

SEASON 2025 | 2026

**RICHARD  
OLLARSABA**  
bass-baritone

Side **Quest:**  
**Quixote,**  
the men of  
la mancha

Featuring  
music of:

RAVEL  
IBERT  
DELANNOY  
CHAPÍ  
MASSENET  
LEIGH & DARION

  
**PIEDMONT  
OPERA**

UNIVERSITY of WISCONSIN  
**UWMILWAUKEE**  
  
**Peck School OF THE Arts**

  
**ARIZONA  
OPERA**

## Side Quest: Quixote, the men of La Mancha

<i>Don Quichotte</i> “Riez, allez, riez”	J. Massenet
<i>Don Quichotte à Dulcinée</i> Chanson romanesque Chanson épique Chanson à boire	M. Ravel
<i>La Venta de Don Quijote</i> “Castellana, tan gentil y bondadosa”	R. Chapí
<i>Trois Chansons</i> Chanson du Galérien Chanson du Vigneron Chanson du Matelot	M. Delannoy

\*\*\*INTERMISSION\*\*\*

<i>Man of La Mancha</i> The Man of La Mancha (I, Don Quixote) Dulcinea To Each His Dulcinea (To Every Man His Dream)	M. Leigh & J. Darion
<i>Chanson de Sancho</i>	J. Ibert
<i>Quatre Chansons de Don Quichotte</i> Chanson du départ de Don Quichotte Chanson à Dulcinée Chanson du Duc Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte	

Dedicated to: Jamie Allbritten & Dean Southern

**Don Quichotte (1910)**

Music: Jules Massenet (1842-1912)  
Libretto: Henri Cain (1857-1937)

“Riez, allez, riez”

*Ça, vous commettez tous  
un acte épouvantable,  
Belle dames, seigneurs  
en outrageant ici  
Le héros admirable  
Et hardi que voici.*

*Riez, allez, riez  
du pauvre idéologue  
Qui passe dans son rêve  
et vous parle d'églogue,  
D'amour et de bonté  
comme autrefois Jésus!*

*Moquez-vous sans pitié  
de ses bas décousus  
De son pourpoint usé,  
de ses chausses boueuses,  
Vous... bas fripons, Courtisans, gueuses,  
Qui devriez tomber aux pieds  
De l'être saint dont vous riez*

*Viens, mon grand  
Recommençons les belles chevauchées!  
Viens, mon grand, viens!  
Fonçons sur toute lâcheté  
Et donnons au malheur  
le pain de la bonté  
Viens, mon grand!  
Viens! Viens!*

**Don Quixote**

“Laugh, go on, laugh”

This, you are all committing  
a terrible act,  
You lovely ladies, lords  
insulting here  
The admirable and bold hero  
Before you

Laugh, go on, laugh  
at the poor ideologue  
Who passes in his dream  
and speaks to you in eclogue,  
Of love and kindness  
like Jesus once did!

Mercilessly make fun of  
his unstitched stockings,  
his worn doublet,  
his muddy shoes,  
You... low rascals, courtiers, beggars,  
who should fall at the feet  
Of the holy being you laugh at

Come, master!  
Let's start the beautiful ride again!  
Come, master, come!  
Let's attack all cowardice...  
And let us give misfortune  
the bread of kindness!  
Come on, my lord!  
Come! Come!

**Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (1932–1933)**

Music: Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)  
Text: Paul Morand (1888-1976)

Chanson Romanesque

*Si vous me disiez que la terre  
A tant tournez vous offensa,  
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:  
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.  
Si vous me disiez que l'ennui  
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,  
Déchirant les divins cadastres,  
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.  
Si vous me disiez que l'espace  
Ainsi vidé ne vous plait point,  
Chevalier-dieu, la lance au poing,  
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.  
Mais si vous me disiez que mon sang  
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,  
Je blémirais dessous le blâme  
Et je mourais, vous bénissant.  
O Dulcinée.*

