



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

David Portillo, tenor
Yasuko Oura, piano

March 7, 2025

7:00 P.M.

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
2. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
7. Ich grolle nicht
8. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
10. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
14. Allnächtlich im Traume
15. Aus alten Märchen
16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

Pause

Canticle I, Op. 40: "My beloved is mine and I am his"

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

My Dearest Ruth

Stacy Garrop
(b. 1969)

Cita

La Rosa y el Sauce
Pampamapa
Mi Viña de Chapanay

Carlos Guastavino
(1912-2000)

Te quiero dijiste
Júrame
Atardecer en España

Maria Grever
(1885-1951)

David Portillo and Yasuko Oura's appearance, sponsored by TCU Opera,
is made possible by a D.E.I. Grant from TCU's College of Fine Arts.
The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.
Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

Translations

Dichterliebe, Op. 48 text by Heinrich Heine

No. 1

In the wondrous month of May, when all the buds burst into bloom, then it was that in my heart Love began to burgeon. In the wondrous month of May, when all the birds were singing, then it was I confessed to her My longing and desire.

No. 2

From my tears there will spring Many blossoming flowers, and my sighs shall become A chorus of nightingales. And if you love me, child, I'll give you all the flowers, and at your window shall sound the nightingale's song.

No. 3

Rose, lily, dove, sun, I loved them all once in the bliss of love. I love them no more, I only love She who is small, fine, pure, rare; She, most blissful of all loves, Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

No. 4

When I look into your eyes, all my pain and sorrow vanish; But when I kiss your lips, then I am wholly healed. When I lay my head against your breast, heavenly bliss steals over me; but when you say: I love you! I must weep bitter tears.

No. 5

Let me bathe my soul in the lily's chalice; the lily shall resound with a song of my beloved. The songs shall tremble and quiver like the kiss that her lips once gave me in a wondrously sweet hour.

No. 6

In the Rhine, in the holy river, mirrored in its waves, with its great cathedral, stands great and holy Cologne. In the cathedral hangs a picture, painted on gilded leather into my life's wilderness it has cast its friendly rays. Flowers and cherubs hover around our beloved Lady; her eyes, her lips, her cheeks are the image of my love's.

No. 7

I bear no grudge, though my heart is breaking, O love forever lost! I bear no grudge. However, you gleam in diamond splendor, no ray falls in the night of your heart. I've known that long. For I saw you in my dreams, and saw the night within your heart, and saw the serpent gnawing at your heart; I saw, my love, how pitiful you are. I bear no grudge.

No. 8

If the little flowers knew how deeply my heart is hurt, they would weep with me to heal my pain. If the nightingales knew how sad I am and sick, they would joyfully make the air ring with refreshing song. And if they knew of my grief, those little golden stars, they would come down from the sky and console me with

their words. But none of them can know; my pain is known to one alone; for she it was who broke, broke my heart in two.

No. 9

What a fluting, what a scraping, with trumpets blaring in; that must be my dearest love dancing at her wedding feast. What a clashing, what a clanging, what a drumming, what a piping; and the lovely little angels sobbing and groaning in between.

No. 10

When I hear the little song that my love once sang, my heart almost bursts with the wild rush of pain. A dark longing drives me out to the wooded heights, where my overwhelming grief dissolves in tears.

No. 11

A boy loves a girl who chooses another; he in turn loves another and marries her. The girl, out of pique, takes the very first man to come her way; the boy is badly hurt. It is an old story yet remains ever new; and he to whom it happens, it breaks his heart in two.

No. 12

One bright summer morning I walk around the garden. The flowers whisper and talk, but I walk silently. The flowers whisper and talk and look at me in pity: 'be not angry with our sister, you sad, pale man.'

No. 13

I wept in my dream; I dreamt you lay in your grave. I woke, and tears still flowed down my cheeks. I wept in my dream; I dreamt that you were leaving me. I woke and wept on long and bitterly. I wept in my dream; I dreamt you loved me still. I woke, and still my tears stream.

