



OCEAN INSTITUTE

EXPERIENCE IS THE TEACHER

presents



Opera *of the* High Seas A MUSICAL EVENT

Sunday October 22, 2017 6:00 pm

with



Cheryl Lin Fielding, piano

Erin Baker Pence, soprano

Diana Farrell, soprano

Hannah Headland, mezzo soprano

Scott Ziemann, baritone

Program

Sous le dôme épais le jasmine, from *Lakmé* Léo Delibes
"Flower Duet" (1836-1891)

Erin Baker Pence & Diana Farrell, sopranos

Ah! Pescator, from *La Gioconda* Amilcare Ponchielli
(1834-1886)

Scott Ziemann, baritone

Ah! Che in van, from Haydn's *L'isola disabitata* Franz Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809)

Hannah Headland, mezzo soprano

Un bel dì, from *Madama Butterfly* Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Diana Farrell

Belle nuit ô nuit d'amour, from *Le contes de Hoffman* Jacques Offenbach
"Barcarolle" (1819-1880)

Erin Baker Pence, Hannah Headland

Fair Moon, to Thee I Sing, from *H.M.S. Pinafore* Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

Scott Ziemann

A Simple Sailor, Lowly Born, from *H.M.S. Pinafore*

Erin Baker Pence

Soave sia il vento, from *Così fan tutte* Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Diana Farrell, Hannah Headland, Scott Ziemann

Intermission

Un dì, ero piccina, from *Iris* Pietro Mascagni
"Octopus Aria" (1863-1945)

Erin Baker Pence

O wie wogt es sich schön auf der Flut, from *Oberon* Carl Maria von Weber
(1786-1826)

Hannah Headland

Mesiku na nebi hlubokem, from *Rusalka* Antonín Dvořák
"Song to the Moon" (1841-1904)

Diana Farrell

The Depths of the Ocean Stephen Ralph Glover
(1813-1870)

Hannah Headland, Scott Ziemann

I Can Smell the Sea Air, from *A Streetcar Named Desire* André Previn
(b. 1929)

Erin Baker Pence

Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster, from *Oberon* Carl Maria von Weber
(1786-1826)

Diana Farrell

I Am the Pirate King, from *Pirates of Penzance* Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

Scott Ziemann

Over the Dark Blue Waters, from *Oberon* Carl Maria von Weber
(1786-1826)

Tutti

Flower Duet from *Lakmé*

Lakmé and her servant, Mallika, row their gondola as they gather flowers hanging over the water.

*Viens, Mallika, les lianes en fleurs
Jettent déjà leur ombre
Sur le ruisseau sacré qui coule,
calme et sombre,
Eveillé par le chant des oiseaux tapageurs!*

*Oh! maîtresse,
C'est l'heure ou je te vois sourire,
L'heure bénie où je puis lire
dans le coeur toujours fermé de Lakmé!*

*Sous le dôme épais le jasmin,
A la rose s'assemble,
Sur la rive en fleurs riant
au frais matin,
Nous appellent ensemble.
Viens, descendons ensemble.
Ah! Doucement glissons en suivant
De son flot charmant,
Suivons le courant fuyant:
Dans l'on de frémissante,
D'une main nonchalante
Viens, gagnons le bord,
Où la source dort,
Où l'oiseau chante.*

*Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte subite,
S'empare de moi,
Quand mon père va seul
à leur ville maudite;
Je tremble, je tremble d'effroi!*

*Pourquoi le Dieu Ganeça le protège,
Jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.*

*Oui, près des cygnes
aux ailles de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.*

Sous le dôme épais le jasmine...

Come, Mallika, the vines are in flower
They already cast their shadows
On the sacred river which flows,
calmly and serenely,
They are awakened by the song birds!

Oh! mistress,
This is the time when your face smiles,
The time when I can read
The secrets hidden in Lakmé's heart!

