



Lower Columbia College Foundation
with the Vocal Music Program presents

*A Night
at the
Opera*

*with songs from
La Boheme, Carmen,
The Barber of Seville
and more!*

**Tuesday, March 19
7:30 p.m.**

Director Bio

Gina Osborn is a Native of New Mexico, where she earned both her B.A. and M.M. in Vocal Music. She previously taught at Western New Mexico University and New Mexico State University, as well as maintained a private voice studio in New Mexico, New York and Oregon. In addition to her teaching, Ms. Osborn has also had an extensive performance career that has taken her around the world singing operatic roles and concerts in England, Italy, Germany and New York City. Currently Ms. Osborn resides in Portland, OR, where she sings with 2 professional choirs. As a singer, Gina understands the importance of expressing oneself musically in an accepting space. As a teacher, she strives to create an environment where singers can express, explore and develop their passion for music.

Accompanist Bio

Jill Leach has been performing since she was a teenager. She has accompanied instrumentalists, vocalists, choirs and musical theatre for 40 years. She has performed throughout the U.S., Canada, and Mexico. Currently, she accompanies the choral groups at LCC, and in the Kelso, Kalama and Woodland School Districts; as well as a Christian-based senior adult choir called the JOY Singers. For Jill, music has always been a confidence-builder and a means of expressing herself and her faith in God. As an accompanist, Jill also enjoys supporting and encouraging students to find their own confidence and expression.



Special Thanks

Thank you to each of the singers in the Opera Workshops Class for throwing yourselves whole-heartedly into tonight's event and this difficult music. You have exceeded expectations, and I'm very proud of your efforts and commitment to the music.

Thank you Robert Cochrane and his Stage Tech Class for making this concert shine!

Thank you to the College Relations Department for all the wonderful P.R. and program work.

Thank you Cecile Calabrese for all of your help behind the scenes... you and your efforts are greatly appreciated.

Perpetual thanks to the Foundation, especially the June Rose and Ken and Pat Hansen contributions, for helping to build, grow and sustain the Music Program at Lower Columbia College.

A Night at the Opera

Una Voce Poco Fa *from Il Barbiere Di Siviglia*..... G. Rossini (1792-1868)
Gina Osborn, Soprano

Largo al Factotum *from Il Barbiere Di Siviglia* G. Rossini (1792-1868)
J. Wylie, Bass

O Mio Babbino Caro *from Gianni Schicchi*G. Puccini (1858-1924)
Donnia Reed, Soprano

Quando men Vo *from La Boheme* G. Puccini (1858-1924)
Moriah Urseth, Soprano

Eh Via Buffone *from Don Giovanni* W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Darren Carrol, Don Giovanni
J. Wylie, Leporello

Non Piu Andrai *from Le Nozze Di Figaro*W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Alex Nelson, Bass

Deh Vieni alla Finestra *from Don Giovanni* W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Darren Carrol, Bass

Ruhe Sanft *from Zaide*.....W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Moriah Urseth, Soprano

Fair Robin I love *from Tartuffe*.....K. Mechem (1925-)
Donnia Reed, Soprano

Votre Toast *from Carmen*..... Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
J. Wylie, Bass
& Company

Translations

Una Voce Poco Fa: After having read a letter from Lindoro (Count Almaviva), Rosina is filled with joy and she sings of her love for him

Una voce poco fa
qui nel cor mi risuonò;
il mio cor ferito è già,
e Lindor fu che il piagò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarò;
lo giurai, la vincerò.
Il tutor ricuserà,
io l'ingegno aguzzerò.
Alla fin s'accheterà
e contenta io resterò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarò;
lo giurai, la vincerò.
Io sono docile, son rispettosa,
sono obbediente, dolce, amorosa;
mi lascio reggere, mi fo guidar.
Ma se mi toccano dov'è il mio debole

sarò una vipera e cento trappole
prima di cedere farò giocar.

A voice has just
echoed here into my heart
my heart is already wounded
and it was Lindoro who shot.
Yes, Lindoro will be mine
I've sworn it, I'll win.
The tutor will refuse,
I'll sharpen my mind
finally he'll accept,
and happy I'll rest.
Yes, Lindoro will be mine
I've sworn it, I'll win.
I'm gentle, respectful
I'm obedient, sweet, loving
I let be ruled, I let be guided
But if they touch where my weak
spot is
I'll be a viper and a hundred traps
before giving up I'll make them fall

Largo Al Factotum: Figaro sings of his many talents that make him a good doctor, barber, matchmaker.

