A Traditional Sampler

with
Mark Rucker, baritone
Sadie Rucker, piano

Wednesday, March 1, 2017, at 7:30 p.m.
Fairchild Theatre, MSU Auditorium
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Piece</th>
<th>Composer</th>
<th>Birth-Year - Death-Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Il Prologo from <em>I Pagliacci</em></td>
<td>Ruggero Leoncavallo</td>
<td>(1857-1919)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per la gloria d’adorarvi</td>
<td>Giovanni Bononcini</td>
<td>(1670-1747)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebben, crudele</td>
<td>Antonio Caldara</td>
<td>(1670-1736)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caro mio ben</td>
<td>Giuseppe Giordani</td>
<td>(1751-1798)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Già il sole dal Gange</td>
<td>Alessandro Scarlatti</td>
<td>(1660-1725)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nel Giardino</td>
<td>Francesco Santoliquido</td>
<td>(1883-1971)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chanson Triste</td>
<td>Henri Duparc</td>
<td>(1848-1933)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phidylé</td>
<td>Henri Duparc</td>
<td>(1848-1933)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dichterliebe</td>
<td>Robert Schumann</td>
<td>(1810-1856)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Im wunderschönen Monat Mai</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aus meinen Thränen spriessen</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die Rose, die Lilie</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wenn ich in deine Augen seh’</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ich grolle nicht</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wie bist du, meine Königin (op.32 #9)</td>
<td>Johannes Brahms</td>
<td>(1833-1897)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zueignung</td>
<td>Richard Strauss</td>
<td>(1864-1949)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nemico della Patria from <em>Andrea Chénier</em></td>
<td>Umberto Giordano</td>
<td>(1867-1948)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INTERMISSION

It is Enough from *Elijah*  
Felix Mendelssohn  
(1809-1847)  
Dean James Forger, saxophone

Songs of Love from *Songs for Voice and Piano*  
Dr. Lena McLin  
(b. 1929)  
Silence  
The Unlucky Apple  
If I could give you all I have

I’m a soldier in the army of the Lord  
Arr. by Dr. Lena McLin

Ride On King Jesus  
Arr. by Hall Johnson  
(1888-1970)

His eye is on the sparrow  
Charles H. Gabriel  
(1856-1932)

Hold out your light  
Arr. by Dr. Lena McLin  
(b. 1929)

*Reverend Dr. Lena McLin, Extraordinary Teacher, Composer, Minister and Mentor. Dr. McLin, born in Atlanta and a childhood friend of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. is the niece of Thomas A. Dorsey, known as the father of gospel music. She has published numerous works including tributes to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. and Gwendolyn Brooks, cantatas, pieces for orchestra, chorus and solo voice. Dr. McLin was both Teacher and Mentor for Mark when he attended Kenwood Academy in Hyde Park, Chicago, his home town. She announced to him that one day he would “Sing at the Met. “ When he made his debut she was in the front row! Dr. McLin still teaches privately and is a tireless mentor and advocate for aspiring young musicians.*
TRANSLATIONS

English Translations for Arias, Il Prologo and Nemico Della Patria

IL PROLOGO (The Prologue from I Pagliacci) by Ruggiero Leoncavallo

Please? Will you allow me? Ladies! Gentleman! Excuse me if I appear thus alone. I am the Prologue. Since our author is reviving on our stage the masks of ancient comedy, he wishes to restore for you, in part, the old stage customs, and once more, he sends me to you. But not, as in the past, to reassure you, saying, “The tears we shed are false, so do not be alarmed by our agonies or violence!” No! No! Our author has endeavoured, rather to paint for you a slice of life, his only maxim being that the artist is a man, and he must write for men. Truth is his inspiration. Deep-embedded memories stirred one day within his heart, and with real tears he wrote, and marked the time with sighs! Now then, you will see men love as in real life they love, and you will see true hatred and its bitter fruit. And you will hear shouts both of rage and grief, and cynical laughter. Mark well, therefore, our souls, rather than the poor players’ garb we wear, for we are men of flesh and bone, like you, breathing the same air of this orphan world. This, then, is our design. Now give heed to its unfolding. On with the show! Begin!

