

Guest Artist Recital

Reginald Smith, Jr., baritone

Christopher Turbessi, piano

Sunday, February 4, 2024 · 2:00 PM

Rock Hall Auditorium

1715 N. Broad Street

Philadelphia, PA 19122

Program

“Sorge infausta una procella” from *Orlando* George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
“Frondi tenere... Ombra mai fu” from *Serse*

Le Bestiare Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Le dromadaire
La chèvre du Thibet
La sauterelle
Le dauphin
L'écrevisse
La carpe

An die Musik Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Nacht und Träume
Die Forelle

Come Sunday Duke Ellington (1899-1974)

| Intermission |

Old American Songs Arranged by Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
Zion's Walls
Simple Gifts
At the River
I Bought Me A Cat

Spirituals
Lil' David Arranged by Evelyn Simpson-Curenton
Steal Away Arranged by Dave Ragland
My Good Lord's Done Been Here Arranged by Hall Johnson

Disney Songs
“Go the Distance” from *Hercules* Alan Menken and David Zippel
“Be Prepared” from *The Lion King* Elton John and Tim Rice
“Remember Me” from *Coco* Kristen Anderson Lopez and Robert Lopez

The use of photographic, audio and video recording is not permitted.

Please turn off all electronic devices.

One hundred eighty-first performance of the 2022-2023 season.

About the Artists

REGINALD SMITH, JR. is a GRAMMY and Emmy-winning baritone, lauded as a “passionate performer” (The New York Times) with a voice that is “electric, hall-filling” (The Baltimore Sun), and “thrillingly dramatic” (Opera News).

Smith made his Santa Fe Opera debut in summer 2023 as Scarpia in *Tosca*, and this season returns to the Houston Grand Opera for the title role in *Falstaff*, Amonasro in *Aida* at Lyric Opera of Chicago.

In previous seasons, he returned to the Houston Grand Opera, made his Fort Worth Opera debut, and appeared with various orchestras including the San Francisco Symphony and the New Jersey Symphony. He also took part in a United in Song concert with the American Pops Orchestra, televised nationally on PBS, and performed in recitals at Mercer University and the Richard Tucker Music Foundation’s annual gala. Throughout his operatic career, Smith has performed with leading companies worldwide, including his Metropolitan Opera debut in 2019 that won him a 2021 GRAMMY Award for Best Opera Recording and debuts with Opera Hong Kong and the Dallas Opera.

Born in Atlanta, Smith is a Grand Finals winner of the 2015 Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions and a graduate of the Houston Grand Opera Studio, among many other accolades. Learn more at www.reginaldsmithjr.com.

CHRISTOPHER TURBESSI is the Opera Coach at the Boyer College of Music and Dance at Temple University; he has also been on the faculty of the Collaborative Piano Institute since its inaugural summer in 2017. He irregularly materializes on the music staff of the Wolf Trap Opera Company, most recently as principal coach and continuo for their 2023 production of *Don Giovanni*; he will return in the summer of 2024 for *La bohème*. Planned recital appearances for 2024 include concerts with baritone Reginald Smith Jr. at Temple University and soprano Amy Petrongelli at CPI.

Past adventures have included a Lecturer appointment at the Shepherd School of Music at Rice University; a summer 2022 recital with baritone Reginald Smith Jr. as part of the San Diego Opera Gala; stints as Music Staff at Utah Opera, Opera Santa Barbara, and the Castleton Festival; Music Director for productions with the Santa Fe Opera Tour and the Opera Institute at Augusta University; Assistant Conductor at Virginia Opera; and Chorus Master at Virginia Opera and Syracuse Opera. Previously an Assistant Conductor and the Musical Supervisor of HGOco at Houston Grand Opera, he oversaw the musical efforts of that department, including the workshops and world premiere performances of Carlisle Floyd's *Prince of Players*, Gregory Spears' *O Columbia*, and David Hanlon's *After the Storm*. He is a graduate of the Houston Grand Opera Studio, as well as young artist programs at Virginia Opera, the Aspen Opera Theater Center, and Syracuse Opera. He holds a master of music degree in collaborative piano from the University of Michigan, where he studied with Martin Katz.

