the struggle of love suggested by the lyrics: the final result is worth the challenging journey.

“Willkommen und Abschied”

How appropriate to end a concert with a song saying “hello” and “goodbye”? Schubert set this 1771 poem by Goethe in 1822, with two versions: one in the key of C Major, published in 1826, and a version in D Major in 1895. Beyond the difference in key, there are only minor changes in the wording of the text. The bouncy rhythm that makes up the majority of the piano accompaniment in this song most likely relates to the horse referenced in the very first line. It is said that this poem echoes a horse ride that Goethe would take himself, since he was courting a woman who lived in the next town over—a short ride by horse—while he was studying at the University in Strasburg. This poem describes a man who rides through the cold, dark night to visit a woman, with whom we can assume he is infatuated. He arrives and her eyes, embrace and kisses overcome the man with great love and happiness, but he must depart as the morning sun crests over the horizon. The first and second verses are the most intense, as the man is riding through the night and encounters some monsters hiding in the woods, watching him ride by. Schubert's piano accompaniment in the second verse shifts into a minor key, mirroring the menacing look of the hundred eyes peering through the bushes and the fear felt by the singer. The driving rhythm of the horse ceases right as the singer approaches the woman in the third and final verses, showing that he has taken a moment off of his locomotion to share affection with this woman, though he resumes almost immediately after he notices the sun rising, marking his departure on horse.

—by Jonathan Minnick

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Luca Pisaroni, bass-baritone

Italian bass-baritone Luca Pisaroni has established himself as one of the most charismatic and versatile singers performing today. Since his debut at age 26 with the Vienna Philharmonic at the Salzburg Festival, led by Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Pisaroni has continued to bring his compelling artistry to the world's leading opera houses, concert halls and festivals.

Luca Pisaroni began the 2019-20 season with a return to the Wiener Staatsoper to star as the Four Villains in Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*. He then sang the title role of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* in a concert staging with the Sinfonieorchester Basel at the George Enescu Festival. Pisaroni returns to the Metropolitan Opera for two productions this season: *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Figaro) and *Così fan tutte* (Guglielmo), marking the first revival of Phelim McDermott's popular staging inspired by Coney Island. After a successful tour with *Il Pomo d'Oro* last season, Pisaroni reunites with the ensemble for his role debut as Zoroastro in Handel's *Orlando* on tour in Europe. He will close out the season starring in multiple productions of *Don Giovanni*, beginning at the Palais Garnier as the title role with the Opéra National de Paris, singing Leporello at the Bayerische Staatsoper, and concluding with the title role at Opernhaus Zürich.

Pisaroni's 2019-20 concert appearances include Mozart's *Requiem* with the Orchester Wiener Akademie, Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 with NHK Symphony Orchestra and a concert with I Virtuosi del Teatro alla Scala at Zaryadye Hall in Moscow. In recital, Luca will appear at the Teatro della Pergola in Florence, at the Mondavi Center for the Performing Arts and at UBC Opera in Vancouver for their “Singer Behind the Song” series. Pisaroni reunites with baritone Thomas Hampson for their acclaimed “No Tenors Allowed” concert series in Provo, Utah and then at Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires.

Mr. Pisaroni has recorded for all major labels. His discography includes *Don Giovanni* and *Rinaldo* from the Glyndebourne Festival; *Le nozze di Figaro* with the Opéra National de Paris; *Così fan tutte*, *Don Giovanni* and *Le nozze di Figaro* from the Salzburg Festival; Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* with the Wiener Symphoniker and recordings of *Don Giovanni* and *Le nozze di Figaro* with the Mahler Chamber Orchestra and Yannick Nézet-Séguin. Recent releases include Berlioz' *Roméo et Juliette* with the San Francisco Symphony; Beethoven's Mass in C Major with Mariss Jansons and the Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks and Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle* with the Orchestre Philharmonique du Luxembourg and Gustavo Gimeno.

In 2019, Luca Pisaroni was honored as one of five recipients of the Opera News Award at a ceremony hosted in New York City.

Luca lives in Vienna with his wife, Catherine. Their golden retriever Lenny 2.0 and miniature dachshund Tristan are the singer's constant traveling companions.

Jonathan Ware, piano

Sought after as a song accompanist and chamber musician, during the 2019-20 season Jonathan will give concerts across Europe at venues including the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Berlin Staatsoper, Bordeaux Opera, the Concertgebouw Amsterdam and Wigmore Hall, collaborating with Elsa Dreisig and Robin Tritschler. In 2020 he makes his debut at La Scala with Bejun Mehta and returns to the Heidelberger Frühling Festival with Bejun Mehta and Ludwig Mittelhammer.

In the United States, Jonathan will also give recitals at Carnegie Hall with Golda Schultz, the Kennedy Center in Washington D.C. with Brenda Rae and the UC Davis Mondavi Center with Luca Pisaroni.

Over the last year Jonathan has recorded with Elsa Dreisig for Warner, Luca Pisaroni for Primo Classics, and Ludwig Mittelhammer for Berlin Classics and Bayerisches Rundfunk. He gave recitals at the Pierre Boulez Saal, Snape Maltings, the Elbphilharmonie, LAuditori, as well as the Strauss Festival and collaborated with the Vogler Quartet and trombonist Peter Moore at major venues in Europe and with oboist Olivier Stankiewicz in the US, appearing at the Morgan Library in New York to critical acclaim.