From English translation of original Italian text, EMI (U.S.) Ltd., 1954

NEMICO DELLA PATRIA from Andrea Chénier by Umberto Giordani

An enemy of his country? It’s the same old fable that the people drink up happily. Was he born in Constantinople? A foreigner! Did he study at St. Cyr? A soldier! A traitor! An accomplice of Dumouriez! Is he a poet? “A subverter of hearts and of customs.” Once it was joyous to me to walk among hatred and vengeance, pure, innocent and strong I believed myself a giant but I am still a servant-I have merely changed masters! An obedient servant of my violent passions! Ah, worse! I kill and tremble, and while killing, I cry! I, a child of the Revolution, was among the first to hear it cry out into the world, and I combined my own cry with it. Have I now lost faith in this destiny I dreamed about? How my path shone with glory! To awaken the conscience in men’s hearts! To eliminate the tears of the downtrodden and the suffering! To transform the world in to a Pantheon! To change men into gods and in a single kiss and embrace, to love all of mankind! Now I deny that sacred ideal! I have filled my heart with hatred, and what has made me thus-the irony of it-is love. I am a voluptuary! Here is my new master: my sensuality! Everything is a lie! The only truth is passion! Translation by Martin L. Sokol
PER LA GLORIA – Bononcini
Per la gloria d’adoravi
voglio amarvi,
o luci care.
Amando penero,
ma sempre v’amero,
si, si, nel mio penare:
penero,
v’amero,
luci care.
Senza speme di diletto
vano affetto
e sospirare,
ma i vostri dolci:
rai chi vagheggiar puo mai
e non, e non v’amare?
penero,
v’amero,
luci care!

For the glory of adoring you
I want to love you,
oh dear eyes.
In love I will suffer,
yet always I will love you,
Yes, in my suffering:
I will suffer,
I will love you,
dear, dear eyes.

SEBBEN CRUDELE – Caldara
Sebben, crudele
mi fai languir,
Sempre fedele
ti volgio amar.
Con la lunghezza
del mio servir
la tua firezza
sapio stancar

Although, cruel love,
you make me languish,
I will always
love you true.
With patience
of my serving
I will be able to tire out
your pride.

CARO MIO BEN – Giordani
Caro mio ben
credimi almen,
senza di te
languisce il cor.
Il tuo fedel
sospira ognor;
Cessa, crudel,
tanto rigor!

My dear beloved,
believe me at least.
without you
my heart languishes.
Your faithful one
always sighs;
cease, cruel one,
so much punishment.

GIA IL SOLE DAL GANGE –
Scarlatti
Gia il sole dal gange
piu chiaro sfavilla
e terge ogni stilla
del alba che piange.
Col raggio dorato
in gemme ogni stello;
e gli astri del cielo
di pinge nel pranto

Already, from over the Ganges,
the sun sparkles more brightly
and dries every drop
of the dawn, which weeps.
With the gilded ray
it adorns each blade of grass;
and the stars of the sky
it paints in the field.
NEL GIARDINO – Santoliquido
Un’ ora dolce passa
sul giardino,
Un, ora piena di silenzio e di pace,
Tutta inondata dal profumo dei fiori,
La fontana si tace ed i viali
candeserti,
Inoltriamo: Non ce che ie Sole.
Un sole giallo, che ci guarda e sorride,
E non repetera le parole
divine,
Che ci sussuremo inebriati
Ahi Vien! Sediamoci qui
Un’ ora dolce passa
sul giardino.

CHANSON TRISTE – Duparc
Dans ton coeur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d’été,
Et pour fuir la vie imporantue,
Je me noierai dans ta clarte.
J’oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste coeur et mes pensees
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.
Tu prendras ma tête malade;
Oh! Quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;
Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristes,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guerirai.

The hour of sweetness has past
on the garden,
the hour is full of silence and peace
all is permeated with the perfume of the flowers
the fountain quiet and the street deserted
furthermore: there is no sun.
The sun yellow, there looks and smiles
and refrains from speaking a divine word
There we sighed inebriatedly
Ah! Come! Let us sit here
The hour of sweetness has past
on the garden

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
Had to escape her cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light
I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.
You will rest my poor head
Ah! Sometimes in your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak to us;
And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.
PHIDYLE – Duparc
L’herbe est molle au sommeil
Sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues, qui dans les prés en fleur
Germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.
Repose, ô Phidylé!
Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne et t’invite au sommeil!
Par le trefle et le thym,
Seules, en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages;
Un chaud parfum circule
Au detour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des bles s’incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l’aile
la colline,
Cerchent l’ombre des églantiers.
Mais, quand l’Astre, incline
sur sa courbe eclairante,
Verra ses ardeurs s’apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire
Et ton meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l’attente!