Chanson épique

*Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir  
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,  
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir  
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,  
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre  
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel  
De la Madonne au bleu mantel.  
D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame  
Et son égal en pureté  
Et son égal en piété  
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:  
Ma Dame,  
(O grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)  
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,  
Ma douce Dame si pareille  
A Vous, Madonne au bleu mantel!  
Amen.*

**Don Quixote to Dulcinea**

Romanesque Song

If you told me that the earth  
Has turned so much it offends you,  
I would dispatch Sancho Panza  
And you would see it still and silenced  
If you told me that boredom comes to you  
from the sky overly flowered with stars  
Ripping out the divine maps of stars  
I would mow down the night in one blow.  
If you told me that space  
Thus voided did not pity you  
God-like knight, lance in hand  
I would fill the passing wind with stars.  
But if you to me should say that my blood  
Is more mine than yours, my Lady,  
I would blush underneath the blame  
And I would die, while blessing you.  
O Dulcinea.

Dramatic Song

Good St. Michael who gives me leisure  
To see my Lady and listen to her,  
Good St. Michael who deigns to choose me  
to please and defend her,  
Good St. Michael please descend  
With St. George onto the alter  
Of the Madonna in the blue cloak.  
By a ray from heaven bless my sword  
And its equal in purity  
And its equal in piety  
As well as in modesty and chastity:  
My Lady,  
(Oh great St. George and St. Michael)  
The angel who watches over my watch,  
My sweet Lady so similar  
To you, Madonna in the blue cloak!  
Amen.

### Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,  
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux  
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux  
Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme!

Ah! Je bois A la joie!  
La joie est le seul but  
Où je vais droit... lorsque j'ai bu!  
Ah! La Joie! La...la...la...

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,  
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment  
D'être toujours ce pâle amant  
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

### Song to Drink

To hell with the bastard, illustrious Lady,  
Who lost me in your sweet eyes  
Says that love and old wine  
Put into mourning my heart, my soul!

Ah! I drink to joy!  
Joy is the only goal  
I go straight to when I've drunk!  
Ah! Joy! La...la...la

To hell with the jealous, dark mistress,  
Who groan, who cries, and pledges  
To be always this pale lover  
Who waters down his drunkenness!

### **La Venta de Don Quijote (1902)** Music: Ruperto Chapí (1851-1909) Text: Carlos Fernández Shaw (1865-1911)

#### "Castellana tan gentil y bondadosa"

*Sin duda  
es la hermosísima castellana.  
¡Oh, portento!  
Y es claro, viene en busca de mi  
que soy su dueño.  
¡Cuanto el amor la arrastra!  
¡Cuanto gustarla debo!  
¿Porqué tal susto?  
¡Soy un honrado caballero!  
Pruebas tendreis de que lo soy.*

*Castellana,  
tan gentil y bondadosa,  
tu belleza soberana  
y tu aliento huele a rosa.  
Dejarás que te salude,  
mas no tanto que te bese...  
porque luego no te pese.  
Yo agradezco tus favores,  
y que vengas á mi lado  
requiriendome de amores.  
¡oh, dechado de primores!  
¡oh, mi hermosa Castellana,  
mas preciosa que la luz de la mañana!  
Más ya sabes que no puedo  
que es mi Tisbe sola dueña  
del amor del alma mía;  
que con Tisbe siempre sueña  
mi lozana fantasía!  
Si con ella no lucharas,  
por designios del acaso,  
¡no sin gozo te escaparas  
de este paso!  
Castellana, blanca flor!  
Brisa leve, claro sol!  
Si no fuera por mi Tisbe,  
¡te lo juro por mi honor!  
cuan holgada y complacida  
te quedaras de mi amor!*

### **The Inn of Don Quixote**

#### "Castellana, so gentile and kind"

Without a doubt  
she is the most beautiful Castilian.  
Oh wonder!  
And it's clear, she comes in search of me  
that I am her lord.  
How love rouses her!  
How much I must please her!  
Why so frightened?  
I am an honest gentleman!  
You will have proof that I am.

