

Spring 2014 Upcoming Events

*\$ - **General Admission** tickets are \$10 for adult, \$8 for senior (age 60 and older), and free for students with ID and those under age 18. These tickets are available at the door before each performance, online at music.msu.edu, over the phone at 517.353.5340, or in person in Room 102, Music Building, 333. W. Circle Dr., M-F, 8:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m.*

*RESERVED - **Reserved Seating** tickets are \$15 for adults, \$12 for senior (age 60 and older), and \$5 for students with ID and those under age 18. These tickets are available at the door before each performance, online at music.msu.edu, over the phone at 517.353.5340, or in person in Room 102, Music Building, 333. W. Circle Dr., M-F, 8:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m.*

Tickets purchased at Wharton Center, for events held there, have a \$3.00 restoration fee added. This is not a College of Music fee.

MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY | COLLEGE OF MUSIC

presents

Faculty Artist Recital

Richard Fracker, Tenor
Judy Kabodian, Piano

“Love Tropes”

*A Romantic Evening of Musical Clichés,
Chestnuts, and Bromides*

“Love is not love

Which alters when it alternation finds,

Or bends with the remover to remove;

O no! it is an ever-fixed mark

That looks on tempests and is never shaken”

--William Shakespeare, from “Sonnet 116”

3:00 pm, Sunday, February 23, 2014
Cook Recital Hall

Program

The Love Slap of Epiphany . . .

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai *from Dichterliebe* Robert Schumann
Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
Ich grolle nicht
Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
Allnächtlich im Traume
Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Die alten, bösen Lieder

Intermission

Fatal Attraction . . .

Non piangere, Liù *from Turandot* Giacomo Puccini
(1928-1954)

The Masochism Tango . . .

Amapola Joseph M. Lacalle
(1860-1937)
Bésame Mucho Consuelo Velázquez
(1916-2005)
¡No puede ser! *from La tabernera del Puerto* Pablo Sorozábal
(1897-1988)

Love Makes You Crazy . . .

I'm Falling in Love with Someone

Nice Guys Finish Last . . .

Lonely House *from Street Scene* Kurt Weill
(1900-1950)

My Sister is Off Limits . . .

Maria *from West Side Story* Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

Destructive Romance . . .

Nessun dorma *from Turandot* Giacomo Puccini
(1928-1954)

Translations

Act II

Non piangere, Liù (Don't cry, Liù)

Don't cry, Liù, if in a faraway day I have smiled to you. For that smile, my sweet girl, listen to me. Your lord will be, tomorrow maybe—alone in the world. Don't leave him . . . carry him with you. Of exile, you sweeten for him, the road this . . . this . . . oh my poor Liù—to your little heart that doesn't faint—pray for the one that doesn't smile anymore!

Amapola

Of love, between your iron railings, listen to love's sad lamenting. Of the love that once sounded in my heart with its sweet song. Amapola, my most beautiful Amapola—my soul will always be yours alone. I love you, my beloved little one, like a flower loves the light of day. Amapola, my most beautiful Amapola, do not be so ungrateful and love me! Amapola, Amapola—how can you live all alone!

Bésame Mucho (Kiss me, kiss me again and again)

Kiss me, kiss me again and again, as if tonight were the very last time. Kiss me, kiss again and again, because I'm afraid I'll lose you, lose you again. I want to keep you close to me—to see the reflection in your eyes—to feel you next to me—to think that perhaps tomorrow I will already be far away—oh so very far from you!

¡No puede ser! (It cannot be!)

It cannot be! It cannot be! This lady is good. She cannot be an evil woman! In her eyes, like a strange light, I have seen that this lady is unlucky. She cannot be a vulgar siren, poisoning the hours of my life—because I have seen her pray, because I have seen her love, because I have seen her weep . . . Eyes that weep cannot tell lies, evil women do not have that look. I have seen two tears glitter in her eyes and I deceive myself that they cry for me. Bright light of my illusion—be merciful with my love because I cannot pretend, because I cannot be silent—because I cannot go on!

Nessun dorma (No one sleeps)

No one sleeps! No one sleeps! You too, O Princess! In your chaste room are watching the stars which tremble with love and hope! But my secret lies hidden within me, no one shall discover my name! Oh no, I will reveal it only on your lips, when daylight shines forth and my kiss shall break the silence which makes you mine no one shall discover my name! And we will have to die! Depart, oh night! Fade away, you stars! At dawn I shall win!

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

I wept in my dream, I dreamed you lay in the grave. I woke up, and the tears still flowed down from my cheeks. I wept in my dream, I dreamed you left me. I woke up, and I wept still for a long time—bitterly. I wept in my dream. I dreamed you still loved me. I woke up and even now my flood of tears continue to stream.

Allnächtlich im Traume

Nightly in my dream I see you and I see you kindly greeting me, and loudly starting to cry I throw myself at your sweet feet. You look at me wistfully, and shake your blond little head; from your eyes steal the pearly teardrops. You say to me secretly a soft word and give me a cypress bouquet. I wake up and the bouquet is gone—and the word I have forgotten . . .

Aus alten Märchen winkt es

From old fairy tales beckons it forth with a white hand; it sings and makes the music of a magical land where colored flowers bloom in golden twilight and glow while exhaling lovely fragrance with a bridal face and green trees sing primeval melodies. The breezes secretly resound and birds lend their songs to the breeze; and misty figures rise forth indeed out of the earth and dance airily dances in a strange chorus; and blue sparks burn on every leaf and twig and red lights run in a mad, chaotic circle; and loud springs burst out of rough marble stone and strangely in the brooks shines forth the reflection. Ah, could I there go and gladden my heart; and from all torment be relieved and free and blissful be! Ah, that land of rapture, oft I see it in a dream; but comes the morning sun and melts it like vain foam . . .