Under the dome made of jasmine,
Entwined with the rose,
On the shore covered in flowers, laughing
the fresh morning,
Calls us together.
Let us go downstream together.
Ah! let us gently glide along
on its charming swells,
On the river's current:
On the shining waves,
Our hands reach out
to the flowering bank,
Where spring sleeps,
Where the birds sing.

But, for reasons unknown, subtle fear
Enfolds me,
As my father leaves and travels
to that cursed town;
I tremble, I tremble in fear!

But the god Ganesh shall protect him,
While we joyously venture to the pool
Where the white winged swans are happy,
Let us go there and gather the blue lotus.

Yes, near the swans,
with wings of white
Let us go there and gather the blue lotus.

Under the dome made of jasmine...

Ah! Pescator, from *La Gioconda*

On the deck of Enzo's ship, Barnaba sings the crew a fisherman's ballad. His joy, however, is merely a rouse. He is a spy for the Inquisition and is sizing up Enzo's men.

*"Ah! pescator, affonda l'esca,
a te l'onda sia fedel.
Lieta sera e buona pesca
ti promette il mare, il ciel.
Va', tranquilla cantilena,
per l'azzurra immensità!
Una placida sirena nella rete cascherà.*

"Ah, fishermen, sink the bait,
to you the wave be faithful.
Happy evening and good fishing to you,
our promise from the Sea and the Sky.
Go, singing quietly,
Through the blue immensity!
A docile siren in the net will fall.

*Spia coi fulminei tuoi sguardi accorti,
e fra le tènebre conta i tuoi morti.
Sì, da quest'isola, deserta e bruna,
or deve sorgere la tua fortuna."*

Watch with your keen, lightning glances,
and in the darkness count your dead.
Yes, from this Island, deserted and dark,
now must you raise your fortune."

*Sta' in guardia!
e il rapido sospetto svia,
e ridi e vigila, e canta e spia!
Brilla Venere serenain un ciel di voluttà.
Una fulgida sirenanella rete cascherà!*

Be on guard!
And quickly diverge suspicion,
laugh and be vigilant, sing and keep watch.
Bright Venus lies serenely in heavenly delight.
A dazzling siren in the net will fall!

Ah! Che in van from Haydn's *L'isola disabitata*

Abandoned by her husband on a deserted tropical island, Costanza gazes out to sea and laments her fate.

*Ah, che in van per me pietoso
fugge il tempo e affretta il passo:
cede agli anni il tronco, il sasso
non invecchia il mio martir.
Non è vita una tal sorte;
ma sì lunga è questa morte
ch'io son stanca di morir.*

Ah, in vain I wish for time
To mercifully flee and hasten its steps:
The trees and rocks give way to the years
but my agony does not grow old.
Such a fate is not life;
but so prolonged is this death,
that I am tired of dying.

Un bel dì, from *Madama Butterfly*

Young Cio-Cio San waits at her home on the cliffs of Nagasaki and daydreams the return of her American husband with his naval fleet.

*Un bel dì, vedremo
Levarsi un fil di fumo
Sull'estremo confin del mare
E poi la nave appare*

One good day, we will see
Arising a strand of smoke
Over the far horizon on the sea
And then the ship appears.

*E poi la nave è bianca.
 Entra nel porto, romba il suo saluto.
 Vedi? È venuto!
 Io non gli scendo incontro, io no.
 Mi metto là sul ciglio del colle
 E aspetto gran tempo
 e non mi pesa a lunga attesa.
 E uscito dalla folla cittadina
 Un uomo, un picciol punto
 S'avvia per la collina.
 Chi sarà? Chi sarà?
 E come sarà giunto
 Che dirà? Che dirà?
 Chiamerà Butterfly dalla lontana
 lo senza far risposta
 Me ne starò nascosta
 Un po' per celia,
 Un po' per non morire
 Al primo incontro,
 Ed egli al quanto in pena
 Chiamerà, chiamerà:
 "Piccina - mogliettina
 Olezza di verbena"
 I nomi che mi dava al suo venire.
 Tutto questo avverrà,
 te lo prometto
 Tienti la tua paura -
 lo con sicura fede lo aspetto.*