Lady of Castile,  
so gentile and caring,  
your sovereign beauty  
and your breath smells of roses.  
Let me greet you,  
but not so much that I kiss you...  
so that later you won't regret it.  
I appreciate your favors,  
and that you come to my side  
requiring me of love.  
Oh, paragon of beauty!  
Oh, my beautiful Castellana,  
More precious than the morning light!  
But you know that I cannot let  
my Thisbe be the sole mistress  
of my soul's love;  
for my lush imagination always  
dreams of Thisbe.  
If you did not fight with her  
by chance's designs,  
You would not escape  
this step without joy!  
Castellana, white flower...  
Light breeze, clear sun!  
If it weren't for my Thisbe,  
I swear to you on my honor,  
how comfortable and content  
you will be with my love!

**Trois Chansons (1932–1934)**  
Music: Marcel Delannoy (1898-1962)

Chanson de Galérien  
Text: Anonymous  
(after Cervantes)

O Dieu,  
Sauveur du monde  
Pardonne moi  
Car sur la mer profonde  
Mourir je dois.  
Dedans une galère  
suis détenu  
Pour avoir père et mère,  
hélas! battu.

L'amour  
L'amour des dames  
M'a bien détruit  
et dans cette galère  
Hélas! conduit  
Nuit et jour la taverne  
je fréquentais  
Etant de mal gouverné  
chacun frappais

A!  
Tout nu en chemise!  
Las! il faut ramer  
Nuit et jour sans feintise  
sur cette mer  
De nerfs de bœfs sans cesse  
Battu je suis  
Je n'ai plus de caresses  
de mes amis

**Three Songs**

Song of the Galley Slave

O God,  
savior of the world,  
forgive me,  
for I must die  
on the deep sea.  
Within a galley  
I am detained,  
for having a father and mother,  
alas beaten!

Love  
Love of ladies  
has destroyed me,  
and in this galley –  
alas, led me!  
Night and day  
I went to the tavern,  
being ill-governed  
was bashed by all.

Ah!  
Naked in a shirt!  
Alas! I have to row  
day and night without pretense  
on this sea!  
By bludgeons unceasingly  
I am beaten;  
I no longer have the caresses  
of my friends!

Chanson du Vigneron  
Text: Jacques Chabannes (1900-1994)

Quand las de ses souffrances  
L'homme lève vers Dieu.  
Son regard douloureux  
Et vide d'espérance  
Dieu lui dit:  
La terre est dure,  
Le ciel est noir  
Sous la froidure  
On perd l'espoir  
Prends patience  
Sur le coteau  
Vigne s'élançe  
Les ceps sont beaux.

L'amoureux a sa belle  
A dit son tendre amour.  
A tous ses beaux discours  
Elle paraît rebelle  
Dieu lui dit:  
Printemps s'avance  
Verts sont les prés  
Garde espérance  
Viendra l'été  
Prends patience  
Sur le coteau  
Vigne s'élançe  
Raisins sont beaux.

En vigne chacun porte  
Ce qu'il a de meilleur.  
L'oubli et la chaleur  
Au fond de sa comporte.  
Dieu nous dit:  
Satan s'écroule  
Est sans pouvoir  
Quand le vin coule  
Dans le pressoir  
Doux comme un ange  
Le jus divin  
De la vendange  
De nos raisins.

Song of the Winemaker

When tired of sufferings,  
man looks toward God,  
His gaze, painful  
and devoid of hope  
God tells him:  
The earth is hard,  
the sky is black,  
In the cold  
we lose hope.  
Have patience:  
on the hill  
the vineyard soars up,  
the vines are fine.

The lover has his beautiful one  
spoke of his tender love.  
To all of his fine speeches  
she appears rebellious.  
God says to him:  
Spring advances,  
the meadows are green,  
Have hope  
that summer will come.  
Have patience:  
on the hill  
the vineyard soars;  
the grapes are fine.

In the vineyard everyone brings  
The best they have.  
Oblivion and warmth  
at the root of their being.  
God tells us:  
Satan collapses  
and is powerless  
When the wine flows  
in the winepress  
Sweet as an angel  
The divine juice  
from the vintage  
of our grapes.

