

**PERFORMANCES AT PIONEER
&
the ROGUE MUSIC PROJECT PRESENT:**

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

**Starring Jennifer Reason and Kevin Doherty
March 11, 2018 3 p.m.
Pioneer Congregational United Church of Christ**

**FEATURING: Soprano, Liisa Dávila and
mezzo-soprano, Sarah Fitch**

ACT 1

GIUSEPPE TORELLI (1658-1709) ----- "TU LO SAI"
GIULIO CACCINI (1551-1618) ----- "AMARILLI, MIA BELLA"
C.P.E. BACH (1714-1788) ----- SOLFEGGIETTO
W.A. MOZART (1756-1791) ----- PIANO SONATA NO. 16 IN C:
1. ALLEGRO
W.A. MOZART (1756-1791) ----- "HAI GIA VINTA LA CAUSA!"
from *THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO*

ACT 2

GIACOMO PUCCINI (1858-1924) ----- "MIMI!"
from *LA BOHÈME*, featuring LIISA DÁVILA
PHILIP GLASS (B. 1937) ----- METAMORPHOSIS NO. 2
ERICH KORNGOLD (1897-1957) ---- "MEIN SEHNEN, MEIN WÄNEN"
from *DIE TODE STADT*

ACT 3

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958) ----- *SONGS OF TRAVEL*
STEPHEN SONDHEIM (B. 1930) ----- MOVE ON
from *SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE*
featuring SARAH FITCH

La Bohème – Act III

Marcello
Mimi?!

Mimi
Son io. Speravo di trovarti qui.

Marcello
È ver. Siam qui da un mese
di quell'oste alle spese.
Musetta insegna il canto ai passeggeri;
lo pingo quel guerrier
sulla facciata.
(*Mimi tossisce.*)
È freddo. Entrate.

Mimi
C'è
Rodolfo?

Marcello
Sì.

Mimi
Non posso entrar.

Marcello
(*sorpreso*)
Perché?

Mimi
(*Scoppia in pianto*)
O buon Marcello, aiuto!

Marcello
Cos'è avvenuto?

Mimi
Rodolfo m'ama. Rodolfo m'ama
mi fugge e si strugge per gelosia.
Un passo, un detto,
un vezzo, un fior lo mettono in sospetto...
Onde corrucchi ed ire.
Talor la notte fingo di dormire
e in me lo sento fiso
spiarmi i sogni in viso.
Mi grida ad ogni istante:
Non fai per me, prenditi un altro amante.
Ahimè! In lui parla il rovello;
lo so, ma che rispondergli, Marcello?

Marcello
Quando s'è come voi non si vive in
compagnia.

MARCELLO
Mimi?!

MIMI
I hoped I'd find you here.

MARCELLO
That's right. We've been here
a month, at the host's expense.
Musetta teaches
the guests singing.

And I paint those warriors
by the door there.
It's cold. Come inside.

MIMI
Is Rodolfo there?

MARCELLO
Yes.

MIMI
I can't go in. No, no!

MARCELLO
Why not?

MIMI
Oh! help me, good Marcello! Help me!

MARCELLO
What's happened?

MIMI
Rodolfo - he loves me
but flees from me, torn
by jealousy. A glance, a gesture,
a smile, a flower arouses
his suspicions, then anger, rage...
Sometimes at night I pretend
to sleep, and I feel his eyes
trying to spy on my dreams.
He shouts at me all the time:
"You're not for me.
Find another. You're not for me."
I know it's his jealousy speaking,
but what can I answer, Marcello?

MARCELLO
When two people are like you two,
they can't live together.

MIMI

Mimi

Dite bene. Lasciarci conviene.
Aiutateci voi; noi s'è provato
più volte, ma invano.
Fate voi per il meglio.

Marcello

Son lieve a Musetta ed ella è lieve
a me, perché ci amiamo in allegria...
Canti e risa, ecco il fior
d'invariabile amor!

Marcello

Sta ben! Ora lo sveglio.

Mimi

Dorme?

Marcello

E piombato qui
un'ora avanti l'alba; s'assopì sopra una
panca.
Guardate...

Che tosse!

Mimi

Da ieri ho l'ossa rotte.
Fuggì da me stanotte
dicendomi: È finita.
A giorno sono uscita
e me ne venni a questa
volta .

Marcello

Si desta...
s'alza, mi cerca... viene.

Mimi

Ch'ei non mi veda!

Marcello

Or rincasate...
Mimi... per carità,
non fate scene qua!

You're right. We should separate.
Help us, Marcello, help us.
We've tried
again and again, but in vain.

MARCELLO

I take Musetta lightly,
and she behaves like me.
We love light-heartedly.
Laughter and song - that's the secret
of a lasting love.

MARCELLO

All right. I'll wake him up.

MIMI

Is he sleeping?