The grass is soft for slumbering
Beneath the fresh poplars,
on the slopes by the mossy springs which, in the flowering meadows
sprouting in thousands,
lose themselves among the dark thickets.
Rest, o Phidyle!
the midday sun on the foliage shines and invites you to sleep!
Among clover and thyme,
Alone, in full sunlight
The bees hum in their flight;
A warm fragrance circulates
At the turning paths,
the red poppy is drooping,
and the birds, grazing the hill with their wings,
seeking the shade among the wild rosebushes.
But when the orb, descending
In its brilliant curve,
finds its heat abating,
will cool its smouldering heat
let your loveliest smile
reward me for waiting!

DICHTERLIEBE – Schumann
SONG 1 (Op. 45, No.1)
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai, als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vogel sangen,
Da hab’ ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

SONG 2 (Op. 48, No. 2)
Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor,
Und wenn du mich lieb hast,
Schenk’ ich dir die Blumen all’,
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen das Lied der Nachtigall.

In the wonderfully fair month of
May, as all the flower-buds
burst, then in my heart
Love arose.
In the wonderfully fair month of
May, as all the birds were
singing, then I confessed to her
My yearning and longing.

From my tears spring
Many blooming flowers forth,
And my sighs become a
Nightingale choir, Kindchen,
and if you have love for me,
child, I’ll give you all the flowers
And before your window shall sound the song of the
nightingale.
TRANSLATIONS (CONTINUED)

SONG 3 (Op. 48, No. 3)
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, 
die Sonne, die liebt’ ich einst 
Alle in Liebeswonne. 
Ich lieb’ sie nicht mehr, ich liebe 
alleine die Kleine, die Feine, 
Die Reine, die Eine; sie selber, 
Aller Liebe Bronne, ist Rose und 
Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the 
sun, I once loved them all in 
love’s bliss. 
I love them no more, I love only 
The small, the fine, the pure, the 
one; she herself, source of all 
love, is rose and lily and dove 
and sun.

SONG 4 (Op. 48, No. 4)
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh’, 
So schwindet all’ mein Leid und 
Weh! Doch wenn ich küsse 
deinen Mund, so werd’ ich ganz 
Und gar gesund. 
Wenn ich mich lehn’ an deine 
Bruste, kommt’s über mich wie 
Himmelslust, doch wenn du 
sprichst; Ich liebe dich! 
So mus ich weinen bitterlich.

When I look into your eyes, 
then vanish all my sorrow and 
pain! Ah, but when I kiss your 
mouth, then I will be wholly 
and completely healthy. 
When I lean on your breast, 
I am overcome with heavenly 
delight. 
Ah, but when you say “I love 
you” then I must weep bitterly.

SONG 7 (Op. 48, No. 7)
Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das 
Herz auch bricht, ewig 
verlor’nes Liebl ich grolle nicht. 
Wie du auch strahlst in 
Diamantenpracht, es fällt kein 
Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht. 
Das weis ich angst. 
Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das 
Herz auch bricht. 
Ich sah dich ja im Traume, und 
sah die Nacht in deines Herzens 
Räume, und sah die Schlang’ 
die dir am Herzen frißt. 
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du 
elend bist. Ich grolle nicht.

I bear no grudge, even as my 
heart is breaking. Eternally 
lost love, I bear no grudge. 
Even though you shine in 
diamond splendor, there falls 
no light into your heart’s night, 
that I’ve known for a long time. 
I bear no grudge, even as my 
heart is breaking. I saw you, 
truly, in my dreams, and saw 
the night in your heart’s cavity, 
and saw the serpent that feeds 
on your heart. I saw, my love, 
how very miserable you are. 
I bear no grudge.

ZUEIGNUNG - Strauß
Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele, 
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle, 
Liebe macht die Herzen krank, 
Habe Dank. 
Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit 
Zeche, Hoch den Amethysten – 
Becher, Und du segnetest den 
Trank, Habe Dank. 
Und beschworst darin die 
Bosen, Bis ich was ich nie 
gewesen, Heilig, heilig an’s Herz 
dir sank, Habe Dank.