*Chanson du Matelot*

Text: Georges-Andre Cuel (1889-1956)  
Marcel Belvianes (1893-1985)

*Avoir vingt ans  
pour bicoque un bateau  
Toque, trinque, choque  
Avec les matelots.  
Changer, certes, de défroque  
Moins souvent que d'horizon  
Emporter de la bonne humeur  
en cargaison.  
Voilà quelle est notre vie  
Vous fait elle point envie.*

[Refrain:] *Ohé! Marins et capitaines!  
Ohé! brûleurs de cœurs!  
Ohé briseurs de chaines!  
Accourez pour danser la danse  
Avec la bateau qui s'élance  
Sur les flots où le vent  
met des frisons d'argent.*

*Le ciel est dans notre âme  
autant que dans nos yeux  
Toque, trinque, choque  
Avec les gars joyeux  
Chaque port lointain évoque  
Pour nous autres les marins  
Filles aux bras nerveux amoureux  
et câlins.  
Chacune en sa chair fleurie  
A le gout de sa patrie.*

[Refrain:] ...

*Le rêve est sur le mât  
sous la coque est la mort  
Toque, trinque, choque  
Avec le mauvais sort  
Qui du gros temps ne se moque  
Ne doit jamais voyager  
Rien ne vaut de se sentir fort  
dans le danger  
Le péril ça vient et ça vire  
Honneur à qui sait en rire!*

[Refrain:] ...

Song of the Sailor

For twenty years  
I have a boat as my shanty  
– knock, clink, bang glasses  
with the sailors.  
I change, of course, my rags  
less often than the horizon  
to carry a good humor  
as cargo;  
That is our life –  
Wouldn't you envy it?

[Refrain:] *Ahoy! Sailors and captains!  
Ahoy! Burners of hearts!  
Ahoy, chain breakers!  
Hurry to dance the dance  
with the boat that soars  
on the waves where the wind  
places silver tresses.*

The sky is in our heart  
as much as in our eyes  
– knock, clink, bang glasses  
with the merry men.  
Each far away port evokes  
for us sailors  
Girls with sinewy arms, loving  
and cuddly.  
Each in her flowery flesh  
Has the taste of her homeland.

[Refrain:] ...

The dream is on the mast:  
Death is under the hull  
– knock, clink, bang glasses  
with bad luck.  
He who does not mock bad weather  
Should never travel.  
Nothing beats feeling strong  
in the face of danger.  
Peril comes and goes,  
honor to those who know to laugh at it.

[Refrain:] ...

**Man of La Mancha (1965)**

Book: Dale Wasserman (1914-2008)  
Music: Mitch Leigh (1928-2014)  
Lyrics: Joe Darion (1911-2001)

Man of la Mancha (I, Don Quixote)

Hear me now  
oh thou bleak and unbearable world,  
Thou art base and debauched as can be;  
And a knight with his banners  
all bravely unfurled  
Now hurls down his gauntlet to thee!

I am I, Don Quixote,  
The Lord of La Mancha,  
My destiny calls and I go,  
And the wild winds of fortune  
will carry me onward,  
Oh whithersoever they blow,  
Onward to glory I go!

Hear me, heathens and wizards  
and serpents of sin!  
All your dastardly doings are past,  
For a holy endeavor is now to begin  
And virtue shall triumph at last!

I am I, Don Quixote,  
The Lord of La Mancha,  
My destiny calls and I go,  
And the wild winds of fortune  
Will carry me onward,  
Oh whithersoever they blow,  
Onward to glory I go!

Dulcinea

I have dreamed thee too long,  
Never seen thee or touched thee,  
but known thee with all of my heart,  
Half a prayer, half a song,  
Thou hast always been with me,  
though we have been always apart.

Dulcinea...Dulcinea...  
I see heaven when I see thee, Dulcinea,  
And thy name is like a prayer an angel  
whispers...  
Dulcinea...Dulcinea!