Texas born, Jonathan now resides in Berlin where he teaches at the Hochschule 'Hanns Eisler' and Barenboim-Said Academy in Berlin. He studied at the Juilliard School in New York, and the Hochschule für Musik 'Hanns Eisler.' He regularly returns to the Verbier Festival Academy as staff and to the Samling Institute to give masterclasses.

Awards include 1st Prize with Ludwig Mittelhammer in the International Hugo Wolf Competition and the Pianist's Prize at the Das Lied and Wigmore Hall/Kohn Foundation Song Competitions. In 2014 he was selected for representation by Young Classical Artists Trust.

Jonathan has performed widely throughout Europe appearing at major festivals and venues including the Munich Philharmonie, Kölner Philharmonie, Berlin Konzerthaus, the Rheingau Festival and Salzburg Festival Dialogues at the Mozarteum. He has collaborated with Mojca Erdmann, Michael Collins, Golda Schultz, Dame Ann Murray, Dame Felicity Lott, Ailish Tynan, Fatma Said and Benjamin Appl, among many others.

In North America he has given recitals at the Alice Tully Hall, Carnegie's Weill Hall as part of Marilyn Horne's The Song Continues programme, Lincoln Center with cellist Michael Katz, the Ravinia Festival and The Phillips Collection Washington DC, as well as a tour with mezzo-soprano Tara Erraught.

Passionate about the song repertory, during the 2012-13 season Jonathan was artistic co-director of *Schubert and Company*, a year-long festival devoted to the performance of the complete Schubert Lieder in New York. He has been a member of the accompanying staff of the Steans Institute at Chicago's Ravinia Festival and the coaching staff of the Internationale Meistersinger Akademie in Neumarkt Germany. He has also worked as a répétiteur with Juilliard Opera, New York City Opera and Frankfurt Opera.

As a soloist Jonathan has given concerts in Dallas, New York, Washington DC, Miami and Hammamatsu in Japan. He won the Grand Prize at the 2005 Kingsville International Competition and was a medalist in the 2002 Missouri Southern and New York International Piano Competitions. His performances have been broadcast on WQXR (New York), WFMT (Chicago), WRR (Dallas), Bavarian Radio and on US public television.

gateway



*The Composer
and the Poet*

The songs performed as duets by Luca Pisaroni, bass-baritone and Jonathan Ware, piano, also required dual efforts to compose. This program features several works by composer Franz Schubert set to the texts of Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe.

Learn more about Schubert, Goethe, and their relationship from the resources referenced in our blog post, **"A Closer Look at Schubert and Goethe."**

Read more on our blog:
mondaviarts.org/blog

Painting of Schubert (left) by Wilhelm August Reider, c. 1825; Goethe (right) by Joseph Karl Stiegler, 1828.



Ludwig van Beethoven

“La Partenza”

Ecco quel fiero istante:	Now comes the painful moment
Nice, mia Nice, addio.	Nice, my Nice, goodbye,
Come vivrò ben mio,	How will I live, my love
Così lontan da te?	So far from you?
Io vivrò sempre in pene,	I will always live in pain
Io non avrò più bene:	I will no longer be well
E tu, chi sa se mai	And you, who knows if ever
Ti sovverrai di me	You will remember me.

“In questa tomba oscura”

In questa tomba oscura	In this dark tomb
Lasciami riposar;	Let me rest
Quando vivevo, ingrata,	When I was living, ungrateful,
Dovevi a me pensar.	You should have given me a thought.
Lascia che l'ombre ignude	Let the shadows ignore
Godansi pace almen	Relish their peace
E non, e non bagnar mie ceneri	And no, do not bathe my ashes
D'inutile velen.	With innocuous poison

“Hoffnung (Dimmi ben mio)”

Dimmi, ben mio, che m'ami,	Say, my dear, that you love me,
Dimmi che mia tu sei.	Say that you are mine
E non invidio ai Dei	And I will not envy the gods
La lor' divinità!	Their power divine!
Con un tuo sguardo solo,	With one single look from you,
Cara, con un sorriso	My dear, with just one smile
Tu m'apri il paradiso	You open heaven to me
Di mia felicità!	Of my happiness!

“Beato quei che fido”

Beato quei che fido amor
Mai seppe meritar!
Ei solcherà senza timor
Di questa vita il mar.

Blessed is he
who has a faithful love!
Without fear for his life
he will weather the sea

Dovunque lo conduca il ciel,
Gli ride dolce fior;
La gioja non là cuopre un vel,
Si scema ogni dolor.

Wherever heaven leads him
sweet flowers smile;
Joy is not veiled,
and every sorrow fades.

Ei sente l'alma divam par
Di generoso ardir;
Il vero ei puote sol amar,
Del bello sol gioir.

He feels his soul aglow
of generous boldness;
He loves only the truth
and only beauty brings him joy

Felice chi ad un fido sen
Può cheto riposar,
E negl' occhietti del suo ben
Contento si specchiar!

