Songs from the Heart

Richard Fracker, tenor

Elden Little, piano

Tuesday, September 3, 2019

Cook Recital Hall, 8:00 p.m

Ouvre ton coeur George Bizet (1838–1875)

Gioite al canto mio from *Euridice* Jacopo Peri (1561–1633)

Col mio sangue comprerei from *Il Floridoro* Alessandro Stradella (1639–1682)

Chi vuole innamorarsi Alessandro Scarlatti (1660–1725)

Les berceaux Gabriel Fauré (1756–1791)

Lydia

Fleur jetée

Widmung from *Myrthen*, Op. 25, No. 1 Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

Der Neugierige from Die schöne Müllerin, Op. 25, No. 6 Franz Peter Schubert (1797–1828)

Zueignung from *Acht Gedichte aus* “*Letzte Blätter*”, Op. 10, No. 8 Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

Intermission

La vita è inferno all’infelice … O tu che in seno agli angeli from *La forza del destino* Giuseppe Verdi

(1813–1901)

from *Canciones clásicas españolas*, Vol. 1 Fernando Obradors (1897–1945)

Al amor

Del cabello más sutil

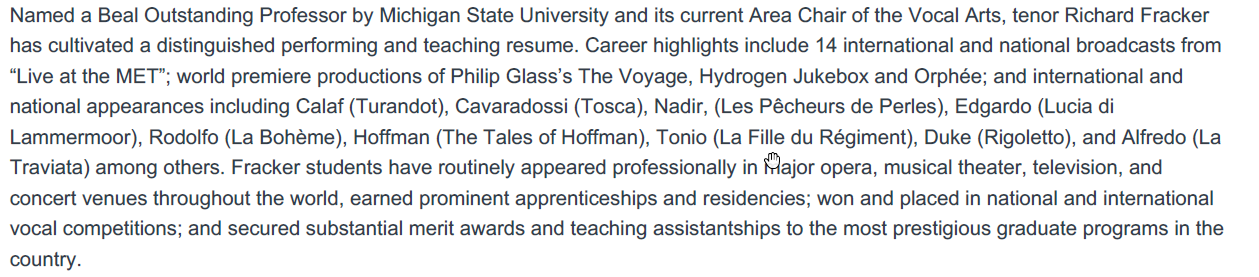
Coplas de Curro Dulce

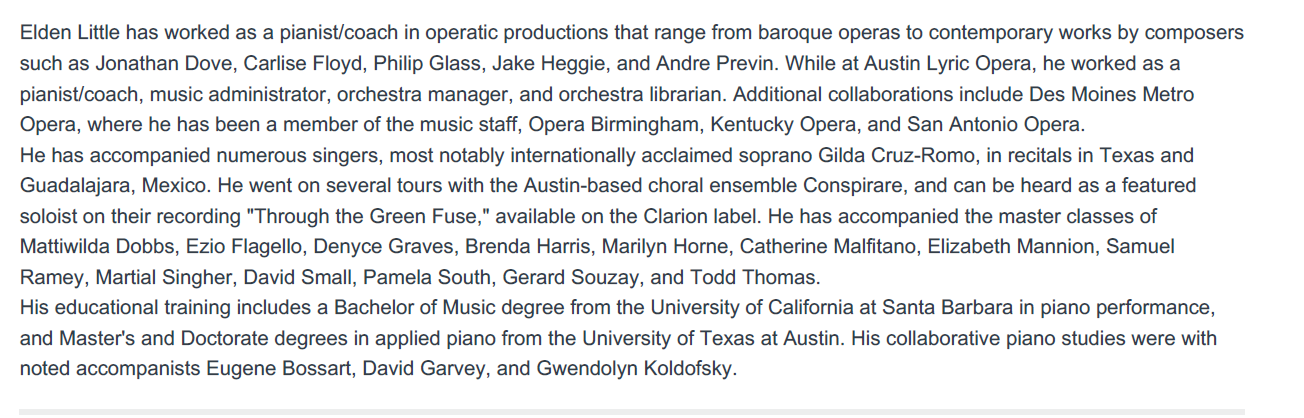
Sure on this Shining Night from *Four Songs,* Op. 13, No. 3 Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

Amazing Grace arr. William Cutter (b. 1956)

Soliloquy John W. Work (1901–1967)

You are my Heart’s Delight from *The Land of Smiles* Franz Lehár (1870–1948)





