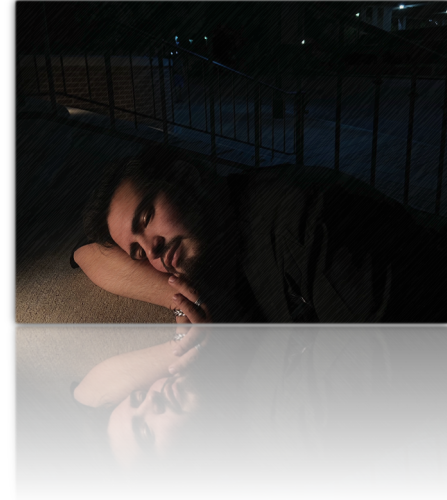


Acknowledgements

- Thank you to **Westlake Hills Presbyterian Church**, for allowing me to put on this recital in this beautiful Church.
- Thank you to Music Director of WHPC, **Emily Craven**, for the unconditional support and assistance in providing arrangements for this Recital.
- Thank you, **Christie Pollard**, for her fierce dedication and accompanying me after our Blinn years! Coming together, once again, to make beautiful music.

A Journey through Heartache ...



Kevin Arratia-Diaz, Tenor

~

BENEFIT RECITAL

~

IN COLLABORATION WITH

Christie Pollard, Pianist

~

Wed, August 16, 2023
7pm.
Westlake Hills Presbyterian Church
Sanctuary

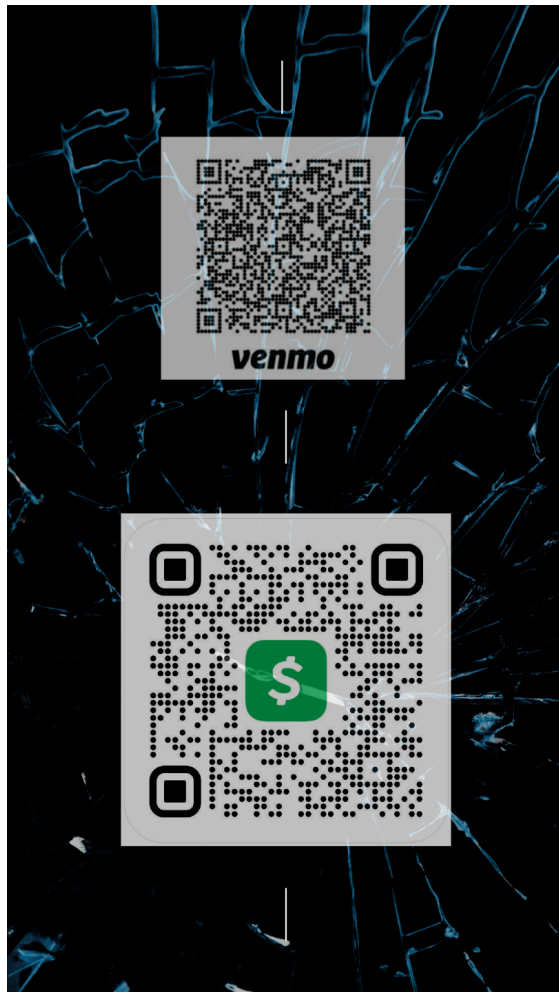
This recital is free of charge for attendance.
However, if you would like to Support Kevin in the pursuit of his performing career, donations are appreciated and accepted.

Donations will go towards music related expenses such as professional updated headshots, accompaniment fees and fees to apply to vocal competitions, master classes and educational programs such as summer opera programs.

As well as helping to pay for a summer program in which Kevin may be accepted along with travel and meal expenses.

As always, your love and support are extremely appreciated!

¡Thank you!



Program

L'invitation au Voyage **Henri Duparc**
(1848-1933)

Giovanni's Aria **Daniel Catán**
From *La Hija de Rappaccini* (1949-2011)

Please, be You **Kevin Arratia-Diaz**
(b. 1997)

Losing my mind **Stephen Sondheim**
From *Follies* (1879-1936)

Intermission

Il mio ben quando verrà **Giovanni Paisiello**
From *Nina, o sia la Pazza per Amore* (1740-1816)

Lagrimas Mias **Pedro Miguel Marqués**
From *El Anillo de Hierro* (1843-1918)

En Svane **Edvard Grieg**
(1843-1907)

La Vague et La Cloche **Henri Duparc**
(1848-1933)

*This recital is being recorded.
Please silence all devices and enjoy the performance.*



Christie Pollard

Christie Pollard graduated from Baylor University in the Spring of 2023 with her Bachelor of Music in Piano Performance.

She will be continuing her studies at Baylor in the fall of 2023 to receive her master's degree in Piano Pedagogy and Performance.