And there the white ship
 Enters the port, rumbling its salute.
 Do you see it? He is coming!
 I don't go down to meet him, not I.
 I stay upon the edge of the hill
 And I wait a long time
 but I do not grow weary of the long wait
 And leaving from the crowded city,
 A man, a little speck
 Climbing the hill.
 Who is it? Who is it?
 And as he arrives
 What will he say? What will he say?
 He will call Butterfly from the distance
 I without answering
 Stay hidden
 A little to tease him,
 A little as to not die.
 At the first meeting,
 And then a little troubled
 He will call, he will call
 "Little one, dear wife
 Blossom of orange"
 The names he called me when we first met.
 All this will happen,
 I promise you this
 Hold back your fears –
 with secure faith I wait for him.

Barcarolle from *Le contes de Hoffman*

A barcarolle, or gondolier's song, is characterized by a rhythm reminiscent of the gondolier's stroke. Nicklausse and Giullietta row their gondola through the canals of Venice to open the third act of the opera. This melody is known as one of the most famous barcarolles if all time.

*Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,
 Souris à nos ivresses,
 Nuit plus douce que le jour,
 Ô belle nuit d'amour!*

Lovely night, oh, night of love
 Smile upon our joys!
 Night much sweeter than the day
 Oh beautiful night of love!

*Le temps fuit et sans retour
 Emporte nos tendresses,
 Loin de cet heureux séjour
 Le temps fuit sans retour.*

Time flies by, and carries away
 Our tender caresses forever!
 Time flies far from this happy oasis
 And does not return.

*Zéphyr embasés,
 Versez-nous vos caresses,
 Zéphyr embasés,*

Burning zephyrs
 Embrace us with your caresses!
 Burning zephyrs

Donnez-nous vos baisers!

*Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,
Souris à nos ivresses,
Nuit plus douce que le jour,
Ô belle nuit d'amour!
Ah! Souris à nos ivresses!*

Give us your kisses!

Lovely night, oh, night of love
Smile upon our joys!
Night much sweeter than the day
Oh, beautiful night of love!
Ah! Smile upon our joys!

Songs from *H.M.S. Pinafore*

At the opening of Act II, Captain Corcoran laments the confusion and disorder on his ship, questioning the choices that lay before him. Immediately afterward, we meet his daughter, Josephine, who reflects on her love for a man beneath her station and the life that would mean for her.

Fair Moon, to Thee I Sing

Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?

I have lived hitherto
Free from breath of slander,
Beloved by all my crew ?
A really popular commander.
But now my kindly crew rebel,
My daughter to a tar is partial,
Sir Joseph storms, and, sad to tell,
He threatens a court martial!

Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?
Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens

A Simple Sailor, Lowly Born

The hours creep on apace,
My guilty heart is quaking!
Oh, that I might retrace
The step that I am taking!
Its folly it were easy to be showing,
What I am giving up and whither going.
On the one hand, papa's luxurious home,
Hung with ancestral armour and old brasses,
Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome,
Rare "blue and white" Venetian finger-glasses,
Rich oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows,
And everything that isn't old, from Gillow's.
And on the other, a dark and dingy room,
In some back street with stuffy children crying,
Where organs yell,
and clacking housewives fume,
And clothes are hanging out all day a-drying.
With one cracked looking-glass
to see your face in,
And dinner served up in a pudding basin!
A simple sailor, lowly born,
Unlettered and unknown,
Who toils for bread from early morn
Till half the night has flown,
Till half the night has flown!
No golden rank can he impart,
No wealth of house or land,
No fortune, save his trusty heart,
And honest, brown right hand,
His trusty heart, and brown right hand!

