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An Evening in Argentina

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An Evening in Argentina

Authors

Rachel Kwak, Erin Gonzalez, Brett Sprague, Efrain Solis, Harrison Zierer, and Tony Cho



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CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY

Conservatory of Music

presents

An Evening in Argentina

with

Rachel Kwak, soprano
Erin Gonzalez, mezzo-soprano
Brett Sprague, tenor
Efrain Solis, baritone
Harrison Zierer, baritone

And

Tony Cho, piano

September 27, 2008 • 8:00 P.M.
Salmon Recital Hall

Program

Songs
Bonita Rama de Sauce
La Rosa y el Sauce
Abismo de sed
Encantamiento
Campanilla, ¿adónde vas?
Pampamapa
Préstame tu pañuelito
Mi viña de Chapanay

Erin Gonzalez, mezzo-soprano
Harrison Zierer, baritone
Efrain Solis, baritone

Lúa descolorida

Rachel Kwak, soprano

La Danza de Olaf, Op. 33, No. 2

Toccata

Tony Cho, piano

Cinco Canciones Populares

Chacarera
Triste
Zamba
Arrorró
Gato

Brett Sprague, tenor

Intermission

Songs
Canción del carretero
Vidala

Rachel Kwak, soprano
Erin Gonzalez, mezzo-soprano

Carlos López Buchardo
(1881-1948)

Danzas Argentinas

Danza del viejo boyero
Danza de la moza donosa
Danza del gaucho matrero

Tony Cho, piano

Alberto Ginastera

Songs

Los pájaros perdidos
Jacinta Chiclana
El títere
El día que me quieras

Erin Gonzalez, mezzo-soprano
Efrain Solis, baritone

Astor Piazzolla
(1921-1992)

Carlos Gardel
(1887-1935)

TRANSLATIONS

Carlos Guastavino

Bonita rama de Sauce

Bonita rama de sauce,
Bonita rama de amor.
Nunca floreció, que siempre
Se quedó diciendo adiós.

El río pasa y la peina.
El río la jura amar.
La rama le da sus trenzas.
El río miente y se va.

El viento pasa y la besa,
El talle le hace cimbrar.
Toda la ramita canta.
El viento miente y se va.

Se va, se va...
Y la ramita se inclina,
No la vean sollozar.

Bonita rama de sauce,
Bonita rama de amor.
Florecida de alegría,
Con el alba amaneció.

Debajo de su caricia,
Dormido estaba el cantor,
Por la guitarra y la boca
Le latía una canción.

Mas dulce que viento y río,
La noche entera canto.
Coronado por la rama,
Abrazadito quedó.

Cantar, cantar...
Las verdes coplas del sauce
Altas por el cielo van.

-Arturo Vazquez

La rosa y el sauce

La rosa se iba abriendo
Abrazada al sauce.
El árbol apasionada,
La amaba tanto!

Pero una niña coqueta
Se la ha robado,
Y el sauce desconsolado
Le está llorando.

-Lorenzo Varela

Beautiful Willow Branch

Beautiful willow branch
Beautiful branch of love.
It never bloomed but always
Stayed, saying goodbye.

The river passes and brushes the branch.
The river swears to love it.
The branch gives him its braids.
The river betrays it and leaves.

The wind passes and kisses the branch,
Making its figure sway.
The little branch sings.
The wind betrays it and leaves.

It leaves, it leaves...
And the little branch bows
So they will not see it sob.

Beautiful willow branch,
Beautiful willow of love.
Flowering with happiness,
With the dawn it awoke.

Under its caress,
Asleep was the singer,
From his guitar and mouth
Echoed a song.

But sweeter than the wind and the river,
The entire night sang.
Crowned by the branch,
It remained embraced.

To sing, to sing...
The green ballads of the willow
High through the sky, go.

The Rose and the Willow

The rose was opening
Cleaved to the willow.
The passionate tree
Loved it so!

But a cheeky young girl
took it away,
and the disconsolate willow
Laments it so.