Largo al factotum della città.
Presto a bottega che l'alba e già.

Ah, che bel vivere, che bel piacere
per un barbiere di qualità!
Ah, bravo Figaro!
Bravo, bravissimo!
Fortunatissimo per verità!
Pronto a far tutto,
la notte e il giorno
sempre d'intorno in giro sta.
Miglior cuccagna per un barbiere,
vita più nobile, no, non si dà.
Rasori e pettini
lancette e forbici,
al mio comando

Make way for the topman of the city.
Rushing to his shop now that it's
dawn.
Ah, isn't life good, how pleasant it is
For a barber of class!
Ah, nice one Figaro!
Nice one, really nice one!
I am the luckiest it's true to say!
Ready for anything,
night and day
Always busy and around.
A better lot for a barber,
A more noble life cannot be found.
Razors and combs
Lancets and scissors,
At my command

tutto qui sta.
 V'e la risorsa,
 poi, de mestiere
 colla donnetta... col cavaliere...

Tutti mi chiedono, tutti mi vogliono,
 donne, ragazzi, vecchi, fanciulle:

Qua la parruca... Presto la barba...
 Qua la sanguigna...
 Presto il biglietto...
 Qua la parruca, presto la barba,
 Presto il biglietto, ehi!
 Figaro! Figaro! Figaro!, ecc.
 Ahime, che furia!
 Ahime, che folla!
 Uno alla volta, per carita!
 Figaro! Son qua.
 Ehi, Figaro! Son qua.
 Figaro qua, Figaro la,
 Figaro su, Figaro giu,
 Pronto prontissimo son come il fumine:

sono il factotum della citta.
 Ah, bravo Figaro! Bravo, bravissimo;
 a te fortuna non mancherà.

Are all here.
 And there are `extras',
 Then, for the business
 With women... and with
 gentlemen...
 Everyone asks for me, everyone
 wants me,
 Women, young people, old people,
 the golden haired;
 What about the wig... A quick shave...
 Some leeches for bleeding...
 Quick the note...
 What about the wig, a quick shave,
 Hurry - the note, o me!
 Figaro! Figaro! Figaro! etc.
 Heavens, what mayhem!
 Heavens, what crowds!
 One at a time, For pities sake!
 Figaro! Here I am.
 O me, Figaro! Here I am.
 Figaro here, Figaro there,
 Figaro up, Figaro down,
 Quicker and quicker the sparks fly
 with me;
 I am the topman of the city.
 Ah, nice one Figaro! Nice one, really
 nice one;
 From you luckiness will not depart.

O Mio Babbino: Lauretta is forbidden to marry Rinuccio, so she pleads with Giani Schicchi, expressing that she loves Rinuccio. If he doesn't permit them to be together, she threatens to throw herself in the river.

O mio babbino caro,
 mi piace è bello, bello;
 vo'andare in Porta Rossa
 a comperar l'anello!
 Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
 e se l'amassi indarno,
 andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
 ma per buttarmi in Arno!

Mi struggo e mi tormento!
 O Dio, vorrei morir!
 Babbo, pietà, pietà!

My dear father,
 I like him, he's beautiful, beautiful;
 I want to go to Porta Rossa
 and buy the ring!
 Yes, yes, I want to go!
 And if my love is in vain,
 I would go upon Ponte Vecchio (a
 Bridge in Florence),
 only to jump in the Arno (the river in
 Florence)
 I long for him and torment myself
 O God, I'd like to die!
 Father, have pity, have pity!

Quando men Vo: Having spotted her occasional boyfriend, Marcello, Musetta tries to make him jealous by singing of how all men adore her and notice her beauty.

Quando men vo soletta per la via,
La gente sosta e mira
E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me
Da capo a pie'...
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia
Sottil, che da gli occhi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa

Alle occulte beltà.
Così l'effluvio del desio
tutta m'aggira,
Felice mi fa!
E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi

Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben:
le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir,
Ma ti senti morir!

When I walk all alone in the street
People stop and stare at me
And look for my whole beauty
From head to feet
And then I taste the slight yearning
which transpires from their eyes
and which is able to perceive from
manifest charms
to most hidden beauties.
So the scent of desire
is all around me,
it makes me happy!
And you, while knowing, reminding
and longing,
you shrink from me?
I know it very well:
you don't want to express your
anguish,
but you feel as if you're dying!