If I reach out to thee,  
Do not tremble and shrink  
from the touch of my hand on thy hair,  
Let my fingers but see  
Thou art warm and alive,  
and no phantom to fade in the air.

Dulcinea...Dulcinea...  
I have sought thee, sung thee,  
dreamed thee, Dulcinea!  
Now I've found thee,  
and the world shall know thy glory,  
Dulcinea...Dulcinea!

To each his Dulcinea  
(To everyman a dream)

To each his Dulcinea  
That he alone can name...  
To each a secret hiding place  
Where he can find the haunting face  
To light his secret flame.

For with his Dulcinea  
Beside him so to stand,  
A man can do quite anything,  
Out fly the bird upon the wing,  
Hold moonlight in his hand.

Yet if you build your life on dreams  
It's prudent to recall,  
A man with moonlight in his hand  
Has nothing there at all.

There is no Dulcinea,  
She's made of flame and air,  
And yet how lovely life would seem  
If every man could weave a dream  
To keep him from despair.

To each his Dulcinea  
Though she's naught but flame and air!

**Chanson de Sancho (1933)**

*Music: Jacques Ibert (1890-1962)*  
*Text: Alexandre Arnoux (1884-1973)*  
Paul Morand

*Ah! quell' bell' vie*  
*La cheval'rie*  
*Dans cette auberge là*  
*Loin de Madam' Pansa*  
*Sauvons Princesses*  
*Et même Altesses*  
*Nous embrochons, moutons*  
*et prisonniers félons*

[Refrain:] *Viv' ment mon ile*  
*Que j' sois tranquille*  
*Les saucissons bien gros*  
*Et l' vin d' Manzanilla*  
*Saucissons ci*  
*Saucissons là*  
*Tous ces saucissons là*  
*C' est pour Sancho Pansa*

*Adieu la rousse*  
*Adieu la frousse*  
*Dans cette auberge là*  
*Loin de Madam' Pansa*  
*Posons la lance*  
*Faisons bombance*  
*La Polic', Dieu merci,*  
*Ne viendra pas ici*

[Refrain:] ...

**Song of Sancho**

Ah! What a beautiful life  
Chivalry is  
In this inn  
far from Mrs. Panza  
We save Princesses  
and even Highnesses,  
We skewer sheep  
and felonious prisoners!

[Refrain:] Long live my island!  
Let me be at peace  
These fat sausages  
and the Manzanilla wine  
Sausages here,  
Sausages there,  
All the sausages are there  
for Sancho Panza!

Farewell redhead,  
Farewell to fear,  
In this inn far  
from Mrs. Panza  
let's put down our spears  
and let us feast:  
the police, thank God  
will not come here!

[Refrain:] ...

**Quatre Chansons de Don Quichotte (1933)**

Chanson du Départ de Don Quichotte  
*Text: Pierre de Ronsard (1524-1585)*

*Ce château neuf, ce nouvel édifice*  
*Tout enrichi de marbre et de porphyre*  
*Qu' amour bâtit château de son empire*  
*Où tout le ciel a mis son artifice*  
*Est un rempart, un fort contre le vice*  
*Où la vertu maîtresse se retire*  
*Que l' œil regarde et que l' esprit admire*  
*Forçant les coeurs à lui faire service.*  
*C' est un château, fait de telle sorte*  
*Que nul ne peut approcher de la porte*  
*Si des grands Rois il n' a sauvé sa race*  
*Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.*  
*Nul chevalier tant soit aventureux*  
*Sans être tel ne peut gagner la place.*

**Four Songs of Don Quixote**

Song of the Departure of Don Quixote

This new castle, this new building,  
enriched with marble and porphyry,  
where Love built a castle for his empire  
and all of heaven added their skills,  
a rampart, a fortress against vice,  
Where the mistress Virtue hides away,  
that the eye beholds and the spirit admires,  
forcing hearts to her service.  
It is a castle, made in such a way  
that none may approach its door  
unless he's saved his race from Great Kings,  
Victorious, valiant and loving.  
No knight, no matter how adventurous,  
can enter without being such a person.