Texts and Translations

Sorge infausta una procella, from Orlando

[Text: Carlo Sigismondo Capece]

*Sorge infausta una procella
che oscurar fa il cielo e il mare,
splende fausta poi la stella,
ch'ogni cor ne fa goder.
Può talor il forte errare,
ma risorto dall'errore,
quel che pria gli diè dolore,
causa immenso il suo piacer.*

Frondi tenere... Ombra mai fu, from Serse

[Text: Silvio Stampiglia]

*Frondi tenere e belle
del mio platano amato,
per voi risplende il fato.
Tuoni, lampi e procelle
non v'oltraggino mai la cara pace,
nè giungo a profanarvi austro rapace.*

*Ombra mai fu
di vegetabile,
cara ed amabile
soave più.*

George Frideric Handel

Born, February 23, 1685 in Halle

Died, April 14, 1759 in London

A threatening storm arises,
darkening sky and sea,
then the star of good omen shines again,
bringing joy to every heart.
Thus can the strong man err,
but arising from his error,
that which formerly caused him sorrow
brings him immense pleasure.

Verdant branches, so graceful,
Of the plane-tree that I cherish,
Be yours a glorious destiny.
Thunder, lightning, mighty tempest,
Cannot ever disturb your noble peace,
Nor can the violent south wind do you an
injury.

No leafy shade
Falling from branch or bush
Ever was more benign,
More sweet and cool.

Le bestiaire

[Text: Guillaume Apollinaire]

Francis Poulenc

Born January 7, 1899, in Paris

Died January 30, 1963, in Paris

Le dromadaire

*Avec ses quatre dromadaires
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Courut le monde et l'admira.
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire
Si j'avais quatre dromadaires.*

La chèvre du Thibet

*Les poils de cette chèvre et même
Ceux d'or pour qui prit tant de peine
Jason ne valent rien au prix
Des cheveux dont je suis épris.*

La sauterelle

*Voici la fine sauterelle
La nourriture de Saint Jean
Puisse mes vers être comme elle
Le régal des meilleures gens.*

Le dauphin

*Dauphins vous jouez dans la mer
Mais le flot est toujours amer
Parfois ma joie éclate-t-elle
La vie est encore cruelle.*

L'écrevisse

*Incertitude o! mes délices
Vous et moi nous nous en allons
Comme s'en vont les écrevisses,
A reculons à reculons.*

La carpe

*Dans vos viviers dans vos étangs
Carpes que vous vivez longtemps
Est-ce que la mort vous oublie
Poissons de la mélancolie?*

The dromedary

With his four dromedaries
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
traveled the world over and admired it.
He did what I would like to do
if I had four camels.

The Tibetan goat

The hair of this goat and even
that for which so many pains were taken
by Jason are worth nothing compared to
the hair of the one I love.

The grasshopper

Here is the delicate grasshopper,
the nourishment of Saint John.
May my verses similarly be
a banquet for superior people.

The dolphin

Dolphins, you play in the sea,
but the waters are always bitter.
Sometimes my joy bursts forth,
but life is still cruel.

The crawfish

Uncertainty O! my delights
you and I we progress
just like the crawfish
backwards backwards.

The carp

In your fishtanks, in your ponds
carp how long you live
Is it that death has forgotten you
fish of melancholy?

An die Musik, D. 547

[Text: Franz von Schober]

An die Musik

*Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessere Welt entrückt!*

*Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel besser Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!*

Nacht und Träume, D. 827

[Text: Matthäus von Collin]

Nacht und Träume

*Heilge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heilige Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!*

Franz Schubert

Born January 31, 1797 in Vienna

Died November 19, 1828 in Vienna

To music

O sublime art, in how many gray hours,
when the wild tumult of life ensnared me,
have you kindled my heart to warm love,
have you carried me away to a better world!

Often a sigh, escaped from your harp,
a swift, solemn chord from you,
has opened the heaven of better times for
me—

o sublime art, I thank you for it!

Night and Dreams

Holy night, down you sink;
down too float dreams,
as your moonlight through space,
through the silent hearts of men.
To these they hearken, joyful;
crying out, when day awakes:
come again, holy night!
Sweet dreams, come again!