Yes, you know it, dearest soul, 
How I suffer far from you, 
Love makes the heart sick. 
Have thanks. 
Once I, drinker of freedom, 
Held high the amethyst beaker, 
And you blessed the drink, 
Have thanks. 
And you exorcised the evils in it 
Until I, as I had never been 
before, blessed, blessed sank 
upon your heart. Have thanks.
WIE BIST DU, MEINE KÖNIGIN – Brahms
Wie bist du, meine Königin,
Durch sanfte Güte wonnevoll!
Du lachle nur, Lenzduft wehn
Durch mein Gemüte, wonnevoll!
Frisch aufgeblühter
Rosen Glanz,
Vergleich ich ihn dem deinlgen?
Ach, über alles, was da blüht,
Ist deine Blüte wonnevoll!
Durch tote Wüsten wandle hin,
Und grune Schatten breiten sich,
Ob fürchterliche Schwüle dort
Ohn Ende brute, wonnevoll!
Laß mich vergehn in deinem Arm!
Es ist ihm ja selbst der Tod,
Ob auch die herbste Todesqual
Die Brust durchwüte, wonnevoll.

How blissful you are, my queen,
When you are gentle and good!
Merely smile, and spring fragrance
wafts through my spirit blissfully!
The brightness of freshly
blooming roses,
shall I compare it to yours?
Ah, soaring over all that blooms
Is your bloom, blissful!
Wander through dead wastelands,
And green shadows will be spreading.
Even if fearful sultriness
broods there without end...
blissfully let me die in your arms!
It is in them that Death itself,
even if the sharpest pain
rages in my breast...is blissful.
**ARTIST-FACULTY BIOS**

**Mark Rucker** serves as professor of voice at MSU’s College of Music. From the time of his debut as Renato in Un Ballo in Maschera with Luciano Pavarotti for the Opera Company of Philadelphia, the American baritone has been in demand in opera houses and on concert stages throughout the world. In addition to an active performing career, he has been the Administrative Director for the Martina Arroyo Foundation’s celebrated Young Artist Program, Prelude to Performance since 2005 and Artistic Director since 2015.

Rucker made his Metropolitan Opera debut as Amonasro in Aida and has since been heard at the Met as Don Carlo in La Forza del Destino, Tonio in I Pagliacci, and as Rigoletto for the Met in the Parks and continues to be part of the Met roster. He sang the major baritone roles in Rigoletto, Macbeth, Nabucco, Un Ballo in Maschera, La Traviata, Stiffelio, Aida, Il Trovatore, Cavalleria Rusticana/I Pagliacci, Samson et Dalila and Die Fliegende Holländer for companies such as: Arena di Verona, Wiener Staatsopera, Staatsoper Unter den Linden, Teatro Comunale, Bologna, Netherlands Opera, Greek National Opera, Opéra de Wallonie, Bregenz, Savonlinna and Santander, New York City Opera, San Diego, Florida Grand, L’Opera Montreal and numerous other North American companies. He has worked with celebrated maestri, including, Richard Bonynge, Riccardo Chailly, Fabio Luisi, Daniele Gatti, Carlo Rizzi, Gianandrea Noseda, Bruno Campanella and Paolo Arrivabeni.

Rucker made his Carnegie Hall debut to great acclaim as Don Carlo in La Forza del Destino. His other concert credits include Linda di Chamounix and Jerusalem with the Concertgebouw, Rigoletto with the Israel and Rotterdam Philharmonics. He will sing the role of Paolo in Simone Boccanegra for ROH Covent Garden and Jack Rance in La Fanciulla del West for Opera Colorado next season. Recordings include Mark Rucker Sings Lena Mdin’s Songs For Voice and Piano; Amonasro in Aida for Naxos and Cambro in Opera Ebony’s recording of Fosca by A. Carlos Gomes.

**Sadie Rucker** joined the MSU College of Music faculty in 2016. She has been the accompanist and coach for her husband, baritone Mark Rucker, for the past 30 years. In addition to traveling internationally with her husband, attending rehearsals and performances, she has accompanied him for auditions, competitions and recitals throughout his career. She has a BA from St. Mary of the Woods College in Music Education (emphasis on voice and piano) and an MME from Drake University where she accompanied students in the Drake vocal department. As a mezzo-soprano, she was a soloist in concerts and operas at Drake and has taught voice privately.
As a Peace Corps volunteer in the West Indies, she taught music in elementary and secondary schools and Teacher’s College. She also taught music in middle school and community college here in the US and was music director for a high school Gilbert and Sullivan troupe. Mrs. Rucker has been part of the Martina Arroyo Foundation’s Young Artist program Prelude to Performance from its inception in 2005 as publicity director. She is the accompanist, along with Dr. McLin, on the Kjos recording of "Mark Rucker sings Songs and Arias by Lena McLin.”
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