Happy is he who can rest
On a faithful breast
And happily see his image reflected
In the eyes of his beloved!

Che in mezzo agli disa striancor
Quel sol gli riderà,
Ed a più bella calma oror
Tutto gli tornerà.

That in the midst of disaster
he will still see the sun shining,
And to a more beautiful, calm damn
everything will return

“L'amante impaziente I”

Che fa, che fa il mio bene?
Perchè, perché non viene?
Vedermi vuole languir
Così, così, così!
Oh come è lento nel corso il sole!
Ogni momento mi sembra un dì,
Che fa, che fa il mio bene?
Perchè, perché non viene?
Vedermi vuole languir
Così, così, così!

What is, what is my darling doing?
Perhaps, perhaps she will not come?
She likes to see me languish
Like this, like this, like this!
How slowly the sun runs its course,
Every second is like a day.
What is, what is my darling doing?
Perhaps, perhaps she will not come?
She likes to see me languish
Like this, like this, like this!

Johann Friedrich Reichardt

Texts by Francesco Petrarca

“Canzon, s'al dolce loco”

Canzon, s'al dolce loco
la donna nostra vedi,
credo ben che tu credi
ch'ella ti porgerà la bella mano,
ond'io son sí lontano.
Non la tocchar; ma reverente ai piedi
le di' ch'io sarò là tosto ch'io possa,
o spirito ignudo od uom di carne et d'ossa

Song, if you see my lady
in that sweet place,
I know well you think
she'll stretch out her lovely hand to you
that I am far away from.
Do not touch it: but do adulate at her feet
and say I shall be there as swiftly as I can,
as nude spirit, or man of flesh and bone.

“Erano i capei d'oro”

Erano i capei d'oro a l'aura sparsi
che 'n mille dolci nodi gli avvolgea,
e 'l vago lume oltra misura ardea
di quei begli occhi, ch'or ne son sì scarsi;
e 'l viso di pietosi color farsi
(non so se vero o falso) mi pareo;
i' che l'ésca amorosa al petto avea,
qual meraviglia se di subito arsi?
Non era l'andar suo cosa mortale
ma d'angelica forma, et le parole
sonavan altro che pur voce umana:
uno spirto celeste, un vivo sole
fu quel ch' i' vidi, et se non fosse or tale,
piaga per allentar d'arco non sana.

She let her sunlit hair fly in the breeze
that tangled in a thousand sweet knots,
and twinkling light would burn beyond measure
in those beautiful eyes, now so rare:
and it seemed to me her countenance bore the color
of pity, I know not whether false or true:
I who had the lure of love in my breast,
what wonder if I suddenly caught fire?
A fiery lightness in her being,
a voice that wasn't mortal; it was song,
rang higher than a human voice.
A celestial spirit, a living sun
was what I saw: and if she is not such now,
the wound's not healed, although the bow is slack.

“O poggi, o valli, o fiumi, o selve”

O poggi, o valli, o fiumi, o selve, o campi,
o testimon' de la mia grave vita,
quante volte m'udiste chiamar morte!
Ahi dolorosa sorte
lo star mi strugge, e 'l fuggir non m'aita.
Ma se maggior paura
non m'affrenasse, via corta et spedita
trarrebbe a fin questa apra pena et dura;
et la colpa è di tal che non à cura.

O hills, O Valleys, O rivers, O woods, O fields,
O testimony of my hard life,
how many times have you heard me call for death!
Ah painful fate
staying here destroys me, and fleeing is no help.
But if a greater fear
did not restrain me, a short swift way
would bring an end to this this harsh bitter pain:
and the fault would be hers, who does not care

“Piu’ volte gia’ del bel sembiante”

Più volte già dal bel sembiante umano
ò preso ardir co le mie fide scorte
d’assalir con parole oneste accorte
la mia nemica in atto umile et piano.

Fanno poi gli occhi suoi mio penser vano
per ch’ogni mia fortuna, ogni mia sorte,
mio ben, mio male, et mia vita et mia morte
quei che solo il pò far l’à posto in mano.

Ond’ io non pote’ mai formar parola
ch’ altro che da me stesso fosse intesa,
così m’à fatto Amor tremante et fioco.

Et veggi’ or ben che caritate accesa
lega la lingua altrui, gli spirti invola:
chi pò dir com’ egli arde è ‘n picciol foco.

Many times already, from the beautiful human
appearance
I’ve dared to assail my enemy, quiet and humble
in her actions, with prudent and honest words,
with my honest well-considered speech.

Then they make my eyes rendered vain
For every fortune of mine, all my destiny,
my good, my bad, my life, and my death
placed in her hands, by him who alone can do so.

So I could not even form true words
that anyone but me could understand:
So Love had made me blaze and tremble.

And I see clearly now that glowing charity
ties a man’s tongue, and daunts his spirit:
who utters while he burns is in slight fire.

“Pace non trovo”

Pace non trovo, et non ò da far guerra;
e temo, et spero; et ardo, et son un ghiaccio;
et volo sopra ‘l cielo, et giaccio in terra;
et nulla stringo, et tutto ‘l mondo abbraccio.