Christie grew up in Brenham, Texas and has been taught by Mrs. Cheryl Amelang, Mr. John Dujka, Dr. Kae Hosada-Ayer, Dr. Shijun Wang, and Dr. Terry Lynn Hudson.

She has accompanied Brenham Music Children's Chorus, church adult and youth choirs, and many vocalists and instrumentalists. She has experience judging all-star piano students and performing in ensembles and competitions at TMTA, teaching piano students, and has won a masterclass with Dr. Lori Schiff from Juilliard on Alexander technique.

Christie has competed in competitions, performed many solo and chamber recitals, and shares her passion as part of the worship team, choir accompanist, and teacher at First Baptist Church in Hamilton, Texas.



Kevin Arratia-Diaz

Kevin Arratia-Diaz received his Associates in Fine Arts at Blinn College in Spring of 2020.

Kevin has performed as Frederic in a concert setting of *Pirates of Penzance*, a production of opera scenes as Dr. Craven from *The Secret Garden*, Falke from *Die Fledermaus (The Bat)*, Monsieur Vogelsang in *Der Schauspieldirektor (The Impresario)* and as Gherardo in a production of *Gianni Schicchi* in Italy with La Música Lirica.

Kevin has performed with Opera San Antonio in their productions of *Rigoletto*, *Maria de Buenos Aires* and *Roméo et Juliette*. Kevin has also worked with celebrated American Songwriter, session guitarist, recording artist, producer, and author John Beland. Hired by Beland,

Kevin provided vocals and Spanish translation for John's original song, Monterey Rain, for a demo which can be found on SoundCloud. Kevin currently works as a Choral Scholar and assisting with Youth Chorus at Westlake Hills Presbyterian Church in Austin, Texas.

L'invitation au voyage

Henri Duparc

L'invitation au voyage is a poem written by Charles Pierre Baudelaire in 1857 which was published in his book *Les Fleurs de Mal* (The Flowers of Evil). In this poem, Baudelaire speaks to his mistress, inviting her to dream of another exotic world, where they could live together. However, this dream maintains a sense of a nightmare as well. Presenting a sequence of flashing pictures with no meaning and a cloud of symbols with no system. Themes in this poem include longing, passionate love, and a desire to escape reality.

Henri Duparc composed the music for the poem around 1870. He provides a soft and slow-moving melody. whereas the accompaniment changes, evoking sensuality, ecstasy, and the emotion of the text. *L'invitation au voyage* is also one of 17 art song compositions Duparc let survive while many others were destroyed by his own hand due to a mental illness he suffered from.

Original:

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Translation:

My child, my sister,
Think of how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that resembles you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There - nothing but order and beauty
Abundance, calm, and sensuous
delight.

See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the
earth.

The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

There - nothing but order and beauty
Abundance, calm, and sensuous
delight

Giovanni's Aria

Daniel Catán

The air "*Giovanni's Aria*" comes from Mexican composer, Daniel Catán's Spanish Opera, *La Hija de Rappaccini*. The aria appears in Act I, scene V of the Opera.

During this scene, the young medical student, Giovanni, discovers Dr. Rappaccini's mysterious garden, and of his beautiful daughter, Beatriz. Giovanni then goes to sleep and dreams of entering the garden. Hearing the voices of the flowers and approached by Dr. Rappaccini who tells him "The gardener never sleeps" and leaves. So infatuated by Beatriz's Beauty, Giovanni sings of his desire for Beatriz. Wanting to be in her presence, be held by her and to be in her world.

Original:

Beatriz, Puerta del mundo,
Devuélveme el perfume de este día.
Corazón de la noche, enciende tu
lucero en mis ojos.

Mírame, dame un rostro verdadero.
Quiero volar hacia ti!
Abrazame, muéstrame tu mundo,
invéntame.

Devuélveme el perfume de este día.
Corazón de la noche, enciende tu
lucero en mis ojos.

En tu corriente arrástrame,
En tu fulgor incéndiame.
Quiero besar en ti la historia.
Arrástrame, incéndiame, mírame.

Abrazame, muéstrame tu mundo,
Invéntame.

Translation:

Beatriz, door of the world,
Return to me the perfume of this day.
Heart of the night, ignite your light in
my eyes.

Look to me, give me a true gaze.
I want to fly towards you!
Hold me, show me your world, invent
me.

Return to me the perfume of this day.
Heart of the night, ignite your light in
my eyes.

In your current, drag me,
In your flame, ignite me.
I want to kiss into you the history.
Drag me, ignite me, look at me.

Hold me, show me your world,
Invent me.

Please, be You

Kevin Arratia-Diaz

Please, be you is an original song composed and written by Mexican American vocalist, Kevin Arratia-Diaz. Kevin has been composing and songwriting many pieces of different styles for future projects.