Chanson à Dulcinée  
Text: Alexandre Arnoux

*Un an, me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.*

*Mais, Amour a peint son visage,  
A fin d'adoucir ma langueur.  
Dans la fontaine et le nuage,  
Dans chaque aurore et chaque fleur.*

*Un an, me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.*

*Toujours proche et toujours lointaine,  
Étoile mes longs chemins.  
Le vent m'apporte son haleine  
Quand il passe sur les jasmins.*

*Un an, me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.*

Chanson du Duc  
Text: Alexandre Arnoux

*Je veux chanter ici  
la Dame de mes songes  
Qui m'exalte aux dessus  
de ce siècle de boue  
Son cœur de diamant  
est vierge de mensonges  
La rose s'obscurcit  
au regard de sa joue*

*Pour Elle, j'ai tenté  
les hautes aventures  
Mon bras a délivré  
la Princesse en servage  
J'ai vaincu l'Enchanteur,  
confondu les parjures  
Et ployé l'univers  
à lui rendre l'hommage*

*Dame par qui je vais,  
seul dessus cette terre,  
Qui ne soit prisonnier  
de la fausse apparence  
Je soutiens contre tout  
Chevalier téméraire  
Votre éclat non pareil  
et votre précellence.*

Song to Dulcinea

A day lasts a year  
if I don't see my Dulcinea.

But Love, has painted her face,  
to sweeten my languishing  
in the fountain and the cloud,  
in every dawn and every flower.

A day lasts a year  
if I don't see my Dulcinea.

Ever near and ever far,  
star of my long journeys.  
The wind brings me her breath  
when it blows over the jasmine flowers.

A day lasts a year  
if I don't see my Dulcinea.

Song of the Duke

Here let me sing  
the lady of my dreams,  
who raises me above  
this muddy century.  
Her diamond heart  
has never known a lie,  
The rose hides itself  
at the sight of her cheek.

It is for her  
that I attempted high adventures.  
My arm freed  
the princess from servitude.  
I defeated the enchanter  
and confounded the forsworn.  
I bent the universe  
to pay her homage.

Lady for whom I roam  
alone on this earth,  
the only one not a prisoner  
of false appearances,  
I maintain before  
any foolhardy knight  
your peerless brilliance  
and excellence.

Chanson de la Mort de Don Quichotte  
Text: Alexandre Arnoux

*Ne pleure pas Sancho,  
Ne pleure pas, mon bon  
Ton maître n'est pas mort,  
Il n'est pas loin de toi  
Il vit dans une île heureuse  
où tout est pur  
et sans mensonges  
Dans l'île enfin trouvée  
où tu viendras un jour  
Dans l'île désirée  
O mon ami Sancho  
Les livres sont brûlés  
Et font un tas de cendres  
Si tous les livres m'ont tué  
Il suffit d'un pour que je vive.  
Fantôme dans la vie,  
Et réel dans la mort  
Tel est l'étrange sort  
du pauvre Don Quichotte.*

Song of the Death of Don Quixote

Don't cry, Sancho.  
Don't cry, my good-fellow.  
Your master isn't dead,  
he isn't far from you.  
He lives on a happy island  
where everything is pure  
and there are no lies.  
He has found his island at last,  
and some day you will join him  
on this long-desired island,  
My dear friend, Sancho  
The books are burned  
And form piles of ashes.  
If all the books killed me,  
One would suffice so that I live.  
A phantom in life  
and real in death -  
such is the strange fate  
of poor Don Quixote.

## 2025 | 2026 PROGRAM PRESENTATIONS

**\*\*Program Premiere\*\***

7:30PM, OCTOBER 2

University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Peck School of the Arts

Recital Hall - Music Building, Milwaukee, WI

Piano - Aurelia Andrews

7:00PM, NOVEMBER 8

Arizona Opera

Wittcoff Black Box Theater, Phoenix, AZ

Piano - Brian DeMaris

7:00PM, MARCH 5

Piedmont Opera

Calvary Moravian Church, Winston-Salem, NC

Piano - Eric McEnaney