Tal m’à in pregon, che non m’apre né serra,
né per suo mi riten né scioglie il laccio;
et non m’ancide Amore, et non mi sferra,
né mi vuol vivo, né mi trae d’impaccio.

Veggio senza occhi, et non ò lingua et grido;
et bramo di perir, et chieggo aita;
et ò in odio me stesso, et amo altrui.

Pascomi di dolor, piangendo rido;
egualmente mi spiace morte et vita:
in questo stato son, donna, per voi.

I find no peace, and I do not make war:
I fear and hope: I burn and I am ice:
and fly above the heavens, and fall to earth,
and clutch at nothing, and embrace the world.

Who neither frees nor jails, imprisons me,
And holds me not, yet herself slips the noose:
and Love does not destroy me, and does not loose me,
wishes me not to live, but does not remove my bar.

I see without eyes, and without tongue I cry,
and want to perish, yet I beg for help:
I love another and hold myself in hate.

I feed on sorrow, laughing weep:
Equally death and life displease me:
and I am in this state, lady, because of you.

"Or che 'l ciel e la terra"

Or che 'l ciel e la terra e 'l vento tace,
E le fere e gli augelli il sonno affrena,
Notte il carro stellato in giro mena
E nel suo letto il mar senz'onda giace;

Vegghio, penso, ardo, piango; e chi mi sface
Sempre m'è inanzi per mia dolce pena:
Guerra è il mio stato, d'ira et di duol piena;
E sol di lei pensando ho qualche pace.

Così sol d'una chiara fonte viva
Move 'l dolce e l'amaro ond'io mi pasco;
Una man sola mi risana e punge.

E perchè 'l mio martir non giunga a riva,
Mille volte il dì moro e mille nasco;
Tanto da la salute mia son lunge!

Now that the heaven and the earth and the wind
are silent
and the wild creatures and the birds sleep,
Night leads its starry wagon in its round,
and in bed lies the sea without a wave lies.

I look, think, burn, weep: and she who destroys me
is always before my eyes to my sweet sorrow,
war is my state, filled with grief and anger,
and I find peace only in thinking of her

So from only one pure living fountain
flow the sweet and bitter which I drink:
one hand alone heals me and pierces me:

and so that my martyrdom may not reach haven,
I am born and die a thousand times a day,
I am so far from my salvation.

Franz Schubert

Memnon

Den Tag hindurch nur einmal mag ich sprechen,
Gewohnt zu schweigen immer und zu trauern:
Wenn durch die nachtgebor'nen Nebelmauern
Aurorens Purpurstrahlen liebend brechen.
Für Menschenohren sind es Harmonien.
Weil ich die Klage selbst melodisch künde
Und durch der Dichtung Glut des Rauhe ründe,
Vermuten sie in mir ein selig Blühen.
In mir, nach dem des Todes Arme langen,
In dessen tiefstem Herzen Schlangen wühlen;
Genährt von meinen schmerzlichen
Gefühlen Fast wütend durch ein ungestillt
Verlangen:
Mit dir, des Morgens Göttin, mich zu einen,
Und weit von diesem nichtigen Getriebe,
Aus Sphären edler Freiheit, aus Sphären reiner
Liebe,
Ein stiller, bleicher Stern herab zu scheinen.

During the day I only speak once:
Always used to constant silence and grieving;
when Aurora's tender purple rays
break through the night-bestowed walls of fog.
To human ears these are harmonies.
Since I proclaim a melodic complaint,
and transfigure its roughness in the glow of poetry,
they imagine that blessing of flowers within me.
Within me, to whom the arms of death stretch out,
as serpents rummage deep in my heart;
I am nourished by my painful thoughts,
and almost frenzied by an unquenched desire.

Oh to be united with you, goddess of morning,
and, far from this vain bustle,
to shine down as a silent, pale star

from spheres of noble freedom, from spheres of
pure love.

Fischerweise D 881

Den Fischer fechten Sorgen
Und Gram und Leid nicht an;
Er löst am frühen Morgen
Mit leichtem Sinn den Kahn.
Da lagert rings noch Friede
Auf Wald und Flur und Bach,
Er ruft mit seinem Liede
Die gold'ne Sonne wach.
Er singt zu seinem Werke
Aus voller frischer Brust,
Die Arbeit gibt ihm Stärke,
Die Stärke Lebenslust.
Bald wird ein bunt' Gewimmel
In allen Tiefen laut
Und plätschert durch den Himmel,
Der sich im Wasser baut.
Doch wer ein Netz will stellen,
Braucht Augen klar und gut,
Muss heiter gleich den Wellen
Und frei sein wie die Flut.
Dort angelt auf der Brücke
Die Hirtin, Schlauer Wicht,
Gib auf nur deiner Tücke,
Den Fisch betrügst du nicht!

The fisherman is not worried
by cares, grief or sorrow.
In the early morning he releases
his boat with a light heart.
There is still peace around it
over forest, land, and brook,
He calls with his song
the golden sun awake.
He sings at his work
from a full, enlivened heart.
His work gives him strength,
The strength of life.
Soon a colorful crowd
will resound in the depths,
and splash
through the watery heavens.
But whoever wishes to set a net
needs good, clear eyes,
must be as cheerful as the waves,
and as free as the tide.
There, on the bridge, the shepherdess
is fishing. Sly wench,
leave off your tricks!
You won't deceive the fish!