Soave sia il vento, from *Così fan tutte*

Before Mozart's comedy ensues, friends wish their comrades and lovers smooth sailing on the seas as their ship departs for war.

*Soave sia il vento,
Tranquilla sia l'onda,
Ed ogni elemento
Benigno risponda
Ai nostri desir.*

Gentle be the breeze,
Calm be the waves,
And every element
Smile in favour
On our hopes.

"Octopus Aria" from *Iris*

In the so-called *aria della piovra* ("Octopus aria") the main character Iris describes a painted Japanese screen she had seen in a temple when she was a child, depicting an octopus coiling its limbs around a smiling young woman and killing her. She recalls a Buddhist priest explaining its ominous meaning.

*Un dì, ero piccina, al tempio
vidi un bonzo a un paravento
tutto fatto a simboli,
sciorinare il velame d'in Mistero
Era una plaga d'un gran mare morto
color del bronzo;
E v'era un cielo rosso sì come sangue,
d'um rosso livido;
E una gran spiaggia, una gran spiaggia
morta di grigio e nero
Una fanciula giacèavi adagiata,
scarne le membra,
sparsi I capelli e nella bocca
un riso ch'era uno spasimo
Su dal mar morto
una gran piovra intanto
il capo ergeva...*

One day, when I was little, at the temple
I saw a priest standing at a screen
covered in symbols,
To show the veil of Mystery
It was the shore of a dead sea,
colored in bronze;
And there was a red sky like blood,
an ugly livid red;
And a great beach, a great beach
of deathly gray and black
A young girl laid out,
her limbs lean,
her hair scattered and on her lips
a laugh like a spasm
From the dead sea
came a great monster
raising its head...

*è la fanciulla col grande occhio
falcato fuor guatava
Questa, domata a quell terror di
sguardo, tutta affisava:*

And the girl with large eyes
peeping with fear
was captivated by the terror of its gaze
as it rose:

*Su dal mar morto
I viscid tentacoli moveva il mostro,
e per le gambe, pei reni e per le spalle,
poi per le chiome e il fronte e gli occhi
e il petto esile ansante,
E per le braccia la stringe e allaccia!
La stringe e allaccia in viso!*

From the Dead Sea the monster
reached its viscous tentacles,
Past her legs, her back and shoulders,
then her hair and forehead and the eyes,
her slight chest panting,
And with its rope-like arms binds her!
The arms bind her face!

*Essa sorride ognor!
Essa sorride e muor con un estremo
spasimo che par un riso...
... essa sorride e muor!*

She smiled on, ever!
She smiled and died with an extreme shudder
that sounded like a laugh...
... she smiled and died!

*E il bonzo a voce forte:
Quella piovra è il Piacere
Quella piovra è la Morte!*

And the priest, in a loud voice, said:
"That octopus is Pleasure...
That octopus is Death!"

O wie wogt es sich schön auf der Flut, from Oberon

Oberon, originally in English but often performed in German, is an epic fairy tale opera. As the Fairy King Oberon, who you know from Shakespeare's *A Midsummer's Night Dream*, watches over another young pair of lovers, the mermaids sing, unencumbered by the woes of the humans.

*O wie wogt es sich schön auf der Flut,
Wenn die müde Welle im Schlummer ruht!
Leise verschwand der Sonnenschein,
Und sich die Sterne dort oben reih'n.
Und sich der Nachthauch hebt
so sanft und mild,
Düfte entatmend aus fernem Gefild.
O wie wogt und singt sich's hold,
Trocknend der nassen Locken Gold.*

Oh! 'tis pleasant to float on the sea,
When the wearied waves in a deep sleep be!
And the last faint light of the sun hath fled!
And the stars are mustering overhead!-
And the nights breeze comes with its breath
so soft and mild,
Laden with sweets from the distant land!
Oh! 'tis pleasant to float and sing,
While our dripping golden locks we wring!