Abismo de sed

Me están gritando los bombos
Mensaje de soledad,
Mi tristeza pide vino
Para ponerse a cantar.

Desparramados de sombra
Arreando un anochecer,
Viajan tus sueños dolientes
Por un abismo de sed.

Soy tucumano,
Soy un cantor,
Vengo buscando el vino
En unos ojos tibios de amor;
Adentro de mi guitarra
Crecen las viñas de la canción.

Florecerán mis entrañas
Con tu beso abrasador,
Vino tinto de la zamba,
Para borrarte el dolor.

La piel feliz de las uvas
Me trae un canto de sol;
Para la noche y la zamba
La luz del vino es mayor.

-Alma Garcia

Encantamiento

Este niño es un encanto
Parecido al fino viento:
Si dormida lo amamanto
Que me bebe yo no siento.

Es más dulce este al que río
Que el contorno de la loma;
Es más lindo el hijo mío
Que este mundo al que se asoma.

Es más rico este mi niño
Que la tierra y que los cielos
En mi pecho tiene armiño
Y en mi canto terciopelo.

Y es su cuerpo tan pequeño
Cual el grano de mi trigo:
Menos pesa que el ensueño;
No lo ven y está conmigo.

-Gabriela Mistral

Campanilla, ¿adónde vas?

Campanilla, dime, ¿adónde vas azul y gentil?
A la estación del ferrocarril.

Campanilla dime, ¿adónde vas por ese sendero?
A conversar con del señalero.

Abyss of Thirst

The big drums shout at me
A message of loneliness,
My sadness asks for wine
To make the drums sing.

Opening from the shadow
Twilight hastens,
Your sweet dreams travel
Through an abyss of thirst.

I am from Tucuman,
I am a singer,
I come looking for wine
In eyes, lukewarm of love,
Inside my guitar
The vines of the song grow.

My affections will flow
With your burning kisses,
Red wine of the samba will bloom
To ease the pain.

The happy skin of the grapes
Brings me a song of the sun;
For the night and the samba
The light of wine is better.

Enchantment

This child is an enchantment,
like a delicate breeze:
If suckle him as I sleep,
I do not feel that he is drinking me.

He is gentler, this baby to whom I laugh,
than the contour of the hill;
He is lovelier, this child of mine,
Than this world to which he shows himself.

He is more precious, this child of mine,
than heaven and earth;
In my breast he has an ermine pillow,
And, in my singing, velvet.

And his body is as tiny
As the grain of my wheat:
He weighs less than a dream;
He is unseen yet he is with me.

Campanula, where are you going?

'Campanula, where are you going, so blue and
Charming?' 'To the railway station.'

'Campanula, where are you going along this path?'
'To talk to the signalman.'

Sobre el alambre tejido la campanilla es feliz
Y sobre el suelo se extiende con su pintado tapiz.
Campanilla dime, ¿adónde vas que le día termina?
A recostar mi frente azulina.

Campanilla dime, ¿adónde vas con leve temblor?
Voy a dormi mi sueño de flor.
-León Benarós

Pampamapa

Yo no soy de estos pagos pero es lo mismo,
He robado la magia de los caminos.
Esta cruz que me mata me da la vida,
Una copla me sangra que canta herida.

No me pidas que deje mis pensamientos,
No encontrarás la forma de atar al viento,
Si mi nombre te duele échalo al agua,
No quiero que tu boca se ponga amarga.

A la huella, mi tierra, tan trasnochada.
Yo te daré mis sueños, dame tu calma.

Como el pájaro antiguo conozco el rastro,
Sé cuándo el trigo es verde, cuándo hay que amarlo.
Por eso es que, mi vida, no te confundas,
El agua que yo busco es más profunda.

Para que fueras cierta te alcé en un canto,
Ahora te dejo sola, me voy llorando.
Pero nunca, mi cielo, de pena muero,
Junto a la luz del día nazco de Nuevo.

A la huella, mi tierra, tan trasnochada.
Yo te daré mis sueños, dame tu calma.