MARCELLO

He stumbled in here
an hour before dawn and fell asleep on a bench.
Look at him...

What a cough!

MIMI

I've been aching all over since
yesterday. He fled during the night, saying:
"It's all over." I set out
at dawn and came here
to find you.

MARCELLO

He's waking up. He's looking
for me...Here he comes.

MIMI

He mustn't see me.

MARCELLO

Go home now, Mimi.
For God's sake, no scenes here.

Pierrot's Tanzlied from *Die Tode Stadt*

Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen,
es träumt sich zurück.
Im Tanze gewann ich,
verlor ich mein Glück.
Im Tanze am Rhein,
bei Mondenschein,
gestand mirs aus Blau-
aug ein inniger Blick,
Gestand mirs ihr bittend Wort:
o bleib, o geh mir nicht fort,
bewahre der Heimat
still blühendes Glück.

Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen,
es träumt sich zurück.
Zauber der Ferne
warf in die Seele den Brand,
Zauber des Tanzes lockte,
ward Komödiant.
Folgt ihr, der Wundersüssen,
lernt unter Tränen küssen.
Rausch und Not,
Wahn und Glück:
Ach, das ist Gauklers Geschick.

Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen,
es träumt sich zurück.

My yearning, my obsession,
they take my back in dreams.
In the dance I once obtained it,
Now I've lost my happiness.
While dancing on the Rhein
in the moonlight,
she confessed to me with a loving
look in her blue eyes,
Confessed to me with her pleading words:
O stay, don't go far away,
preserve the memory of your homeland's
peaceful, flourishing happiness.

My yearning, my obsession,
they take me back in dreams.
The magic of things far away
brings a burning of my soul
The magic of the dance lured me,
and I was then Pierrot.
I followed her, my wonderful sweetheart,
and learned from tears to kiss.
Intoxication and misery,
Illusion and happiness:
Ah, this is a clown's destiny.

My yearning, my obsession,
they take me back in dreams.
– *English Translation by Hank Hammert*

Songs of Travel – Poetry by Robert Louis Stevenson

1 – The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river –
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life forever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field –
Warm the fireside haven –
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

2 – Let Beauty Awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

3 – The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

4 – Youth and Love

To the heart of youth, the world is a highway-side.
Passing forever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

5 – In Dreams

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand
As heretofore:
The unremember'd tokens in your hand
Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,
Enshrines, endears.
Cold beats the light of time upon your face
And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept awhile
And then forgot.
Ah me! But he that left you with a smile
Forgets you not.

6 – The Infinite Shining Heavens

The infinite shining heavens
Rose, and I saw in the night
Uncountable angel stars
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,
Dumb and shining and dead,
And the idle stars of the night
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow
The stars looked over the sea,
Till lo! I looked in the dusk
And a star had come down to me.

7 – Whither Must I Wander?

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather:
Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust.
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door—
Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of
old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and the rain, bring the bees
and flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours.
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood—
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney—
But I go for ever and come again no more.

8 – Bright is the Ring of Words

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them,
Still they are carolled and said—
On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

9 – I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope

I have trod the upward and the downward slope;
I have endured and done in days before;
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;

And I have lived and loved,
And closed the door.

Move On! From *Sunday in the Park with George*

George:

I've nothing to say

Dot:

You have many things

George:

Well, nothing that's not been said

Dot:

Said by you, though. George

George:

I do not know where to go

Dot:

And nor did I

George:

I want to make things that count,
Things that will be new...

Dot:

I did what I had to do...

George:

What am I to do?

Dot:

Move on...

Stop worrying where you're going-

Move on

If you can know where you're going

You've gone

Just keep moving on

I chose, and my world was shaken-

So what?

The choice may have been mistaken,

The choosing was not

You have to move on

Look at what you want,

Not at where you are,

Not at what you'll be-

Look at all the things you've done for me

Opened up my eyes,

Taught me how to see,

Notice every tree-

George:

Notice every tree...

Dot:

Understand the light-

George:

...Understand the light...

Dot:

Concentrate on now-

George:

I want to move on

I want to explore the light

I want to know how to get through,

Through to something new,

Something of my own-

Both:

Move on

Move on

Dot:

Stop worrying it your vision

Is new

Let others make that decision-

They usually do

You keep moving on

George:

Something in the light,

Something in the sky,

In the grass,

Up behind the trees...

Things I hadn't looked at

Till now

Flower in your hat.

And your smile

And the color of your hair.

Dot:

Look at what you've done,

Then at what you want,

Not at where you are,

What you'll be

Look at all the things

You gave to me

Let me give to you

Something in return

I would be so pleased...

George:

And the way you catch the light

And the care

And the feeling

And the life

Moving on

Dot:

We've always belonged

Together!

Both:

We will always belong

Together!

Dot:

Just keep moving on

Anything you do

Let it come from you

Then it will be new

Give us more to see...