Schatzgräbers Begehr D719

In tiefster Erde ruht ein alt Gesetz,
Dem treibt mich's rastlos immer nachzuspüren;
Und grabend kann ich Andres nicht vollführen.
Wohl spannt auch mir die Welt ihr goldnes Netz,
Wohl tönt auch mir der Klugheit seicht Geschwätz:
„Du wirst die Müh' und Zeit umsonst verlieren;“
Das soll mich nicht in meiner Arbeit irren,
Ich grabe glühend fort, so nun, wie stets.
Und soll mich nie des Findens Wonne laben,
Sollt' ich mein Grab mit dieser Hoffnung graben:
Ich steige gern hinab, gestillt ist dann mein Sehnen.
Drum lasset Ruhe mir in meinem Streben!
Ein Grab mag man wohl jedem gerne geben,
Wollt ihr es denn nicht mir, ihr Lieben, gönnen?

Deep in the soil rests an old law.
I feel a restless, relentlessly seeking it out,
and as I dig, I can accomplish nothing else.
Let the world stretch its golden net to lure me, too;
Let wisdom's shallow gossip sound in my ears:
‘You are wasting your time and efforts in vain!’
That shall not turn me aside from my work;
I go on digging away, now as ever.
And even if the joy of discovery never rewards me,
if I am digging my own grave with this hope,
yet I will climb down, for then my longing is satisfied
So leave me in peace with my pursuit.
Surely a grave is gladly given to every man;
will you then not grant me, dear ones?

Lied des gefangenen Jägers D 843

Mein Ross so müd' in dem Stalle sich steht,
Mein Falk ist der Kapp' und der Stange so leid,
Mein müssiges Windspiel sein Futter verschmäht,
Und mich kränkt des Turmes Einsamkeit.
Ach wär' ich nur, wo ich zuvor bin gewesen,
Die Hirschjagd wäre so recht mein Wesen,
Den Bluthund los, gespannt den Bogen:
Ja, solchem Leben bin ich gewogen.
Ich hasse der Turmuhr schläfrigen Klang,
Ich mag nicht seh'n, wie die Zeit verstreicht,
Wenn Zoll um Zoll die Mauer entlang
Der Sonnenstrahl so langsam schleicht.
Sonst pflegte die Lerche den Morgen zu bringen
Die dunkle Dohle zur Ruh' mich zu singen,
In dieses Schlosses Königshallen,
Da kann kein Ort mir je gefallen.
Früh, wenn der Lerche Lied erschallt,
Sonn' ich mich nicht in Ellens Blick,
Nicht folg' ich dem flüchtigen Hirsch durch den Wald,
Und kehre, wenn Abend taut, zurück.
Nicht schallt mir ihr frohes Willkommen entgegen,
Nicht kann ich das Wild ihr zu Füßen mehr legen,
Nicht mehr wird der Abend uns selig entschweben,
Dahin ist Lieben und Leben.

My horse is so tired of his stall;
my hawk is displeased with his perch and hood;
my idle greyhound spurns his food,
and I am offended by this tower's loneliness.
I wish I were as I was before;
Deer hunting is truly in my nature,
with bloodhound free and bow drawn:
yes, I was weighted to such a life.
I hate the sleepy chime of the tower clock,
I do not like to see time pass
When, inch by inch along the wall,
the sunbeams slowly sneaks.
Once the lark would bring the morning,
and the dark rook sing me to rest.
In the kingly halls of this castle
I can find nowhere that pleases me.
Early in the morning, when the lark's song resounds,
I do not see myself in Ellen's eyes;
I do not follow the fleeing deer through the forest
and return home with the evening dew.
Does not sound to me a joyful welcome
I cannot lay my game at her feet;
The evening will no longer float away blissfully
That is love and life.

Der Schiffer

Im Winde, im Sturme befahr' ich den Fluss,
Die Klieder durchweicht der Regen im Guss;
Ich peitsche die Wellen mit mächtigem Schlag,
Erhoffend mir heiteren Tag.
Die Wellen, sie jagen das ächzende Schiff,
Es drohet der Strudel, es drohet der Riff,
Gesteine entkollern den felsigen Höh'n,
Und Tannen erseufzen wie Geistergestöh'n.
So musste es kommen, ich hab' es gewollt,
Ich hasse ein Leben behaglich entrollt;
Und schlängen die Wellen den ächzenden Kahn,
Ich priese doch immer die eigene Bahn.
Drum tose des Wassers ohnmächtige Zorn,
Dem Herzen entquillet ein seliger Born,
Die Nerven erfrischend, o himmlische Lust,
Dem Sturme zu trotzen mit männlicher Brust!

In the wind, in the storm I row on the river,
my clothes soaked by the pouring rain;
I whip the waves with powerful punches,
hoping for a happy day.
The waves drive the creaking ship,
whirlpool and reef threaten:
rocks roll down from the craggy heights,
and fir trees sigh like moaning ghosts.
It had to come to this, I wished it so;
I hate a life that unfolds comfortably.
And if the waves devoured the creaking boat,
I would still praise my chosen course.
So let the waters roar with fainting anger,
a fountain of bliss gushes from my heart,
refreshing my nerves. O heavenly desire,
to defy the storm with a manly heart!