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| **Ouvre ton coeur (Open your heart)** |  |
| **poem by Louis Michel James Lacour Delâtre** |  |
| La marguerite a fermé sa corolle, | The daisy has closed its petals, |
| L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour. | The shadow closed the eyes of the day. |
| Belle, me tiendras-tu parole? | Beautiful one, will you have a word? |
| Ouvre ton coeur à mon amour. | Open your heart to my love. |
|  |  |
| Ouvre ton coeur, ô jeune ange, à ma flamme, | Open your heart, O young angel, to my flame, |
| Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil. | May a dream charm your sleep. |
| Je veux reprendre mon âme, | I want to take back my soul, |
| Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil! | Like a flower opens to the sun! |
|  |  |
| **Gioite al canto mio (Rejoice at my song)** |  |
| **from *Euridice,* text by Ottavio Rinunccini** |  |
| Gioite al canto mio selve frondose | Rejoice at my song leafy forests |
| gioite amati colli, e d'ogni intorno | rejoice beloved hills, and all around |
| ecco rimbombi dalle valli ascose. | here resounds from the hidden valleys |
|  |  |
| Risorto è il mio bel sol di raggi adorno, | Risen is my beautiful Euridice in rays adorned, |
| e co' begl'occhi onde fa scorno a Delo, | and with such beautiful eyes, they surpass Delos, |
| raddoppia foco all'alme, e luce al giorno, | doubling the flame of souls, and the light of day, |
| e fa servi d'amor la terra, e 'l cielo | and makes servants to love the earth, and the heavens |
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| **Col mio sangue comprerei (With my blood I would buy)** |  |
| **from *Il Floridoro,* text by Flavio Rosini** |  |
| Col mio sangue comprerei | With my blood I would buy |
| quella vita a me sì cara, | the life to me so dear, |
| s'a una Perdita si amara, | such a loss so bitter |
| son due fiumi gli occhi miei! | (make) two rivers of my eyes |
|  |  |
| **Chi vuole innamorarsi (Who wants to fall in love)** |  |
| **text by anonymous** |  |
| Chi vuole innamorarsi, | Who wants to fall in love, |
| ci deve pensar! | one must well think it over! |
| Ci dee pensar! | Must think it over! |
|  |  |
| Amore è un certo foco | Love is a certain type of fire |
| che, se s'accende un poco, | that if it ignites a little, |
| eterno suol durar. | forever lasts. |
|  |  |
| Non è lieve tormento, | Not an easy torment, |
| aver piagato il cor! | to have a wounded heart! |
|  |  |
| Soggetta ogni volere | One subjects every want |
| a due pupille arciere, | to two eyes (of the) archer, |
| chi serve al dio d'amor. | who serve the god of love. |
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| **Widmung (Dedication)** |  |
| **text by Friedrich Rückert** |  |
| Du meine Seele, du mein Herz, | You my soul, you my heart, |
| Du meine Wonn’, o du mein Schmerz, | You my joy, you my pain, |
| Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe, | You my word, in which I live, |
| Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe, | My heaven you, in which I am in it, |
| O du mein Grab, in das hinab | Oh you my grave, down |
| Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab! | forever into which I (bury) my sorrow! |
| Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden, | You are rest, you are peace, |
| Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden. | You are heaven to me granted. |
| Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert, | That you love me, makes me worthy, |
| Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt, | Your look has me transformed in my sight, |
| Du hebst mich liebend über mich, | Your love makes me higher, |
| Mein guter Geist, mein bess’res Ich! | My good spirit, my better self! |
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| **Der Neugierige (The curious one)** |  |
| **text by Wilhelm Müller** |  |
| Ich frage keine Blume, | I ask no flower, |
| Ich frage keinen Stern, | I ask no star, |
| Sie können [mir]1 nicht sagen, | none can tell me, |
| Was ich erführ so gern. | what I would like so much. |
|  |  |
| Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner, | Yes I am no gardener, |
| Die Sterne stehn zu hoch; | the stars are too high; |
| Mein Bächlein will ich fragen, | my little brook will I ask, |
| Ob mich mein Herz belog. | whether my heart lied to me. |