-Hamlet Lima Quintana

Préstame tu pañuelito

Préstame tu pañuelito
Para secarme los ojos,
Porque llorando me vi
Por tus desdenes y antojos.
¡Ay, de mí, llorando por ti!

Préstame tu pañuelito
Que yo te lo lavaré,
Con lágrimas de mis ojos,
De nieve lo dejaré.
¡Ay, de mí, llorando por ti!

Préstame tu pañuelito
Que tiene flores bordadas,
Que yo te las regaré
Con mis lagrimas lloradas.
¡Ay, de mí, ausente y sin ti!

-León Benarós

One the latticed wire, the campanula is happy,
And it spreads over the ground with its colorful tapestry.
‘Campanula, tell me, where are you going now that
Day is ending?’ ‘To rest my blue brow.’

‘Campanula, tell me, where are you going, shivering
gently?’ ‘I’m going to sleep my flowery sleep.’

Pampamapa

I am not from this area but it is the same-
I have robbed the magic of the paths.
The cross that kills me gives me life,
A song sings of its sanguine wounds.

Do not ask me to leave my thoughts,
You are unable to bind the wind,
if my name hurts you, throw it in the water
I do not want your mouth to turn bitter.

To track my land, I am so haggard,
I will give you my dreams; you give me your calm.

Like an old bird, I know the sign
I know when wheat is green; when one has to love it.
That’s why, my sweetheart, make no mistake about it,
The water I search for is deeper.

So be certain, I raised you in song,
Now I leave you alone, I go crying.
But, my sky, I never die of pains...
Next to the light of day, I am born again.

To track my land, I am so haggard,
I will give you my dreams; you give me your calm.

Lend me your little handkerchief

Lend me your little handkerchief
To dry my eyes,
for I have found myself weeping
Because of your scorn and your whims.
Woe is me, crying because of you!

Lend me your little handkerchief
I’ll wash it for you
With tears from my eyes;
I will leave it snow-white.
Woe is me, crying because of you!

Lend me your little handkerchief
Which has flowers embroidered on it:
I’ll water them
With the tears I weep.
Woe is me, far away and without you!

Viña de Chapanay

Con el alba me levanto porque debo cuidar la viña.
Delicada como una niña es mi viña de Chapanay.
En enero y en febrero la hojarasca le voy quitando,
Con fineza despampanando a mi viña de Chapanay.

Con el alba me levanto y no ceso de trabajar.
Todo el año la estoy queriendo
A mi viña de Chapanay.

Desde marzo, lindamente,
La cosecha ya conseguimos
Y me allegro con los racimos
De mi viña de Chapanay.

Riego en mayo, podo en junio,
Y en noviembre ya floreciendo.
¡Qué bonita se está poniendo
Mi viña de Chapanay!

-León Benarós

Osvald Golijov

Lúa descolorida

Lúa descolorida
como cor de ouro pálido,
Vesme I eu non quixera
Me vises de tan alto.
O espazo que recorres
Lévame, caladiña, nun teu raio.

Astro das almas orfas,
Lúa descolorida,
Eu ben sei que n’alumas
Tristeza cal a miña.
Vai contalo ó teu dono,
E dille que me leve adonde habita.

Mais non lle contes nada,
Descolorida lúa,
Pois nin neste nin noutros
Mundos teréis fortuna.
Se sabe onde a morte
Ten a morada escura,
Dille que corpo e alma xuntamente
Me leve adonde non recorden nunca,
Nin no mundo en que estóu nin nas Alturas.

-Rosalia de Castro (19th Century Calician Text)

Alberto Ginastera

Cinco canciones populares argentinas

Based on Argentinian folk texts

Chacarera

A mi me gustan las ñatas
Y una ñatas me ha tocado
Ñato será el casamiento
Y más ñato el resultado.
Cuando canto chacareras
Me dan ganas de llorar
Porque se me representa
Catamarca Tucumáan.