*O wie wogt es sich schön auf der Flut,
Wenn die stille Nacht ihr am Busen ruht!
Der Wächter lehnet im Dämm' rungsschein
Über dem Turm, den die Zeit stürzt ein,
Bekreuzt sich, murmelt ein frommes Gebet
Und horcht auf das Lüftchen,
das zaub'risch weht.
O wie wogt und singt sich's hold,
Trocknend der nassen Locken Gold.*

O 'tis pleasant to float on the sea
When nothing stirs on its breast but we!
The watchman leans at the twilight hour
Over the wall of the time worn tower.
And crosses himself and mutters a prayer
Then listens again
to the enchanting air!
O 'tis pleasant to float and sing
While our dripping golden locks we wring!

Rusalka's "Song to the Moon", from Rusalka

Rusalka is the Czech opera which tells the story of Hans Christian Anderson's *The Little Mermaid*. For the Disney fans, *Rusalka's "Song to the Moon"* is like the operatic version of "Part of Your World" where *Rusalka* is pining for the love of her Prince, with seemingly no hope of sharing a life with him.

*Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém,
světlo tvé daleko vidí.
Po světě bloudíš širokém,
díváš se v přibytky lidí.*

Moon high up in the deep, deep sky,
Your light sees far away regions,
You travel round the wide world,
Peering into human dwellings.

*Měsíčku, postůj chvíli,
řekni mi, kde je můj milý!*

Moon, stand still for a moment,
Tell me, pray tell me where sleeps my love!

*Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,
mé že jej objímá rámě,
aby si alespoň chvíličku
vzpomenul ve snění na mne,*

Tell him, silvery moon in the sky,
That in his dreams I'm holding him tightly,
And when he wakes, for at least a moment,
He should remember me.

*Zasviť mu do daleka,
řekni mu, řekni
kdo tu na něj čeká.*

Light up his dream world,
Tell him, please tell him
I am down here waiting.

*O mně-li, duše lidská sní,
ať se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí.
Měsíčku nezhasni!*

If he is dreaming about me,
May this wish awaken him!
Moon, don't disappear!

The Depths of the Ocean, from the parlor operas of Stephen Ralph Glover

Stephen Ralph Glover composed hundreds of little known operas - mainly because they were intended for small scale performance among friends, known as parlor operas. In 19th century Europe, many of these stories were dialogue driven and the music was a pastiche of poetic songs with little dramatic action, purely for the pleasure of the audience. This piece is one of his many excerptable songs, used in the ever changing line ups of these small scale productions.

What is the depth of the mighty deep?
Where are the caves where the mermaids sleep?
Where may the hidden treasures be, down where no mortal eye can see?
Are they a thousand fathoms low, the halls where the coral branches grow?
Look! To the highest mountain crest, there where the eagle makes his nest,
Up to the realms of endless snow, man in his might may proudly go;
But never may human footsteps tread amid the graves of the ocean dead.

The murmuring waves replying with their melancholy tone, ever singing, ever sighing, with a music all their own,
remind us there's a power, whose mystic hand can sweep alone the hidden pathways that lie beneath the Deep

Where are the Golden Sands that hide the pearl shells left by the ebbing tide?
The seaweeds cast on the rocky shore, torn from their stems by the tempest's roar?
Oh! For some mystic power to tell, where 'tis the ocean treasures dwell.
Earth! Has it not its own bright flowers, the gem of this sunny world of ours?
Heaven! Has it not each wondrous star lighting our paths from realms afar?
Why should we vainly seek to know the Realms where Angel footsteps go?

I Can Smell the Sea Air, from *A Streetcar Named Desire*

Based on the play by Tennessee Williams, this aria mirrors Blanche's last monologue as delusion fully overcomes her in the wake of personal trauma. Blanche packs to leave on what she believes will be a vacation at sea, unaware that Stella & Stanley are sending her to an asylum. Blanche imagines her fate as she slips further and further from reality.

I can smell the sear air.