|  |  |
| O Bächlein meiner Liebe, | Oh brook of my love, |
| Wie bist du heut so stumm? | How are you today so mute? |
| Will ja nur eines wissen, | I just want one thing to know, |
| Ein Wörtchen um und um. | One little word whatever it may be. |
|  |  |
| Ja heißt das eine Wörtchen, | Yes is one little word, |
| Das andre heißet Nein, | the other is called no, |
| Die beiden Wörtchen | the two words |
| Schließen die ganze Welt mir ein. | cover the whole world to me |
|  |  |
| O Bächlein meiner Liebe, | Oh brooklet of my love, |
| Was bist du wunderlich! | How are you so quirky! |
| Will's ja nicht weitersagen, | I will surely not share it, |
| Sag, Bächlein, liebt sie mich? | Say, brook, does she love me? |
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| **Zueignung (Dedication)** |  |
| **text by Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg** |  |
| Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele, | Yes, you know it, dear soul, |
| Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle, | How away from you I languish, |
| Liebe macht die Herzen krank, | love makes the heart sick, |
| Habe Dank. | have thanks. |
|  |  |
| Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher, | At one time, I drank to freedom, |
| Hoch den Amethysten-Becher, | high the amethyst mug, |
| Und du segnetest den Trank, | and you blessed the drink, |
| Habe Dank. | have thanks. |
|  |  |
| Und beschworst darin die Bösen, | And you cast out the evils within it, |
| Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen, | until I, what I had never been before, |
| Heilig, heilig an’s Herz dir sank, | blessed, blessed upon your heart I sank, |
| Habe Dank! | have thanks! |
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| **Les Berceaux (The Cradles)** |  |
| **text by René-François Sully-Prudhomme** |  |
| Le long du Quai, les grands vaisseaux | Along the quay, the big ships, |
| Que la houle incline en silence | in the swells rock in silence, |
| Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux | taking no notice of the cradles, |
| Que la main des femmes balance | that the hands of women rock. |
|  |  |
| Mais viendra le jour des adieux | But comes the day of goodbyes, |
| Car il faut que les femmes pleurent | for the women must cry, |
| Et que les hommes curieux | and men curious |
| Tentent les horizons qui leurrent! | aspire to the horizons that lure them! |
|  |  |
| Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux | And on that day the great ships |
| Fuyant le port qui diminue | leaving the port that fades in the distance, |
| Sentent leur masse retenue | feels their heft held back |
| Par l’âme des lointains berceaux | by the soul of the distant cradles |
|  |  |
| **Lydia** |  |
| **text by Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle** |  |
| Lydia sur tes roses joues | Lydia, on your pink cheeks |
| Et sur ton col frais et si blanc, | and on your neck, fresh and so white, |
| Roule étincelant | rols sparkling |
| L’or fluide que tu dénoues. | the liquid gold that you undo. |
| Le jour qui luit est le meilleur; | The day that shines is the best; |
| Oublions l’éternelle tombe. | Let us forget the eternal tomb. |
| Laisse tes baisers de colombe | Let your dovelike kisses |
| Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur. | sing on your lips that bloom. |
|  |  |
| Un lys caché répand sans cesse | A hidden lily constantly unfolds |
| Une odeur divine en ton sein; | a bouquet divine (eminates) from your breast. |
| Les délices comme un essaim, | delights teem, |
| Sortent de toi, jeune déesse! | come out of you, young goddess! |
| Je t’aime et meurs, ô mes amours! | I love you and die, oh my love! |
| Mon âme en baisers m’est ravie! | My soul in your kisses delights! |
| O Lydia, rends-moi la vie, | Oh Lydia, give me back my life, |
| Que je puisse mourir, mourir toujours! | that I may die, die over and over again! |
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| **Fleur jetée (Discarded flower)** |  |
| Text by Armand Silvestre |  |
| Emporte ma folie | Carry away my folly |
| Au gré du vent, | as by the wind, |
| Fleur en chantant cueillie | flower while singing picked |
| Et jetée en rêvant, | and cast away while dreaming. |
| - Emporte ma folie | Carry away my folly |
| Au gré du vent: | as by the wind, |
|  |  |