Franz Schubert

Texts by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Schäfers Klagelied D. 121

Da droben auf jenem Berge,
Da steh' ich tausendmal,
An meinem Stabe hingebogen,
Und schaue hinab in das Tal.
Dann folg' ich der weidenden Herde,
Mein Hündchen bewahret mir sie.
Ich bin herunter gekommen
Und weiss doch selber nicht wie.
Da steht von schönen Blumen
Da steht die ganze Wiese so voll.
Ich breche sie, ohne zu wissen,
Wem ich sie geben soll.
Und Regen, Sturm und Gewitter
Verpass' ich unter dem Baum,
Die Türe dort bleibet verschlossen;
Doch alles ist leider ein Traum.
Es stehet ein Regenbogen
Wohl über jenem Haus!
Sie aber ist fortgezogen,
Und weit in das Land hinaus.
Hinaus in das Land und weiter,
Vielleicht gar über die See.
Vorüber, ihr Schafe, nur vorüber!
Dem Schäfer ist gar so weh.

Up there on the mountain
I have stood there a thousand times,
leaning on my staff
and looking down into the valley.
I have followed the grazing herd,
watched over by my puppy,
I have come down here
and do not know how.
The whole meadow is so full
of lovely flowers;
I pluck them, without knowing
to whom I shall give them.
From rain, storm and thunderstorms
I pass under a tree.
The door there remains locked;
But unfortunately it is all a dream.
There is a rainbow
Well above that house!
But she has gone away,
to distant regions.
Out in the country and beyond,
maybe even over the sea.
Move on, you sheep, move on!
Your shepherd is so hurt.

Geheimes D761

Über meines Liebchens Äugeln
Stehn verwundert alle Leute;
Ich, der Wissende, dagegen,
Weiss recht gut, was das bedeute.
Denn es heisst: ich liebe diesen
Und nicht etwa den und jenen.
Lasset nur, ihr guten Leute,
Euer Wundern, euer Sehnen!
Ja, mit ungeheuren Mächten
Blicket sie wohl in die Runde;
Doch sie sucht nur zu verkünden
Ihm die nächste süsse Stunde.

Everyone is puzzled
at the eyes my beloved makes;
but I, who understands,
know well what they mean.
For they are saying: he is the one I love,
not this one, nor that one.
So, good people,
Leave your wondering and your yearning!
Indeed, she may well look about her
with a tremendously powerful eye,
but she only seeks to announce
of the next sweet hour.

Am Flusse 766

Verfliesset, vielgeliebte Lieder,
Zum Meere der Vergessenheit!
Kein Knabe sing' entzückt euch wieder,
Kein Mädchen in der Blütenzeit.
Ihr sanget nur von meiner Lieben;
Nun spricht sie meiner Treue Hohn.
Ihr wart ins Wasser eingeschrieben;
So fliesst denn auch mit ihm davon.

Flow on, beloved songs,
to the sea of oblivion.
No delighted boy, no maiden in the springtime
of life will you ever sing again.
You told only of my love,
now she speaks mockery of my loyalty.
You were inscribed in the water;
That's how it goes with him.

Wanderers Nachtlied II

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh',
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Over every summit
Is peace,
In every treetop
You barely feel
A breath of air;
The little birds are silent in the wood.
Just wait, soon you
too will rest.

Erlkönig

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind:
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.
„Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?“
„Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?“
„Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.“
„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.“
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?“
„Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.“
„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Rein
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.“
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?“
„Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.“
„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt.“
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!“
Dem Vater grauset, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

Who rides so late through night and wind?
It is the father with his child.
He has the boy fast in his arms;
He holds him surely, he keeps him warm.
'My son, what makes you hide your face in fear?'
'Do you not see the Erlking, father?
The Erlking with crown and tail?'
'My son, it is a wisp of fog.'
'You lovely child, come, go with me!
I'll play beautiful games with you.
Many pretty flowers are on the shore;
My mother has many golden robes.'
'My father, my father, do you not hear
what the Erlking sweetly promises me?'
'Be calm, be calm, my child:
The wind rustles in dry leaves.'
'Do you want to come with me, fine boy?
My daughters should wait upon you;
My daughters lead the nightly dance,
And would rock you, and dance and sing to you.'
'My father, my father, do you not see
Erlking's daughters over there in darkness?'
'My son, my son, I see it clearly:
It is the gray willows' gleaming so.'
'I love you, your fair form enchants me,
and if you are not willing, I will use force.'
'My father, my father, now he's seizing me!
The Erlking has hurt me!'
The father shudders, he rides swiftly,
He holds in his arms the moaning child;
He reaches home with effort and distress;
In his arms, the child was dead.