Ah! The sea...

The blessedest thing that God created in the seven days.

The rest of my days I'm going to spend on the sea.

And when I die, I'm going to die there, on the sea. That sea!

One day out on the ocean I will die.

I will die with my hand in the hand of some good-looking nice ship's doctor,
with a small blond mustache.

And he'll have a silver watch, and he'll look at me,
and he'll look at his silver watch, and sadly say, "Poor lady."

I'll be buried at sea.

Dropped overboard, sewn up in a clean white shroud.

At the stroke of noon—in the blaze of summer—into an ocean as blue as my
first love's eyes!

Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster, from *Oberon*

After dodging imprisonment, Reiza and her husband, Huon, barely survive a tumultuous escape over the sea. Unexpectedly stranded on a deserted island, they prepare themselves for a lonely death as Reiza watches the storm dissipate over the water. The composer calls this piece an "aria and scena" and specifies the conditions and actions on stage in the score, seen below in parenthesis. These directions can be heard in the piano.

Ocean! thou mighty monster, that lies curled like a green serpent,
round about the world!

To musing eye thou art an awful sight when calmly sleeping in the morning light;
But when thou risest in thy wrath, as now, and fling'st thy folds around some
fated prow, crushing the strong ribbed bark as if it were a reed!

Then, Ocean, art thou terrible indeed.

(The waves become increasingly calm and bright.)

Still I see thy billows flashing! Through the gloom their white foam flinging, and
the breaker's sullen dashing.

In mine ear hope's knell is ringing.

*(A few rays of the evening sun, hitherto obscured by the darkness of the storm,
break through the clouds.)*

But lo! methinks a light is breaking slowly over the distant deep,

Like a second morn awaking pale and feeble from its sleep.

(The waves continue to abate)

Brighter now, behold, 'tis beaming,

On the storm, whose misty train

Like some shatter'd flag is streaming

Or a wild steed's flying mane.

(The evening sun sheds its full glory across the sky.)

And now the Sun bursts forth, the wind is lulling fast,
And the broad wave but pants from fury past!
Cloudless over the blushing water,
Now the setting sun is burning,
Like a victor red with slaughter,
To his tent in triumph turning.

(The sea becomes quite calm and the clouds part.)

Ah! perchance these eyes may never look upon this light again!
Fare thee well, bright orb, forever,
Thou for me wilt rise in vain! -

(The sun sets and a ship glides past from right to left.)

But what gleams so white and fair, heaving with the heaving billows?
'Tis a seabird wheeling there over some wretch's watery pillow!
No! it is no bird, I mark! Joy! It is a boat, a sail!
And yonder rides a gallant bark, unimpaired by the gale!
Oh transport! My Huon, haste down to the shore!
Quick, quick for a signal, this scarf, this scarf shall be waved!
They see me! They answer! They ply the strong oar!
Huon! my husband, my love, we are saved!

I Am a Pirate King, from *Pirates of Penzance*

The Pirate King schools his young apprentice, who wishes to leave the
employ of pirates for a life of honesty and integrity.

Oh, better far to live and die
Under the brave black flag I fly,
Than play a sanctimonious part,
With a pirate head and a pirate heart.
Away to the cheating world go you,
Where pirates all are well-to-do;
But I'll be true to the song I sing,
And live and die a Pirate King.
For I am a Pirate King!
And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King!

When I sally forth to seek my prey
I help myself in a royal way.
I sink a few more ships, it's true,
Than a well-bred monarch ought to do;
But many a king on a first-class throne,
If he wants to call his crown his own,
Must manage somehow to get through
More dirty work than ever I do,
For I am a Pirate King!
And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King!

Over the Dark Blue Waters, from *Oberon*

You just heard what happens after Reiza and her husband escape by sea, but prior to the wreck, their spirits are high and it seems a happy ending is on the horizon.