No. 14

Nightly in my dreams I see you, and see your friendly greeting, and weeping loud, I hurl myself down at your sweet feet. Wistfully you look at me, shaking your fair little head; stealing from your eyes flow little tears of pearl. You whisper me a soft word and hand me a wreath of cypress. I wake, the wreath is gone, and I cannot remember the word.

No. 15

A white hand beckons from fairy tales of old, where there are sounds and songs of a magic land; where brightly colored flowers bloom in the golden twilight, and glow sweet and fragrant with a bride-like face; and green trees sing primeval melodies, mysterious breezes murmur, and birds too join in warbling; And misty shapes rise up from the very ground, and dance airy dances in a strange throng; and blue sparks blaze on every leaf and twig, and red fires race madly round and round; and loud springs gush from wild marble cliffs. And strangely in the stream's reflections shine on and on.

Ah, could I but reach that land, and there make glad my heart, and be relieved of all pain, and be blissful and free! Ah, that land of delight, I see it often in my dreams, but with the morning sun it melts away like mere foam.

No. 16

The bad old songs, the bad and bitter dreams, let us now bury them. Fetch me a large coffin. I have much to put in it, though what, I won't yet say; the coffin must be even larger than the vat at Heidelberg. And fetch a bier made of firm thick timber: and it must be even longer than the bridge at Mainz.

And fetch for me twelve giants; They must be even stronger than Saint Christopher the Strong in Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine. They shall bear the coffin away and sink it deep into the sea; for such a large coffin deserves a large grave.

Do you know why the coffin must be so large and heavy? I'd like to bury there my love and my sorrow too.

Canticle I, Op. 40 text by Francis Quarles

Ev'n like two little bank-divided brooks, That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks, Meet both at length at silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoin: So I my best-beloved's am; so he is mine.

Ev'n so we met; and after long pursuit, Ev'n so we joyn'd; we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a suit, For I was flax and he was flames of fire:
Our firm-united souls did more than twine; So I my best-beloved's am; so he is mine.

If all those glitt'ring Monarchs that command The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land, I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin: The world's but theirs; but my beloved's mine.

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow My least desires unto the least remove;
He's firmly mine by oath; I his by vow; He's mine by faith; and I am his by love;
He's mine by water; I am his by wine, Thus I my best-beloved's am; thus he is mine.

He is my Altar; I, his Holy Place; I am his guest; and he, my living food; I'm his by penitence; he mine by
grace; I'm his by purchase; he is mine, by blood; He's my supporting elm; and I his vine; Thus I my best
beloved's am; thus he is mine.

He gives me wealth; I give him all my vows: I give him songs; he gives me length of days;
With wreaths of grace he crowns my longing brows, And I his temples with a crown of Praise,
Which he accepts: an everlasting sign, That I my best-beloved's am; that he is mine.

My Dearest Ruth by Stacey Garrop, text by Martin Ginsburg

Program Notes by James Ginsburg

The letter on which My Dearest Ruth is based was my father's last written statement. My parents celebrated their 56th wedding anniversary in my father's room at John Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore on Wednesday, June 23, 2010. The following day, my mother called to say Dad had taken a turn for the worse. I flew to Baltimore the next morning (Friday) and met Mom at Dad's room. The doctors came in and told us there was nothing more they could do — the cancer had progressed too far. All this time, Dad kept repeating one word: "Home." So we made arrangements to bring him back to our apartment in Washington, D.C. While collecting his belongings from the hospital room, Mom pulled open the drawer next to Dad's bed and discovered a yellow legal pad on which Dad had written this a week earlier:

My Dearest Ruth

You are the only person I have loved in my life, setting aside, a bit, parents and kids and their kids, and I have admired and loved you almost since the day we first met at Cornell some 56 years ago.

What a treat it has been to watch you progress to the very top of the legal world!!

I will be in JH Medical Center until Friday, June 25, I believe, and between then and now I shall think hard on my remaining health and life, and whether on balance the time has come for me to tough it out or to take leave of life because the loss of quality now simply overwhelms. I hope you will support where I come out, but I understand you may not. I will not love you a jot less.