Die Forelle

*In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoß in froher Eil'
Die launische Forelle
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süßer Ruh'
Des muntern Fischleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.*

*Ein Fischer mit der Rute
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
Solang dem Wasser Helle,
So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht.*

*Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah' die Betrog'ne an.*

The Trout

In a clear brooklet,
in lively haste,
the wayward trout
flashed arrow-like by.
Standing on the bank,
contentedly I watched
the jolly little fish
swimming the clear brook.

An angler, with rod,
stood on the bank,
cold-bloodedly noting
the fish's twists and turns.
As long as the water
remains so clear, I thought,
he'll never take the trout
with his rod.

But at last the thief
tired of waiting. Artfully
he muddied the brooklet,
and the next moment,
a flick of the rod,
and there writhed the fish;
and I, with blood boiling,
looked at the deceived one.

Come Sunday
[Text: Duke Ellington]

Duke Ellington
Born April 29, 1899 in Washington, DC
Died May 24, 1974 in New York City

Come Sunday, oh come Sunday,
That's the day.
Lord, dear Lord above:
God almighty, God of Love.
Please look down and see my people through.

I believe that God put sun and moon
Up in the sky.
I don't mind the gray skies
'Cause they're just clouds passing by.

Heaven is a goodness time,
A brighter light on high
(Spoken:) Do unto others as you would have them do to you:
(Sing:) And have a brighter by and by

Lord, dear Lord above:
God almighty, God of Love.
Please look down and see my people through.

I believe God is now, was then and always will be.
With God's blessing we can make it through eternity.

Lord, dear Lord above:
God almighty, God of Love.
Please look down and see my people through.

Zion's Walls, from Old American Songs

[Text: Revivalist Song]

Come fathers and mothers come,
Sisters and brothers come,
Join us in singing the praises of Zion.
O fathers don't you feel determined
to meet within the walls of Zion,
We'll shout and go round the walls of Zion.

Simple Gifts, from Old American Songs

[Text: Shaker Song]

'Tis the gift to be simple
'tis the gift to be free,
'tis the gift to come down
where you ought to be.
And when we find ourselves
in the place just right,
'twill be in the valley
of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained
to bow and to bend,
we shan't be ashamed to turn,
turn will be our delight,
'til by turning, turning we come round right

At the River, from Old American Songs

[Text: Robert Lowry]

Shall we gather by the river,
where bright angels feet have trod,
with its crystal tide forever
flowing by the throne of God.

Yes we'll gather by the river,
the beautiful, the beautiful river,
gather with the saints by the river
that flows by the throne of God.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
soon our pilgrimage will cease,
soon our happy hearts will quiver
with the melody of peace.
Yes we'll gather by the river, etc.

Aaron Copland

Born November 14, 1900 in Brooklyn

Died December 2, 1990 in Tarrytown

I bought me a cat, from Old American Songs

Aaron Copland

[Text: Trad. American Children's Song]

I bought me a cat
My cat pleased me
I fed my cat under yonder tree.
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a duck
My duck pleased me
I fed my duck under yonder tree
My duck says "Quaa, quaa"
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a goose
My goose pleased me
I fed my goose under yonder tree.
My goose says "Quaw, quaw"
My duck says "Quaa, quaa"
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a hen
My hen pleased me
I fed my hen under yonder tree.
My hen says "Shimmy shack, shimmy shack"
My goose says, etc.

I bought me a pig
My pig pleased me
I fed my pig under yonder tree.
My pig says "Griffey, griffey"
My hen says, etc.

I bought me a cow
My cow pleased me
I fed my cow under yonder tree.
My cow says "Moo, moo"
My pig says, etc.

I bought me a horse
My horse pleased me
I fed my horse under yonder tree.
My horse says "Neigh, neigh"
My cow says, etc.

I bought me a wife
My wife pleased me
I fed my wife under yonder tree.
My wife says "Honey, honey"
My horse says, etc.

Lil' David (arr. Evelyn Simpson Curenton)

[Text: Spiritual]

Evelyn Simpson Curenton

Born 1953 in Philadelphia

Lil' David, play on your harp,

Hallelu! Hallelu!

Lil' David, play on your harp, Hallelu!