Over the dark blue waters,
Over the wide, wide sea!
Fairest of Araby's daughters,
Say, wilt thou sail with me? Say!
Were there no bounds to the water,
No shore to the wide wide Sea!
Still, fearless would Araby's daughters
Sail on through life with thee.
On board then! While the skies are light,
And friendly blows the gale,
Our hearts are as true as our bark,
And bright our hopes as its sunlit sail!



UPCOMING EVENTS:

Spooky Seas: Haunted Tales at the Ocean Institute

- October 27 and 28 6:00-9:00 pm: Join us for a night full of fright as you navigate through our labs and ships that might have a few unexpected visitors! (\$10.00 for Adults \$7.00 for Kids)

OctoPirate Painting Class

- October 29 at 9:00 am: Join us for a morning of painting with OCDC Art & Design. At the end of this step-by- step acrylic painting class, you'll leave with a great take-home decoration for your home or a great gift for someone who loves the ocean, ocean critters, or pirates. (\$35.00 per person; includes admission to the Ocean Institute for the day)

Science of Scent: Candle Making Workshop

- November 12 at 10:30 am: Discover the science of scent in this hands-on candle making workshop. Expert candle makers from tH&R Collective will teach participants the science behind wax, scenting, and curing of candles. Choose your own special scent for this one-of- a-kind candle. (\$15.00 per person)

Tidepool Hikes

- See dates below: Join the Ocean Institute for a tidepool hike led by one of our expert naturalists. The hike will take us into the rocky Marine Conservation Area located directly behind the Ocean Institute. Families can explore the area and search for snails, crabs, sea stars, and other animals that make the tidepools their home. The winter months are the best time to explore these magical marine ecosystems! (Monday, December 4 at 2:00 pm; Tuesday, December 5 at 2:00 pm; Saturday, December 16 at 1:00 pm; Tuesday, December 19 at 2:00 pm; Sunday, December 31 at 1:00 pm)

For more information or to register for one of our upcoming events, visit www.oceaninstitute.org or call 949-496- 2274.



Erin Baker Pence, soprano, grew up in Huntington Beach before earning a BA in Music at Salem College in North Carolina, followed by a MM in Vocal Performance at The Boston Conservatory. She has performed several opera roles including Ramiro in *La Finta Giardiniera*, Sam in *The Construction of Boston*, Miss Penelope Newkirk in *Help! Help, The Globolinks!* and Gannetta in *Elixir of Love* and the Countess in *Daughter of the Regiment* in opera outreach performances with Orange County Opera. Solo performances have included various works by Mozart and Bach, as well as solos on *The Hour of Power* and appearing as Mary in *The Glory of Christmas* at the

Crystal Cathedral. Currently, she is a section leader and soloist at St John Chrysostom Episcopal church in Rancho Santa Margarita and lives with her husband and son in Long Beach, CA.



Diana Farrell has been recognized for her “golden voice,” “soaring soprano,” and “lovely and impeccable” sound. She has performed with Nightingale Opera Theatre as Magda Sorel in *The Consul*, Miriam in *The Scarf*, and Anna Maurrant in *Street Scene*. As a Young Artist at Opera Western Reserve she performed the roles of *Tosca* and *Madama Butterfly* as well as Micaëla in *Carmen* and Berta in *Il barbiere di Siviglia*. Other role highlights include Contessa Almaviva with Crested Butte Music Festival’s *Le nozze di Figaro*, and Rosalinda in Simsbury Light Opera Company’s production of *Die*

Fledermaus. She has been seen in concert with the Dana Symphony Orchestra, the Miami Valley Symphony Orchestra, and as the *Messiah* soprano soloist with the Westfield Festival Choir and Orchestra. She finished first place in the 5 Towns Music and Arts Vocal Competition, the Clark J. Haines Memorial Concerto Competition, Dana Concerto Competition, and Tri-States NATS in the Advanced Women’s category. Ms. Farrell is a former student of celebrated soprano, Jane Eaglen, and holds an Artist Diploma from the Cleveland Institute of Music. She is the founder and Artistic Director of Lyric Opera of Orange County.