Vine of Chapanay

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, already flowering.
How beautiful it becomes,
My little vine of Chapanay!

Moon, colorless

Moon, colorless
like the color of pale gold:
you see me and I don’t want you
To see me from the heights above.
Take me, silently, on your ray
In your journey in space.

Star of the orphan souls,
Moon, colorless,
I know that you do not shed light on
Sadness as sad as mine.
Go, tell that to your master
And tell him to take me to his place.

But don’t tell him anything,
Moon, colorless,
because my fate won’t change
Here or in other worlds.
If you know where Death
has her dark mansion,
Tell her to take my body and soul together
to a place where I won’t be ever remembered,
Neither in this world, nor in the heights above.

Chacarera

I love girls with little snob noses
and a snub-nose girl is what I’ve got.
Ours will be a snub-nose wedding
And snub-nosed children will be our lot.
Whenever I sing a chacarera
I makes me want to cry
Because it takes me back to you
Catamarca and Tucuman.

Triste

Ah! Debajo de un limón verde
Donde el agua no corría
Entregué mi Corazón al quien no lo merecía.

Ah! Triste es el día sin sol
Triste es la noche sin luna
Pero más triste es querer sin esperanza ninguna.

Zamba

Hasta las piedras del cerro y las arenas del mar
Me dicen que no te quiera y no te puedo olvidar.
Si el Corazón me has robado
El tuyo me lo has de dar
El que lleva cosa ajena
Con lo suyo had de pagar. Ay!

Arrorró

Arrorró mi nene, arrorró mi sol,
Arrorró pedazo de mi Corazón.
Este nene lindo se quiere dormer
Y el pícaro sueño no quiere venir.

Gato

El gato de mi casa es muy gauchito,
Pero cuando lo bailan zapateadito.
Guitarrita de pino, cuerdas de alambre.
Tanto quiero a las chicas, digo, como a las grandes.

Esa moza que baila mucho la quiero
Pero no para hermana
Que hermana tengo, si,
Pónte al frente
Aunque no sea tu dueño, digo, me gusta verte.

Carlos López Buchardo
Canción del carretero

En las cuchillas se pone el sol;
Las golondrinas han vuelto ya,
Y por la senda del campo verde
Un carretero cantando va:

“Alma de mi alma cómo lloré,
Bajo este cielo lleno de sol,
Cuando agitastes en la tranquera
Tu pañuelito diciendo adiós.”

Ay, paisanita, vuelve a mi amor.
Sin tí, mi vida no puede estar.
Las madre selvas se han marchitado
Y las calandrias no cantan ya.
Y entre los sauces llora el remanso
Porque tus labios no cantan más.

En las cuchillas se ha puesto el sol
Mientras la tarde muriendo está;
Y así cantando va el carretero
Las desventuras de su cantar.

-Gustavo Carabello

Sad

Ah! Beneath a lime tree
where no water flowed,
I gave up my heart to one who did not deserve it.

Ah! Sad is the sunless day.
Sad is the moonless night.
But sadder is to love with no hope at all.

Samba

Even the stones on the hillside and the sand in the sea
Tell me not to love you, but I can't forget you.
If you have stolen my heart,
then you must give me yours.
He who takes what is not his
Must return it in kind. Ah!

Lullaby

Lullaby, my baby, lullaby, my sunshine;
You are all the pieces of my heart.
This pretty baby wants to sleep
And that fickle sleep won't come.

Cat

The cat of the house is most mischievous,
But when he dances, he stamps his feet.
My guitar, though small, with strings make music.
I like the small girls as much as the big ones.

That girl dancing is the one for me.
I don't want her as a sister
I have a sister, yes,
Come to the front.
I may not be your master but I like to see you.

The song of the Wheelwright

In the mountains, the sun is setting;
The swallows have already returned,
and by the path of the green field
the wheelwright sings;

“Soul of my soul, how I cried,
It was under the sky full of sun,
When you shook your handkerchief
in the tavern saying goodbye.”