Auf dem See D. 543

Und frische Nahrung, neues Blut
Saug' ich aus freier Welt;
Wie ist Natur so hold und gut,
Die mich am Busen hält!
Die Welle wiegen unsern
Kahn Im Rudertakt hinauf,
Und Berge, wolkig himmelan,
Begegnen unserm Lauf.
Aug', mein Aug', was sinkst du nieder?
Goldne Träume, kommt ihr wieder?
Weg, du Traum! so gold du bist;
Hier auch Lieb' und Leben ist.
Auf der Welle blinken
Tausend schwebende Sterne,
Weiche Nebel trinken
Rings die türmende Ferne;
Morgenwind umflügelt
Die beschattete Bucht,
Und im See bespiegelt
Sich die reifende Frucht.

And fresh food, new blood
I suck from the free world;
How sweet and good is nature,
That holds me to its breast!
The waves rock our boat
To the oar strokes,
And mountains, soaring upwards,
Meet us on our route.
Eye, my eye, why do you look down?
Golden dreams, will you return?
Away, you dream! However golden you are;
Here is love and life as well.
On the waves flash
Thousands of floating stars,
Soft mists drink
The towering distant lands around it;
Morning breeze flutters
Around the shaded bay,
And in the lake reflects
The ripened fruit.

Grenzen der Menschheit

Wenn der uralte,
Heilige Vater
Mit gelassener Hand
Aus rollenden Wolken
Segnende Blitze
Über die Erde sä't,
Küss' ich den letzten
Saum seines Kleides,
Kindliche Schauer
Tief in der Brust.
Denn mit Göttern
Soll sich nicht messen
Irgend ein Mensch.
Hebt er sich aufwärts
Und berührt
Mit dem Scheitel die Sterne,
Nirgends haften dann
Die unsichern Sohlen,
Und mit ihm spielen
Wolken und Winde.
Steht er mit festen,
Markigen Knochen
Auf der wohlgegründeten
Dauernden Erde;
Reicht er nicht auf,
Nur mit der Eiche
Oder der Rebe
Sich zu vergleichen.
Was unterscheidet
Götter von Menschen?
Dass viele Wellen
Vor jenen wandeln,
Ein ewiger Strom:
Uns hebt die Welle,
Verschlingt die Welle,
Und wir versinken.
Ein kleiner Ring
Begränzt unser Leben,
Und viele Geschlechter
Reihen sich dauernd
An ihres Daseins
Unendliche Kette.

When the ordinary,
Holy father
With calm hand
From rolling clouds
Sprinkles blessed lightning
Over the earth,
I kiss the last,
Seam of his clothing,
Childlike awe
Deep in my breast.
Thus no man,
Should measure himself,
Against the gods.
Should he reach up
And with his head,
Touch the stars,
His uncertain feet then
Lose their hold,
And clouds and winds
Play with him.
Should he stand with firm,
Sturdy bones,
On solid
Lasting earth,
He cannot even reach up
To liken himself
To the oak
Or the vine.
What distinguishes
Gods from men?
Before the many waves,
Roll onwards,
An eternal current:
The wave tosses us,
The wave devours us,
And we sink.
A little ring
Bounds our life,
And many life forms,
Succeed each other frequently,
As an infinite chain
Of existence.

Ganymed, Op.19 No.3

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!
Dass ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!
Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich, schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend mach mir aus dem Nebeltal.
Ich komm', ich komme!
Wohin? Ach wohin?
Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenenden Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In euerm Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfängen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Alliebender Vater!

How your glow wraps around me,
in morning radiance,
Spring, my beloved!
With love's thousandfold bliss
Holy sensation
of your eternal warmth
fills my heart,
infinite beauty!
That I might hold you
in my arms!
Ah, on your breast
Lie I languishing,
and your flowers, your grass
press close to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst of my breast,
Lovely morning breeze!
The nightingale calls me
tenderly from the foggy valley.
I come, I come!
Whereto? Ah, whereto
Upwards! Aspire upwards!
The clouds drift
down, surrendering
to yearning love,
to me, to me!
In your bosom,
upwards,
embracing and embraced!
Upwards to your breast,
all-loving Father!

Wandrer's Nachtlid

Der du von dem Himmel bist,
Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillest,
Den, der doppelt elend ist,
Doppelt mit Erquickung füllest;
Ach, ich bin des Treibens müde!
Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust?
Süßer Friede,
Komm, ach komm in meine Brust!

You who are from heaven,
Still every passion and pain,
He, who is miserable twice over,
Twice over you fill with comfort,
Ah, I am weary of force!
What is all this pain and joy?
Sweet peace
Come, ah, come into my breast!