Marty

I should note one factual error: my parents met 59 years before the date of this letter, not 56. Obviously, Dad had their 56th anniversary in mind. We chose to keep the number 56 in the song. My sister, Jane, and I commissioned Stacy Garrop to adapt the letter and set it to music as one of three songs by different women composers to be presented in 2013 as an 80th birthday tribute to our mother, U.S. Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg. Soprano Patrice Michaels sang the premiere at the Supreme Court with pianist Dana Brown on Saturday, April 6, 2013.

- J.G.

Cita text by Lorenzo Varela

I wait for you at noon, friend. By the way of the river, in the shade of the oak.
Call me if I'm asleep, friend. I haven't closed for a long-time eyes to see you, girl.
And this shadow is very treacherous, sunny, from the oak. And across the river
the cattle sleep in breezes of the wheat fields and olive trees, girl. And I dream your handkerchief on my
sleeping forehead and the cicadas rehearse their choirs in the oaks. I wait for you at noon, friend. Tell your
mother you're going to wash your shirt, and that the river is impatient waiting for you on the shore.

The Rose and the Willow Tree text by Francisco Silva y Valdéz

The rose opened embracing the willow tree, the passionate tree loved her so much!
But a flirtatious girl has stolen the rose, and the disconsolate willow is crying for the rose.

Map of Pampa text by Hamlet Lima Quintana

I'm not from this region but it's all the same, I've stolen the magic from those paths.
This cross that kills me also gives me life, a verse bleeds from me that I sing, wounded.
Don't ask me to leave my thoughts, you'll not find a way to hold the wind.
If my name causes you pain, throw it in the water, I don't want your mouth to become bitter.
On the road, my land, so outdated, I will give you my dreams, Give me your calm. Like the old bird, I
know the sign. I know when the wheat is green, when you have to tend it. That's why, my sweetheart, do
not get confused, the water that I look for is deeper.

To be certain, I raised you in a song, now I leave you alone; I leave crying. But never, my heaven, I die of
grieving, with the light of day, I'm born again. On the road, my land, so outdated. I will give you my
dreams, give me your calm.

Viña de Chapanay text by León Benarós

I rise with the dawn for I must tend the vine. Delicate as a little girl is my vine of Chapanay.
In January and February I remove the dead leaves, Carefully pruning my vine of Chapanay.
I rise with the dawn and work unceasingly. All through the year I cherish my vine of Chapanay. From
March, gently, we already take in our harvest, and I delight in the clusters of grapes from my vine of
Chapanay. I water in May, I trim in June, and in November it's already flowering, how beautiful it
becomes, my vine of Chapanay.

Te quiero dijiste

"I love you," you said, taking my hands into your little, white ivory ones; and I felt in my heart, a very
strong beat, afterwards a sigh, and then the snap of a feverish kiss. Beautiful little doll, with golden hair
pearly teeth and ruby lips, tell me if you love me, the way I adore you, if you remember me as I remember
you. And at times I hear a divine echo that wrapped up in the breeze feels as if it said: "Yes, I love you so,
so much so much so much, as much as in those days, forever until death."

Jurame

Everyone says it's a lie that I love you because they had never seen me in love. I swear to you that I do not
understand myself why I love your look. When I am close to you, you are happy. I do not want anyone to
remember you. I'm jealous even of the thought that can remind you of another person.

Swear that although a lot of time passes you must not forget the moment in which I met you.
Look at me, there is nothing deeper no bigger in this world That the love I gave you. Kiss Me
with a kiss in love, like nobody has kissed me from the day I was born. Love me, love me to madness
and so you will know the bitterness I'm suffering for you.

Atardecer en España

It was a beautiful afternoon in a narrow street of Andalucia in your window you were among the flowers and everyone who passed smiled at you. Seeing your pretty eyes full of dreams and I went to your window and in your eyes I looked. But upon reaching your lips I kissed you madly
It was a beautiful afternoon in a narrow street of Andalucia.