Little David was a shepherd boy,

He killed Goliath and shouted for joy.

Joshua was the son of Nun,

He never would quit till the work was done.

Steal Away (arr. Dave Ragland)

[Text: Trad.]

Dave Ragland

Born 1978 in Tennessee

Steal away, steal away,

Steal away to Jesus!

Steal away, steal away home,

I ain't got long to stay here.

My Lord, He calls me,

He calls me by the thunder;

The trumpet sounds within my soul,

I ain't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away,

Steal away to Jesus!

Steal away, steal away home,

I ain't got long to stay here.

Green trees are bending,

Poor sinners stand a-trembling;

The trumpet sounds within a my soul,

I ain't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away,

Steal away, steal away home.

My Good Lord Done Been Here

(arr. Hall Johnson)

[Text: Trad.]

Hall Johnson

Born March 8, 1888 in Athens, GA

Died April 30, 1970 in New York City

My Good Lord done been here!
Blessed my soul an' gone away,
My Good Lord done been here,
Blessed my soul an' gone.
Oh, my Good Lord done been here!
Blessed my soul an' gone away,
My Good Lord's done been here,
Blessed my soul an' gone.

When I git up in de heaven
An' my work is done,
Gwine ter sit down 'side Sister Mary,
Gwine ter chatter wid de darlin' Son,
I tell you.

My Good Lord done been here!...

I'm gon' ter hol' up de Baptis' finger,
Hol' up de Baptis' han',
When I git up in de heaven,
Gwine ter jine de Baptis' ban' 'cause

My Good Lord done been here!...

Now you may be a rich man,
White as de driftin' snow,
But ef yo' soul ain't been converted,
Straight to Hell you boun' to go.

He's been here, blessed my soul an' gone away...

Go the Distance, from Hercules

[Text: David Zippel]

Alan Menken

Born July 22, 1949 in New York City

I have often dreamed
Of a far-off place
Where a great, warm welcome
Will be waiting for me
Where the crowds will cheer
When they see my face
And a voice keeps saying
This is where I'm meant to be

I will find my way
I can go the distance
I'll be there someday
If I can be strong
I know every mile
Will be worth my while
I would go most anywhere to feel like I belong

I am on my way
I can go the distance
I don't care how far
Somehow I'll be strong
I know every mile
Will be worth my while
I would go most anywhere to find where I belong

Be Prepared, from The Lion King

[Text: Tim Rice]

Elton John

**Born March 25, 1947 in Pinner
(London)**

I never thought hyenas essential
They're crude and unspeakably plain
But maybe they've a glimmer of potential
If allied to my vision and brain

I know that your powers of retention
Are as wet as a warthog's backside
But thick as you are, pay attention
My words are a matter of pride
It's clear from your vacant expressions
The lights are not all on upstairs
But we're talking kings and successions
Even you can't be caught unawares
So prepare for a chance of a lifetime
Be prepared for sensational news

A shining new era
Is tiptoeing nearer
And where do we feature?
Just listen to teacher
I know it sounds sordid
But you'll be rewarded
When at last I am given my dues
And injustice deliciously squared
Be prepared

It's great that we'll soon be connected
With a king who'll be all-time adored
Of course, quid pro quo, you're expected
To take certain duties on board
The future is littered with prizes
And though I'm the main addressee
The point that I must emphasize is
You won't get a sniff without me
So prepare for the coup of the century
Be prepared for the murkiest scam
Meticulous planning
Tenacity spanning
Decades of denial
Is simply why I'll
Be king undisputed
Respected, saluted
And seen for the wonder I am
Yes, my teeth and ambitions are bared
Be prepared
Yes, our teeth and ambitions are bared
Be prepared

Remember Me, from CoCo
[Text: Kristen Anderson-Lopez;
Robert Lopez]

Kristen Anderson-Lopez,
born March 21, 1972 in New York City
Robert Lopez, born February 23, 1975
in New York City

Remember me though I have to say goodbye
Remember me, don't let it make you cry
For even if I'm far away, I hold you in my heart
I sing a secret song to you each night we are apart
Remember me though I have to travel far
Remember me each time you hear a sad guitar
Know that I'm with you the only way that I can be
Until you're in my arms again
Remember me