Come back to me, my love,
Without you, my life cannot be.
The honeysuckles have wilted
And the mockingbirds sing no more.
And between the willow trees, the backwater sobs
Because your lips do not sing anymore.

In the mountains, the sun has already set
While the afternoon is dying;
The wheelwright sings
About the misfortune in his songs.

Vidala

Llueve sobre el campo, Vidalita
Llueve en la ciudad.
También en mi alma Vidalita
Lloviznando está, Vidalita.

En la sombra virgen, Vidalita
Se van las estrellas, Vidalita
Porque tus pupilas, Vidalita
Son más claras que ellas.

¡Aires de mi tierra, Vidalita
Dónde está la calma!
Díles que me muero, Vidalita
Lejos de su alma.

Sobre las cuchillas, Vidalita
Se queja el pampero, Vidalita
Como el eco triste, Vidalita
De mi amor viajero.

La guitarra mía, Vidalita,
Duerme abandonada,
Como la armonía
De una noche helada.

-Gustavo Caraballo

Astor Piazzolla

Los pájaros perdidos
Amo los pájaros perdidos
Que vuelven desde el más allá,
A confundirse con el cielo
Que nunca más podre recuperar.

Vuelven de nuevo los recuerdos,
Las horas jóvenes que di,
Y desde el mar llega un fantasma
Hecho de cosas que amé y perdí.

Todo fue un sueño, un sueño que perdimos,
Como perdimos los pájaros y el mar,
Un sueño breve y antiguo como el tiempo
Que los espejos no pueden reflejar.

Después busqué perderte en tantas otras
Y aquella otra y todas eran vos;
Por fin logré reconocer
cuando un adiós es un adiós,
la soledad me devoró y fuimos dos.

Vuelven los pájaros nocturnos
Que vuelan ciegos sobre el mar
La noche entera es un espejo
Que me devuelve tu soledad.

-Mario Trejo

The Life

It's raining in the countryside, my little life
It's raining in the town.
In my soul too, Vidalita,
It's drizzling, Vidalita.

Into the virgin shadow, Vidalita,
Fall the stars, Vidalita,
Because your pupils, Vidalita
Are brighter than they are.

Airs from my land, Vidalita,
Where all is calm!
Tell them I am dying, Vidalita,
Far from its soul.

On the mountaintops, Vidalita,
Complains the man of the pampas, Vidalita,
Like the sad echo, Vidalita
Of my wandering love.

My guitar, Vidalita,
is sleeping abandoned,
like the harmony
Of a frozen night.

The Lost Birds

I love lost birds
that return from afar off
to blend into the sky
Which I will never be able to recover.

They return once more, the memories,
the youthful hours I spent,
And from the sea comes a phantom
Made of things I have loved and lost.

It was all a dream, a dream we lost,
As we lost the birds and the sea.
A short-lived dream, as old as time,
That mirrors cannot reflect.

Since then I have tried to lose you in so many others,
And that other, every one of them was you;
At last I managed to recognize
when a farewell is a farewell,
Solitude devoured me and we were two.

They return once more, the night-birds
that fly blindly over the sea
the whole night is a mirror
That reflects your solitude back at me.

Jacinto Chiclana

Me acuerdo, fue en Balvanera,
En una noche lejana,

Que alguien dejó caer el nombre
De un tal Jacinto Chiclana.
Algo se dijo también
De una esquina y de un cuchillo.
Los años no dejan ver
El entrevero y el brillo.

¡Quién sabe por qué razón,
Me anda buscando ese nombre!
Me gustaría saber
Cómo habrá sido aquel hombre.
Alto lo veo y cabal,
Con el alma comedida;
Capaz de no alzar la voz
Y de jugarse la vida.

Recitado:

Nadie con paso más firme
Habrá pisado la tierra.
Nadie habrá habido come él,
En el amor y en la guerra.
Sobre la huerta y el patio
Las torres de Balvanera,
Y aquella muerte casual,
En una esquina cualquiera.