Eh Via Buffone: In the previous scene, Don Giovanni averted capture by throwing Leporello (his servant) into harm's way, nearly getting him killed. Now, Leporello is upset and Don Giovanni is trying to convince him not to quit by telling him that he's overreacting.

Don Giovanni Come you buffoon, don't leave me now.

Leporello: No, No Master, I will not stay.

Don Giovanni: Listen to me friend.

Leporello: I will leave you once and for all.

Don Giovanni: All of a sudden? Now, what's the matter?

Leporello: Nothing important... You nearly killed me.

Don Giovanni: That was a joke. I was only joking, don't be silly.

Leporello: Then let me tell you your joke went too far.

Together:

Don Giovanni: Come you buffoon, solemn expressions do not become you.

Leporello: I can see nothing, nothing to laugh at.

Don Giovanni: You're being silly, you're being silly, you're being very, very silly.

Leporello: No! No! No! No!

Leporello: No,no,no,no,no,no,no,no,no, Like it I don't and stay here I won't.

Together:

Don Giovanni: You're being silly, you're being silly, you're being silly.....

Leporello: Sì, Sì, Sì, Sì,

Leporello: Sì, sì, sì, sì, sì, sì, sì, sì, sì, sì, sì, sì, sì, sì, sì, sì... I will leave.

Together:

Don Giovanni: Come buffoon, don't leave me now.

Leporello: No Master, I will not stay.

Don Giovanni: Heed you I don't. And don't imagine that you'll impress me,

Leporello: Because you don't. And don't imagine that you amuse me,

Non Piu Andrai: After the Count orders Cherubino to leave and join the Seville regiment for being infatuated with his wife, Figaro (gloating) tells Cherubino that he must give up his easy life and his women and become a soldier.

Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,

You won't go any more, amorous butterfly,

Notte e giorno d'intorno girando,

Fluttering around inside night and day,

Delle belle turbando il riposo,

Disturbing the sleep of beauties,

Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor.

A little Narcissus and Adonis of love.

Non piu avrai questi bei penacchini,

You won't have those fine feathers any more,

Quel cappello leggiere e galante,

That light and jaunty hat,

Quella chioma, quell'aria brillante,

That hair, that shining aspect,

Quel vermiglio donnesco color!

That womanish red color [in your face]!

Fra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!

Among soldiers, by Bacchus!

Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco,

A huge moustache, a little knapsack,

Schioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco,

Gun on your back, sword at your side,

Collo dritto, muso franco,

Your neck straight, your nose exposed,

Un gran casco, o un gran turbante,

A big helmet, or a big turban,

Molto onor, poco contante.

A lot of honour & little pay.

Ed in vece del fandango

And in place of the dance

Una marcia per il fango.

A march through the mud.

Per montagne, per valloni,

Over mountains, through valleys,

Con le nevi, e i solioni,

With snow, and heat-stroke,

Al concerto di tromboni,

To the music of trumpets,

Di bombarde, di cannoni,

Of bombards, and of cannons,

Che le palle in tutti i tuoni,

Which, at every boom,

All'orecchio fan fischiar.

Will make bullets whistle past your ear.

Cherubino, alla vittoria!

Cherubino, go to victory!

Alla gloria militar!

To military glory!

Deh Vieni alla Finestra: After Leporello has led Donna Elvira away, Don Giovanni serenades her chambermaid.

Deh, vieni alla finestra, o mio tesoro,
Deh, vieni a consolar il pianto mio.
Se neghi a me di dar qualche ristoro,
Davanti agli occhi tuoi morir vogl'io!
Tu ch'hai la bocca dolce più del miele,
Tu che il zucchero porti in mezzo al core!
Non esser, gioia mia, con me crudele!
Lasciati almen veder, mio bell'amore!

O come to the window, beloved;
O come and dispel all my sorrow!
If you refuse me some solace,
before you dear eyes I will die.
Your lips are sweeter than honey,
your heart is sweetness itself:
then be not cruel, my angel,
I beg for one glance, my love!

Ruhe Sanft: Zaide comes upon Gomatz sleeping under a tree. She admires him and leaves him jewels, money, a portrait of her and a letter asking him to meet her later in that same spot. She then sings that he should sleep until he awakes with happiness. She hopes that her tears will bring his wishes to reality.