The song speaks of finding a sort of feeling resembling love. However, due to past experiences, it is questionable to the singer, and he is unsure of it. Hopeful, he expresses how his mind toys with the reality of things and hopes the other, in fact, feels the same.

Losing my Mind

Stephen Sondheim

Losing my mind is from the Musical *Follies* written by Stephen Sondheim. This song was written as a torch song for the character, Sally.

The song expresses her preoccupation with Ben, her idealized lover. With infinite attention to detail, Sally is led from sunrise to sleepless night, revealing that every second of her existence is defined by her longing. The number explores the extent to which she has lost herself in this make-believe world of undying desire.

Il mio ben quando verrà

Giovanni Paisiello

“*Il mio ben quando verrà*”, is an Aria from Giovanni Paisiello’s Opera *Nina, O sia la Pazza per Amore* (Nina, or madly in love). Before this aria, it is assumed that Lindoro, Nina’s soon to be husband, has died in a duel against someone more powerful and richer for her hand due to Nina’s father, The Count, taking back his approval for them to wed. As Nina went mad due to grief, she left her father’s home and goes around the village doing good deeds for the people who adore her. The hour comes, and Nina goes to the crossroads to wait for her lover, Lindoro, who does not come.

During the aria, Nina sings of waiting for her lover. Singing of how he does not come and of how she does not hear his sweet song. Crying out, hoping he will show and ask her to be his wife. Alas, Nina is heartbroken in realizing that her sweet love does not and will not come.

Original:

Il mio ben quando verrà
A veder la mesta amica?
Di bei fior s'ammanterà
La spiaggia aprica.

Ma nol vedo, e il mio ben,
Ahimè! Non vien.

Mentre all'aure spiegherà
La sua fiamma, i suoi lamenti,
Miti augei v'insegnerà
Più dolci accenti.
Ma non l'odo.
E chi l'udi?

Ah! il mio bene ammutoli.
Tu cui stanca omai già fe'
Il mio pianto, eco pietosa,
Ei ritorna e dolce a te
Chiede, chiede la sposa.

Pian, mi chiama; piano ahimè!
No, non mi chiama,
Oh Dio, non c'è!

Translation:

When my love comes
To see his love in grief.
The flowers will cover the sunburnt
shore.

I do not see him, my beloved,
Alas! He does not come.

While he explains to the wind
Of his passion and sadness,
Kind birds, he will teach
A sweet song.
I don't hear it.
And who hears it?

Ah! My love has fallen silent.
You who are tired now
My cry, a pitiful echo,
He returns sweetly to you
Will ask, will ask to marry

hush, he calls me; hush, alas!
No, he doesn't call,
Oh God! He is not there.

Lagrimas Mias

Pedro Miguel Marqués

The aria “*Lagrimas Mias*” comes from the Zarzuela (Spanish Opera) composed by Spanish Composer, Pedro Miguel Marqués, *El Anillo de Hierro*. Before the aria, William asks his daughter, Margarita, before the religious ceremony how she truly feels of if she has any last wishes. On a certain occasion, a tear of hers fell in a handkerchief while waiting for her love, Rodolfo. He kissed the handkerchief, rips it in half and gives one half to Margarita. From this, a ring of iron with gold symbols formed. Margarita's last wish was for her father to give the other half of the handkerchief to Rodolfo back along with the iron ring. However, this is not possible for Rodolfo perished returning from India.

Margarita then sing her aria “*Lagrimas Mias*”. So full of distraught and suffering singing of how tears no longer fall from her eyes. How the passionate love has left her heart dry and how the leaves have fallen so as her pain. Woe is Margarita, wondering why she was born at all.

Original:

Lágrimas mías, en donde estáis?
Que de mis ojos ya no brotaís.

El fuego ardiente de una pasión
Seco ha dejado, ha dejado mi corazón,
Seco ha dejado, ha dejado mi corazón.

¡Ay de mí! ¡Ay de mí!
Qué triste y desolada(o) para llorar,
para llorar, para llorar nací!

Como cayendo las hojas van a los
impulsos del huracán, así han caído
con mi dolor
Las ilusiones de tanto, de tanto amor,
Las ilusiones de tanto, de tanto amor.

¡Ay de mí! ¡Ay de mí!
Qué triste y desolada(o)
No sé porque, no sé porque,
No sé porque nací!

Translation:

Tears of mine, where have you gone?
That from mine eyes you no longer
sprout.

The arduous fire of a passion
Dry has left, dry it has left my heart,
Dry has left, dry it has left my heart.

¡Woe is me! ¡Woe is me!
How sad and abandoned to cry,
To cry, to cry I was born!

Falling, the leaves go to the impulses
of the hurricane, is how they fall with
my pain.
The illusions of so much, so much
love,
The illusions of so much, so much
love.

¡Woe is me! ¡Woe is me!
How sad and deserted
I don't know why, I don't know why,
I don't know why I was born!