“Warm, grand, and rich”, **Cheryl Lin Fielding’s** pianism has been praised by the New York Sun, and throughout the world. Her performances have taken her to major venues including Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center, Carnegie Weill Recital Hall, Merkin Recital Hall, Tanglewood Music Center, Music Academy of the West, Aspen Music Festival, Jacob’s Pillow Dance Festival, Juilliard Theater, the Mark Morris Dance Group, and the Getty Museum. Fielding has been honored with the Grace B. Jackson Prize in Excellence by the Tanglewood

Music Festival, recognized by the National Foundation for Advancement in the Arts, and three times received the distinguished Gwendolyn Koldofsky Award in Keyboard

Collaborative Arts. Her musical studies began at the age of three in Taiwan, first on the piano and later the violin. She continued through dual master's degrees at the Juilliard School (Piano Performance and Collaborative Piano) and the Doctor of Musical Arts in Keyboard Collaborative Arts at the University of Southern California, with extended emphasis in Vocal performance. Fielding has served as music director and vocal coach for Opera Chapman at the Hall-Musco Conservatory of Music, an adjunct professor at California State University Northridge, Azusa Pacific University, and Chapman University, and as a pianist or adjudicator for organizations such as NATS, Spotlight Awards, Aspen Music Festival, Music Academy of the West, the Juilliard School, and the Los Angeles Opera. Dr. Fielding served as vocal coach for USC Thornton Opera, Operafestival di Roma, Opera Pacific, and as the Principal Coach at Opera San Jose. She is currently on the music staff as a coach and pianist for UCLA's Herb Alpert School of Music, Dolora Zajick's Institute of Young Dramatic Voices, and maintains a private coaching studio in Orange County, California.



Mezzo soprano **Hannah Headland** is a native of Southern California and made her debut with Sarasota Opera's Young Artist Program. Her recent roles include Angelina, in Rossini's *La Cenerentola* (Center Stage Opera), the Mother in Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, (Riverside Lyric Opera), Lola in Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* (Riverside Lyric Opera), Annina in Verdi's *La Traviata* (Center Stage Opera) and she covered Mercedes in Opera San Luis Obispo's production of *Carmen*. While studying at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music her roles included Jo from Mark Adamo's *Little Women*, Diana from Cavalli's *La Calisto*, Sesto from *Giulio Cesare* by

Handel and the title role of *Ariodante* by Handel. She was also the recipient of an award of Outstanding Achievement in Opera and Baroque Music. She attended the Orange County Ars Vocalis Academy in Rome, Italy with her teacher Milena Kitic.



Scott Ziemann, baritone, a native of Northern California, has lived in Orange County since attending CSU, Fullerton for his Bachelors in Music: Vocal Performance Degree. Recently he performed in PrimaVera Opera's production '*The Fallen One*,' an adaptation of *La Traviata*, singing the role of the Marquis d'Obigny. Earlier this year he sang the Baritone solo from Beethoven's 9th Symphony, enchanted Seal Beach audiences with a night of Broadway and Opera, played the role of Father in *Hansel & Gretel*, and served as chorus in Pasadena Opera's production of *Così fan Tutti*. Scott also performed with Pasadena Opera as Elder McLean in *Susannah*. Scott has sung on stages all

over Orange and LA Counties in roles from *Gianni Schicchi*, *The Merry Widow*, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, *Carmen*, *La Traviata*, and *Kiss Me, Kate*. An avid concert soloist he has recently performed in Centerstage Opera's '*A Night of Operetta*' and the Baritone Solo from Carmina Burana and Fauré's Requiem. Scott is an Education Artist in Long Beach Opera's 'Opera@School' Program. He is the cantor at Holy Family Cathedral for the Catholic Diocese of Orange in Orange, CA.

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