Sólo Dios puede saber
La laya fiel de aquel hombre.
Señores, yo estoy cantando
Lo que se cifra en el nombre.
Siempre el coraje es mayor.

Vaya, pues, esta milonga,
Para Jacinto Chiclana.

-Jorge Luis Borges

El títere

A un compadrito le canto
Que era el patrón y el ornato
De las casas menos santas,
Del barrio de Triunvirato.
Atildado en el vestir,
Medio mandón en el trato;

Negro el chambergo y la ropa;
Negro el charol del zapato.

Como luz para el manejo.
Le marcaba un garabato
En la cara el más garifo,
De un solo brinco, a lo gato.

El hombre según se sabe,
Tiene firmado un contrato
Con la muerte; en cada esquina
Lo anda acechando el mal rato.

Jacinto Chiclana

I remember, it was in Balvanera,
One long-distant night,

that someone dropped the name
Of one Jacinto Chiclana.
There was also talk
Of a street corner and a knife.
the passage of years does not allow one to see
The confusion or the gleaming blade.

Who knows why
That name comes looking for me?
I would like to know
What that man was like.
Tall, I can see him, and upright,
With a restrained temperament;
capable of not raising his voice
And of risking his life.

Recitative:

No-one can ever have trodden the ground
With a firmer step.
No-one can have had as much as he did
In love and war.
Above the huerta and the courtyard,
The towers of Balvanera,
and that chance death
At a common street corner.

Ony God can know
The faithful fibre of that man.
Gentlemen, I am eulogizing
What is enshrined in that name.
Courage is always better.

Come, listen to this milonga
In memory of Jacinto Chiclana.

The Puppet

I sing of a compadrito
Who was the boss and the adomment
Of the least saintly establishments
In the Triunvirato district.
Stylish in his dress,
Pretty domineering in his manner,

black of hat and clothes,
Black patent leather for his shoes.

Fast as lightning with a knife.
He could mark a doodle
One someone's face, as sharp as could be,
In a single bound, like a cat.

The man, from what we know,
had signed a contract
with death; at every street corner
That nasty moment was lurking in wait for him.

Ni la "cuartada" ni el grito
Lo salvan al candidato.
La muerte sabe, Señores,
Llegar con sumo recato.

Un balazo lo paró,
En Thames y Triunvirato.
Se mudó a un barrio vecino:
El de la Quinta del Nato.

Estríbillo:

Bailarín y jugador,
No sé si chino o mulato.
Lo mimaba el conventillo,
Que hoy se llama inquilinato.
A las pardas zaguaneras,
No les resultaba ingrato
El amor de ese valiente,
Que les dio tan Buenos ratos.

-Jorge Luis Borges

Carlos Gardel

El día que me quieras
Acaricia mi ensueño
El suave murmullo de tu suspirar,
¡Cómo ríe la vida
Si tus ojos negros me quieren mirar!
Y si es mío el amparo
De tu risa leve que es como un cantar,
Ella quieta mi herida
¡Todo, todo se olvida!

El día que me quieras
La rosa que engalana
Se vestirá de fiesta
Con su major color.
Y al viento las campanas
Dirán que ya eres mía
Y locas las fontanas
Se contarán tu amor

La noche que me quieras
Desde el azul del cielo
Las estrellas celosas
Nos mirarán pasar,
Y un rayo misterioso
Hará nido en tu pelo,
¡Luciernaga curiosa
Que verá... que eres mi consuelo!

-Alfredo Le Pera

Neither a quick flick of the blade nor a cry
Can save the candidate.
Death, gentlemen, knows
How to approach with great circumspection.

A bullet intercepted him
At Thames and Triunvirato.
He moved into a neighboring district,
Namely the Quinta del Nato.

Refrain:

Dancer and gambler,
I don't know if he was Chinese or mulatto.
He was pampered by the brothel
Now known as a 'tenement house.'
The mulatto hostesses
were by no means displeased by
the love of this valiant man
Who gave them so many good times.