An Schwager Kronos

Spute dich, Kronos!
Fort den rasselnden Trott!
Bergab gleitet der Weg:
Ekles Schwindeln zögert
Mir vor die Stirne dein Zaudern.
Frisch, holpert es gleich,
Über Stock und Steine den Trott
Rasch ins Leben hinein!
Nun schon wieder
Den er atmenden Schritt
Mühsam berghinauf,
Auf denn, nicht träge denn
Strebend und hoffend hinan!
Weit, hoch, herrlich
Rings den Blick ins Leben hinein;
Vom Gebirg zum Gebirge
Schwebet der ewige Geist,
Ewigen Lebens ahndevoll.
Seitwärt des Überdachs Schatten
Zieht dich an
Und ein Frischung verheissender Blick
Auf der Schwelle des Mädchens da
Labe dich! – Mir auch, Mädchen,
Diesen schäumenden Trank,
Diesen frischen Gesundheitsblick!
Ab denn, rascher hinab!
Sieh, die Sonne sinkt!
Eh sie sinkt, eh mich Greisen
Ergreift im Moore Nebelduft,
Entzähnte Kiefer schnatetre
Und das schlotternde Gebein,
Trunknen vom letzten Strahl
Reiss mich, ein Feuermeer
Mir im schäumenden Aug'
Mich geblendeten Taumelnden
In der Hölle nächtliches Tor.
Töne, Schwager, in's Horn,
Rassle den schallenden Trab,
Dass der Orkus vernehme: wir kommen,
Dass gleich an der Tür
Der Wirt uns freundlich empfangen.

Hurry, Chronos!
Into a rattling rut!
The way goes downhill;
Hateful giddiness overcomes me,
Due to your delaying
Quick, hop over sticks,
and stones equally, trot
quickly into life!
Now already again
breathless, at a walking pace,
struggling uphill;
Up then, don't be lazy,
Forward, striving and hoping!
Wide, high and magnificent
is the view into life around;
from mountain side to mountain side
floats the eternal spirit,
Promising eternal life.
A shady roof
draws you away
and the gaze of warm refreshment
from a girl on the step.
Refresh yourself! For me too, girl,
that frothy drink,
that fresh look of health.
Down then, down faster!
Look, the sun sinks!
Before it sinks, before the mist
seizes me, an old man on the moor,
toothless mouth chattering,
limbs trembling,
Pull me, drunk with its last ray,
a sea of fire
foaming in my eye,
blinded, staggering
in hell's night gate.
Sound your horn, Coachman,
Clatter on noisily at a trot.
Let Orcus hear we're coming.
So that the innkeeper is at the door
Immediately to welcome us warmly.

Rastlose Liebe

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte,
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh!
Lieber durch Leiden
Wollt' ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.
Alle das Neigen
Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach, wie so eigen
Schaffet es Schmerzen!
Wie soll ich flieh'n?
Wälderwärts zieh'n?
Alles vergebens!
Krone des Lebens,
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du!

Into the snow, the rain,
toward the wind,
through steamy ravines,
through foggy scents,
onwards, ever onwards!
Without rest and peace!
I would sooner fight my way
through suffering
than endure so much
of life's pleasures.
This affection
of one heart for another,
ah, how so curiously
it creates pain!
How shall I flee?
Into the woods?
All in vain!
Crown of life,
happiness without rest—
this, O Love, is you!

Willkommen und Abschied

Es schlug mein Herz, geschwind zu Pferde!
Es war getan fast eh' gedacht.
Der Abend wiegte schon die Erde,
Und an den Bergen hing die Nacht;
Schon stand im Nebelkleid die Eiche,
Ein aufgetürmter Riese, da,
Wo Finsterniss aus dem Gesträuche
Mit hundert schwarzen Augen sah.
Der Mond von einem Wolkenhügel
Sah kläglich aus dem Duft hervor,
Die Winde schwangen leise Flügel,
Umsausten schauerlich mein Ohr;
Die Nacht schuf tausend Ungeheuer,
Doch frisch und fröhlich war mein Mut:
In meinen Adern welches Feuer!
In meinem Herzen welche Glut!
Dich sah ich, und die milde Freude
Floss von dem süßen Blick auf mich;
Ganz war mein Herz an deiner Seite
Und jeder Atemzug für dich.
Ein rosenfarbnes Frühlingswetter
Umgab das liebliche Gesicht,
Und Zärtlichkeit für mich – Ihr Götter!
Ich hofft' es, ich verdient' es nicht!
Doch ach, schon mit der Morgensonne
Verengt der Abschied mir das Herz:
In deinen Küssen welche Wonne!
In deinem Auge welcher Schmerz!
Ich ging, du standst und sahst zur Erden,
Und sahst mir nach mit nassem Blick:
Und doch, welch Glück, geliebt zu werden!
Und lieben, Götter, welch ein Glück!

My heart beats, quickly, on horseback!
No sooner thought than done;
The evening was already cradling the earth,
And on the mountains hung the night;
The oak was already standing in the mist,
Towering like a giant, there,
Where darkness peered from bushes
With a hundred black eyes saw.
The moon from a cloud hill
Looked piteously out of the scent
The winds softly beat their wings,
Whirred eerily about my ears;
Night created a thousand monsters,
Yet I was fresh and bright:
What fire in my veins!
What passion in my heart!
I saw you, felt the gentle joy
Of your sweet eyes flood over me;
My heart was wholly at your side
And every breath for you.
A rose-colored spring weather
Surrounded her lovely face,
And tenderness for me – O gods!
This I had hoped but never deserved!
But alas, already with the morning sun,
The farewell now constricts my heart:
In your kisses what pleasure!
In your eyes what pain!
I went, you stood there gazing to the earth,
And looked moist-eyed after me:
And yet, what luck to be loved!
And dear, gods, what luck!

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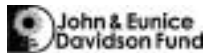
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