Die alten, bösen Lieder

The old, bad songs—the dreams bad and wicked—let us bury them now; fetch a large coffin. I lay in it many things—but I will not say what; the coffin must be much larger than the vat at Heidelberg. And fetch a death-bier, of planks firm and thick. They must be longer than the bridge at Mainz. And fetch me also twelve giants; they must be stronger than the holy, strong Christopher in the cathedral at Cologne on the Rhine. They shall the coffin carry away, and sink it down into the sea; for such a large coffin deserves a large grave. Know you why the coffin indeed so large and heavy must be? I sink also my love and my pain within . . .

Artist Bios

Tenor **Richard Fracker** has performed regularly in opera houses and concert halls throughout the world, including ten seasons and over 160 performances with the New York Metropolitan Opera. Fracker made 15 appearances in Texaco's "Live from the MET" international and national radio and television broadcasts, encompassing 17 roles and the tenor lead in Philip Glass's MET debut opera *The Voyage*. Known for his versatility both vocally and dramatically, Fracker has enthusiastically explored both traditional and contemporary repertoires. Traditional highlights include national and international leading tenor performances in *Tosca*, *La Bohème*, *La Fille du Régiment*, *Rigoletto*, *La Traviata*, *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*, and *La Rondine* among others. Contemporary highlights include world debuts of Philip Glass's *Hydrogen Jukebox* and *Orphee*, as well as Fracker's critically acclaimed Carnegie Hall leading tenor debut in Glass's demanding *Civil Wars*. A member of Columbia Artist's revival of the *Bel Canto Trio*, Fracker toured throughout the United States and Canada in the role originally performed by Mario Lanza. In March, 2014 Fracker travels to Norway for three performances of Calaph in Puccini's *Turandot*.

Judy Kabodian received her Bachelor of Music in organ performance from Michigan State University in 1982 and celebrates 40 years as a church organist, the last 20 years as the church organist at The Peoples Church in East Lansing. A fixture in vocal accompaniment at the Michigan State College of Music since 1997, Judy accompanies the University Choral, State Singers, Women's Chamber Ensemble and the MSU Children's Choir in addition to her collaborative work with soloists.

Translations
Act I
From Dichterliebe

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
(in the wondrously beautiful month of May)

In the wondrously beautiful month of May when all the buds are booming—then in my heart did love rise up. In the wondrously beautiful month of May when all the birds sang, then to her I have confessed my yearning and my longing . . .

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

From my tears sprout many blooming flowers and my sighs will become a nightingale's chorus. And if you love me, child, I will give all the flowers to you. And outside your window will sound the song of the nightingale . . .

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun—I loved them all once in love's bliss. I love them no more, I love only the small one, the fine one, the pure-one, the One; I love her alone . . .

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

When I look into your eyes, so vanishes all my pain and woe; yet when I kiss your mouth so I become wholly and entirely healthy. When I myself lie against your breast, a heavenly longing comes over me; yet when you would say "I love you"—so then must I weep bitterly . . .

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

I want to immerse my soul into the chalice of the lily; the lily will exhale a song from my beloved. The song shall shiver and tremble like the kiss from her lip that she once gave me, in a wondrously sweet hour . . .

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

In the Rhein, in the beautiful holy stream, there reflects in its waves—the great, the great holy cathedral of Cologne. In the cathedral stands an image, on golden leather (background) painted into the wilderness of my life has it shined. There hovers flowers and little angels around our beloved Lady; the eyes, the lips, the cheeks—they match my beloved's exactly . . .

Ich grolle nicht

I bear no grudge against you even though my heart is breaking! Eternally lost love, I bear no grudge. Although you shine in diamond-like splendor, no ray of light falls into the night of your heart. I have known that for a long time. I bear no grudge against you even though my heart is breaking. I saw you, yes—in a dream, and I saw the night of the room in your heart and the snake that feeds upon your heart. I saw, my dearest, how extremely miserable you are—I bear no grudge against you . . .

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen

And if the flowers knew; the small ones—how deeply wounded is my heart—they would weep with me to heal my pain. And if the nightingales knew how sad and sick I am—they would let forth a happy sounding, refreshing song. And if they knew my hurt; the golden little starts would come from their heights and would speak consolation to me. They all cannot know it, only one knows my pain—she has indeed herself torn apart my heart . . .

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

There is the sound of flute and fiddles, and of blasting trumpets; it is certainly the wedding dance of my sweetheart. There is the ringing and droning from drums and shawms (early oboe)—a drumming and sounding of shawms. In the midst of sob and moan, of the good little angels . . .

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

If I hear that little song that once my beloved sang—my heart wants to break from the wild pressure of the pain. A dark longing drives me up into the high forest and there dissolves into tears—my overly-great grief . . .

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

A boy loves a girl, who has chosen another man. This other man loves another girl, and had himself with that one wedded. The girl takes out of spite the first man to come along who happens to cross her path; the boy is sick from it. It is an old story, yet it remains ever new; and to whom it just happened—for him, the heart breaks in two . . .

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

On a shining summer morning, I stroll about the garden. The flowers whisper and speak; I however walk silently. The flowers whisper and speak and look sympathetically at me. "Do not be angry with our sister, you sad, pale man" . . .