Ruhe sanft, mein holdes Leben,
schlafe, bis dein Glück erwacht;
da, mein Bild will ich dir geben,
schau, wie freundlich es dir lacht.

Gently rest, my dearest love,
sleep until your happiness awakes;
here, I will give you my portrait,
see how kindly it smiles at you.

Ihr süßen Träume, wiegt ihn ein,
und lasset sienen Wunsch am Ende
die wollustreichen Gegenstände
zu reifer Wirklichkeit gedeihn.

You gentle dreams, rock him to sleep,
and may the imaginings
of his dreams of love
become at last realty.

Fair Robbin I Love: Dorine, Mariane's Maid, is lecturing Mariane on how to handle a difficult man whom she loves and trying to convince her that no man is worth suffering over.

Listen Mariane,
Here's an old song about that kind of man.
And what to do when he's away....
It's your lesson for today.

Fair Robin I love and hourly die,
But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye;
He's fickle and false, and there we agree,
For I am as false and as fickle as he.

We neither believe what either can say;
And neither believing, we neither betray.
'Tis civil to swear and say things, of course;
We mean not the taking for better or worse.

When present we love; when absent agree:
I think not of Robin, nor Robin of me.
The legend of love no couple can find,
So easy to part or so easily joined.

Votre Toast: Escamillo, a great bullfighter, sings of his adventures in the bullring.

Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre,
Senor, senors car avec les soldats
Oui, les Toreros, peuvent s'entendre;
Pour plaisirs, pour plaisirs,
Ils ont les combats!
Le cirque est plein,
c'est jour de fete!
Le cirque est plein du haut en bas;
Les spectateurs, perdant la tete,
Les spectateurs s'interpellent
a grand fracas!
Apostrophes, cris et tapage
Pousses jusques a la fureur!
Car c'est la fete du courage!
C'est la fete des gens de co

Allons! en garde! Allons! Allons! ah!

Toreador, en garde! Toreador, Toreador!

Et songe bien, oui, songe en combattant

Qu'un oeil noir te regarde,
Et que l'amour t'attend,
Toreador, L'amour t'attend!
Et songe bien, oui, songe en combattant

Qu'un oeil noir te regarde,
Et que l'amour t'attend,
Toreador, L'amour t'attend!

Your toast, I can give it to you
Sirs, sirs, for along with the soldiers
Yes, the Toreros, can understand;
For pleasures, for pleasures
They have combats!
The arena is full,
it is the feast day!
The arena is full, from top to bottom;
The spectators, losing their heads,
The spectators began
a big fracas!
Apostrophes, cries, and uproar
Grow to a furor!
Because it is a celebration of courage!
It is the celebration of people with
heart!
Let's go, on guard! Let's go! Let's go!
Ah!
Toreador, on guard! Toreador,
Toreador!
And dream away, yes, dream in
combat,
That a black eye is watching you,
And that love awaits you,
Toreador, love awaits you!
And dream away, yes dream in
combat,
That a black eye is watching you
And may love await you,
Toreador, love await you!

***Don't Miss
EWU Choir Concert
featuring LCC Choirs
& Opera Gala Students***

***Saturday, April 6
2:00 p.m.
In the Wollenberg***



Rose Center for the Arts

Upcoming Theatre Production

All performances start at 7:30pm in the Center Stage Theatre



Cloud 9

Time shifting British African expedition comedy

Caryl Churchill

May 22-25; 30, June 1; 6-8

Both parody and spoof of the 1880s Victorian Empire and its rigid attitudes towards sex. The play shifts twenty-five years later to London in 1980 where all the characters' repressed sexual longings have evaporated along with the British Empire.

Tickets for All Events:

\$8 general admission, \$7 seniors and non-LCC students, Free to LCC students, faculty and staff.

Tickets may be purchased in advance from the LCC Bookstore in the Student Center, at Encore Concession in the Rose Center, or from the online ticket store. Tickets may also be purchased one hour prior to performances at the Rose Center Box Office.

Auditions

Center Stage Spring Production

Cloud 9

By Caryl Churchill

A parody and spoof of the Victorian Empire

April 8, 9

6:00 pm – Center Stage

4 men, 3 women. Auditions open to everyone.



It is the policy of Lower Columbia College to provide equal opportunity in education and employment regardless of sex, race, color, marital status, creed, age, national origin, sexual orientation, veteran status, religious preference, or the presence of any sensory, mental, or physical disability.