| Comme la fleur fauchée | As a flower cut down |
| Périt l’amour: | love perishes; |
| La main qui t’a touchée | The hand that touched you |
| Fuit ma main sans retour. | flees from it without return. |
| - Comme la fleur fauchée | As a flower cut down |
| Périt l’amour. | love perishes; |
|  |  |
| Que le vent qui te sèche | That the wind that dries you out |
| O pauvre fleur, | poor flower, |
| Tout à l’heure si fraîche | a short time ago so fresh, |
| Et demain sans couleur, | and tomorrow pales, |
| - Que le vent qui te sèche, | That the wind that dries you out |
| Sèche mon cœur! | dries out my heart! |
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| **La vita è inferno all'infelice . . . O tu che in seno agli angeli** |  |
| **(Life is hell to the unfortunate . . . Oh you to the bosom of angels)** | |
| **from *La forza del destino* text by Francesco Maria Piave** |  |
| La vita è inferno all’infelice. | Life is hell to the unfortunate |
| invano morte desio! | In vain death I desire! |
| Siviglia! | Seville! |
| Leonora! | Leonora! |
| O, rimembranza! Oh, notte | Oh, memories! Oh, night |
| ch’ogni ben mi rapisti! | of all joy robbed me! |
| Sarò infelice eternanmente, è scritto. | I will be unhappy forever, it is written. |
| Della natal sua terra il padre volle | For his native land my father |
| spezzar l’estranio giogo, | wished to break its foreign yoke, |
| E coll’unirsi | and uniting himself |
| all’ultima dell’Incas la corona | with the last of the Incas |
| cingere confidò. | thought to assume the crown. |
| Fu vana impresa. | The undertaking was in vain. |
| In un carcere nacqui; | I was born in a prison; |
| m’educava il deserto; | educated in the desert; |
| sol vivo perchè ignota | I live only because unknown |
| è mia regale stirpe! | is my royal heritage. |
| I miei parenti | My parents |
| sognaro un trono, e li destò la scure! | dreamed of a throne, the axe woke them! |
| Oh, quando fine avran | Oh, when will it end |
| le mie sventure! | my misfortunes! |
|  |  |
| O tu che seno agli angeli | Oh you to the bosom of angels |
| eternamente pura, | forever pure, |
| salisti bella, incolume | ascendent beauty, unscatched |
| dalla mortal jattura, | by mortal sorrow, |
| non iscordar di volgere | do not forget to turn |
| lo sguardo a me tapino, | your glance down on me, wretched, |
| che senza nome ed esule, | without name and exiled, |
| in odio del destino, | hated by fate, |
| chiedo anelando, | I ask for it, |
| ahi misero, | miserable, |
| la morte d’incontrar. | death to encounter. |
| Leonora mia, soccorrimi, | Leonora mine, help me, |
| pietà del mio penar! | have pity on my pain! |
| Pietà di me! | Have pity on me! |
|  |  |
| **Al amor (To love)** |  |
| **text by Cristóbal de Castillejo** |  |
| Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento | Give me, Love, kisses without count |
| Asido de mis cabellos | like the hairs grasped by my head |
| Y mil y ciento tras ellos | and a thousand and hundred after them |
| Y tras ellos mil y ciento | and after them a thousand and hundred (more). |
| Y después... | And then . . . |
| De muchos millares, tres! | to these many thousands, (add) three (thousand)! |
| Y porque nadie lo sienta | And because there should be no regrets |
| Desbaratemos la cuenta | let us break the tally |
| Y... contemos al revés. | and . . . count backwards! |
|  |  |
| **Del cabello más sutil (From your delicate hair)** |  |
| **text by Anonymous** |  |
| Del cabello más sutil | From your delicate hair |
| Que tienes en tu trenzado, | that yoou have in your braid, |
| He de hacer una cadena | I want to make a chain |
| Para traerte a mi lado. | in order to bring you to my side. |
|  |  |
| Una alcarraza en tu casa, | A cup in your house |
| Chiquilla, quisiera ser, | dear girl, I would like to be, |
| Para besarte en la boca, | In order to kiss you on the mouth, |
| Cuando fueras a beber. | when you might go to drink. |
| Ah! | Ah! |
|  |  |
| **Coplas de Curro Dulce (Verses by Curro Dulce)** |  |
| **Text by Francisco Fernández Boigas (Curro Dulce)** |  |
| Chiquitita la novia, | Petite the bride, |
| Chiquitito el novio, | Petite the groom, |
| Chiquitita la sala, | Petite the room, |
| Y el dormitorio, | and the bedroom, |
| Por eso yo quiero | For this I want |
| Chiquitita la cama | a tiny bed |
| Y el mosquitero. Ah! | and a mosquito net. Ah! |