En Svane

Edvard Grieg

En Svane (A Swan) is a poem written by Norwegian playwright and theatre director Henrik Ibsen. The poem was first published in "Digte" in 1871. During the time of writing this poem, Henrik was in love with a woman who did not return his affections. He then discovers she was merely too timid to express herself. A sense of unrequited passion surrounds the words. Describing a swan, mute yet beautiful then flying away. Its eyes and words then seen as lies; The swan ends its life, singing in death. Always and forever a beautiful swan.

Edvard Grieg, Norwegian composer & pianist, captures the interplay between sexes by setting the words to a slow courtly Baroque saraband. The piano texture with a slow stable motion generating a sense of an ineluctable pull-stratification in the accompaniment that mirrors a swan on the water, lithely floating above the surface but exerting unseen effort below.

When Grieg orchestrated the piece in 1894, he added the melodic line in the accompaniment to be played by an oboe. An attempt of representing a swan's cry at its paroxysm before the moment it dies.

Original:

Min hvide svane
du stumme, du stille,
hverken slag eller trille
lod sangrøst ane.

Angst beskyttende alfen,
som sover,
altid lyttende
gled du henover.

Men sidste mødet,
da eder og øjne
var lønlige løgne,
ja da, da lod det!

I toners føden
du slutted din bane.
Du sang i døden;
du var dog en svane!

Translation:

My white swan
You're mute, you're silent
Neither a warble or trill
Let a singing voice be heard.

Anxiously protecting elves,
who sleep,
Always listening
You glided away.

But the last meeting,
The oaths and eyes
Were profitable lies,
Yes then, then it sounded!

In singing,
You ended your life.
You sang in death.
A swan you were, nevertheless!

La Vague et La Cloche

Henri Duparc

La Vague et la Cloche is a poem written by French poet François Coppée in 1871. In the poem, François describes the waves of a wild stormy sea. The speaker begins as a storyteller telling of a dream he had. Out in a stormy sea with no light to guide him and no hope to reach shore. Then, waves crashing down on the boat like walls and the floor of the boat collapses. Awakening, the storyteller finds himself in an old belltower which swung loud and furiously. Holding on with all their might as the loud squealing metal make the stones tremble.

Then asked to the dream, “Why, dream, do you not tell me where God leads us!”. Frustrated by the endless challenges in life and the pointless work. Finally, declaring that this is humanity. Alas, the human life!

Henri Duparc composes the music for *La Vague* capturing the text through music to further express them. Sections sounding as waves in a roaring sea, storm full of lightning and finally the furiously swaying bell.

The piece was originally written for voice and orchestra then later put to voice and piano. *La Vague et la Cloche* is also one of the 17 art song compositions Duparc let survive while many others were destroyed by his own hand due to mental illness.

Original:

Une fois, terrasse par un puissant
breuvage
J'ai rêvé que parmi les vagues et le
bruit de la mer,
Je vogais sans fanal dans la nuit,
Morne rameur, n'ayant plus l'espoir
du rivage...

L'océan me crachait ses baves sur le
front,
Et le vent me glaçait d'horreur
jusqu'aux entrailles.
Les vagues s'écroulaient ainsi que des
murailles
Avec ce rythme lent qu'un silence
interrompt...

Puis tout changea...
La mer, et sa noire mêlée
Sombrièrent... sous me pieds
s'effondra
Le plancher de la barque...

Et j'étais seul dans un vieux clocher,
chevauchant avec rage une cloche
ébranlée.

J'étreignais la criarde opiniâtrement,
convulsive et fermant dans l'effort
mes paupières.
Le grondement faisait trembler les
vieilles pierres.
Tant j'activais sans fin le lourd
balancement.

Pourquoi n'as-tu pas dit,
Ô rêve, où Dieu nous mène?
Pourquoi n'as-tu pas dit s'ils ne
finiraient pas,
L'inutile travail et l'éternel fracas
Dont est faite la vie, hélas!
La vie humaine!

Translation:

Once, struck down by a strong
drought
I dreamed that among the waves &
the roars of the seas,
I drifted without light at night,
A bleak oarsman, with no hope of
reaching shore...

The Ocean spits its foam on my
brow,
And the wind had me frozen in
horror
The waves crash down on me like
walls
With that slow rhythm, a silence
interrupts...

Then, everything changed...
The sea, and its black fray
Subsided... beneath my feet
collapses
the floor of the boat...

and I was alone in an old belltower,
riding a swaying bell full of rage.

I clutched the squealing metal,
Convulsed, straining to close
my eyes.
The rumbling made the old stones
tremble.
So constantly I quickened the heavy
swing.

Why did you not tell me?
oh dream, where God leads us?
Why did you not say they will never
end?
The pointless work and eternal strife
Of which is life, alas!
Life in humanity!