The Day You Come to Love Me

How my daydreams are caressed
By the soft murmur of your sigh,
How my life laughs
If your dark eyes chose to look at me!
And if I have the solace
Of your light laugh, so like a song
How my wounds are soothed,
And everything, everything forgotten!

The day you come to love me
The showy rose
will dress for joy
In its very best colors.
In the wind all the bells
will say you're already mine
and the frenzied fountains
will tell each other of your love.

The night you come to love me
from the deep blue of the sky
The jealous stars
will watch as we pass by
and a mysterious ray
will nest in your hair,
a curious firefly
That will see... that you are my comfort.

Artists

Erin Gonzalez graduated in May of this year from Chapman University with a B.M. in Vocal Performance. She won 2nd place in the Opera 100 Scholarship Competition in March 2008. Thus, she will be performing in a recital at Leisure World in November. Miss Gonzalez also won the 2008 Concerto Competition at Chapman University and will get the opportunity to sing with the chamber orchestra in the spring. In addition, Erin was the recipient of the 2007- 2008 Bramledge Opera Award for her outstanding performances with Opera Chapman: Nancy in Britten's "Albert Herring" (Spring 2007), Prince Orlofsky from Strauss II's "Die Fledermaus" (Fall 2008), La Infermiera in Puccini's "Suor Angelica" (Spring 2008) and Ciesca in Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi" (Spring 2008). She currently resides in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Soprano **Rachel Kwak** received her early training at Seoul National University (B.A.), Korea, and went on to advanced studies at the New England Conservatory of Music (M.A.), The Juilliard School (Professional Studies), and the State University of New York at Stony Brook, where she received a Doctorate of Musical Arts. Winner of many competitions including Western Regional and Eastern Regional of the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, Eastern Regional of the National Association of Teachers of Singing Competition, the Loren L. Zachary Society National Vocal Competition, and the Carmel Music Society Vocal Competition. She has sung with various opera houses in the US and abroad including Aspen Opera Theatre Center, Long Beach Opera, Los Angeles Concert Opera Association. Her many concert performances include *Carmina Burana* with the Ventura Chamber Orchestra; *Messiah*, with the Asia America Symphony and the Santa Barbara Chamber Orchestra; *Missa in Tempore Belli* with the Japan America Symphony; and various concerts with the Broadway Bach Ensemble in New York. Most recently, Ms. Kwak was seen in a recital sponsored by the City of Los Angeles Culture Affairs Department and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

Pianist **Tony Cho**, a native of South Korea, enjoys a varied and active career as a vocal collaborator and opera coach. His performances include concerts at Weill Carnegie Hall in New York City, Meany Hall in Seattle, Zipper Hall in Los Angeles, Harris Concert Hall in Aspen, Doris Duke Theatre at Honolulu Academy of Arts in Hawaii, and Heliconian Hall in Toronto, Canada, among many others. He also has participated as a solo pianist in many music festivals including *El Festival Internacional de Jóvenes Pianistas* and the Italian Art Week Festival in Asunción, Paraguay.

As an opera coach he has been associated with such companies as Aspen Opera Theatre Center, Central City Opera, Glimmerglass Opera, Hawaii Opera Theatre, Juilliard Opera Center, Opera Company of Brooklyn, Virginia Opera, and Opera Theatre of Lucca in Italy.

He earned his Doctor of Musical Arts in Piano Performance from the University of Washington; a Master's Degree from the University of Cincinnati, College-Conservatory of Music; and a Bachelor's Degree *cum laude* from Oklahoma State University with a minor in Organ and Spanish Literature.

A former staff member of the Vocal Arts at The Juilliard School, Dr. Cho currently serves as an opera coach at Chapman University and University of Southern California's Thornton Opera. In the 2008-2009 season, he will be preparing *Impresario*, *La Divina*, and *Signor Deluso* for Opera Chapman; *Rape of Lucretia* and *Don Giovanni* for USC Thornton Opera; *Susannah* for Mobile Opera; and *Rinaldo*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *A Little Night Music* for Central City Opera.

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