

North Carolina Presents
Michael Fabiano in Recital

Laurent Philippe, piano

March 28, 2017 at 7:30 p.m.
A.J. Fletcher Opera Theater
Duke Energy Center for the Performing Arts in Raleigh

Giacomo Puccini

Inno a Diana

“Glory to you, O Diana, when you offer rays of love and strengthen our courage.
Watch over your faithful followers, guide them and steady them on the arduous path.
From the Alpine peaks to the Sicilian shores, may this fervent love song reach you like a
joyous echo.”

Terra e mare

“The long rows of poplars are roaring and as I hear them, I dream of the deep voice of the
sea. Reflecting in the wave, the stars are looking at me. But the wind rages louder and
wakes me from my joyous slumber... Far is now the voice of the sea.”

Canto d’anime

“Years, deceptions, and illusions flee; flowers and hope are cut down.
In vain yearnings my brief springs have vanished.
But in the nights of the heart, an ideal still sings like a solitary nightingale in the depth of a
starry night.
So sing my one ideal and soar high where there are no shadows and everything is light.”

Henri Duparc

Lamento

“Do you know the white tomb underneath the willow where a sad and lonely dove sings?
It sounds as if the soul, crying in unison with the bird, was lamenting being forgotten.
Oh, never again will I visit this tomb at dusk and listen to the plaintive song of this dove
perched in the willow!”

Le manoir de Rosemonde

“Love has bitten me like a dog... Follow my bloodstains in order to find me.
Grab a well-bred horse and follow my path if the race does not exhaust you!
In passing where I passed, you will see that alone and wounded, I have wandered this
sad world and have vanished without ever finding the blue manor of Rosemonde.”

La vie antérieure

“I have lived in the most grandiose surroundings, palaces which lit by blinding sun would transform by moonlight into majestic grottos.

I have travelled on many oceans and listened to the powerful sound of its rolling waves just as the hues of a setting sun would envelop me.

My life has been surrounded by infinite skies and wonders of the world.

And I was tended by naked servants whose task was to help me find the painful secret that made me languished.”

Chanson triste

“In your heart sleeps a sweet summer moonlight that I will drown myself in it to forget my woes. My pain will disappear when you gently cradle my wounded heart, and the nightmares living in my head will be soothed when you hold it on your knees and recite a poem seeming to feature us. And I will drink so much tenderness and love out of your sad glance that perhaps, I will heal.”

Phydilé

“Soft grass, the cool shade of poplars, the slopes of mossy springs.

Rest Phydilé! The midday sun shines and invites you to sleep!

In the clover and the thyme, bees are humming.

The air is warm, the poppies droop, and birds seek the shade of the eglantines.

Rest Phydilé! But at sunset, I want to be rewarded by your loveliest smile and most ardent kiss.”

Jules Massenet

“**Ne pouvant réprimer les élans de la foi...**” from *Hérodiade*

In this romanticized version of the biblical episode relating to Herod and his step daughter Salomé, Jean has returned to Jerusalem after many years preaching in the desert where the young Salomé was one of his followers. Recently sentenced to death for being a false Messiah, Jean reflects in his jail and bids farewell to the objects of mortals, yet questioning God if his fondness and burgeoning love for Salomé has been compatible to his faith and his mission on earth.

INTERMISSION

Paolo Tosti

La serenata

“Fly, O serenade, my sweetheart is alone. Fly between her sheets!

The moon shines, silence extends its wings and in the shadows the lamp glows.

Fly, O serenade, my sweetheart is alone. Return between her sheets!

The waves dream on the shore, so does the wind among the branches.

But my sweetheart still does not allow me a kiss.

Fly, O serenade, Fly!”

L'ultima canzone

“They told me that tomorrow Nina will be a bride, and I am still singing that serenade...
Oh how many times I have sung it for you.
Flowers, be my witness!
Though you will be a bride, I will always be close to you.
Tomorrow you will be rejoicing among the festivities, not thinking at all about our past
love,
but be aware that, at every hour, my passionate song will cry out to you.”

Per morire

“Even though your smile shows how much you love me, I cannot help but detect a
weariness in your face. Your lies are so sweet yet futile.
My soul, you know that this love is strong enough to kill me, but I need more to survive.

If you tell me again that my brow looks like a dawn and that the scent of wood emanates
from my hair, I will quiver. Your lies are so sweet yet futile.
My soul, you know that this love is strong enough to kill me, but I need more to survive.”

L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra

“Dawn divides the darkness from the light and my sensual pleasures from my desires, O
sweet stars, the end has come. A more divine love lifts you away from the sky. Burning
eyes, sad stars, fade away uncorrupted! I must die. In deference to the night and my
dreams, I don't want to see the day. Embrace me, o night, in your maternal bosom while
the pale earth is covered with dew. May the dawn arise from my blood and the eternal
sun from my brief dream!”

Franz Liszt

Four chansons sur des poèmes de Victor Hugo

S'il est un charmant gazon

“Should there be a charming lawn watered by heaven and where all flowers of the season
bloom, I want to trace a path on it for your foot to tread!
Should there be a loving bosom filled with honor and devotion beating for a worthy cause,
I want it to become the cushion where your brows rests!
Should there be a rose perfumed dream of love blessed by God where souls unite, I wish
to make it the nest where your heart settles!”

Oh! quand je dors

“When I sleep, approach my bed, as Laura appeared to Petrarch, and touch me with your
breast... and my lips will part!
On my glum face perturbed by a dark dream, let your gaze lift it like a start...
and my dream will be radiant!

Then place a kiss on my God blessed lips, and transform from angel into woman...
at once my soul will awaken!"

Comment, disaient-ils

"The men asked: how can we flee from the police in our skiffs? The women answered:
row!

The men asked: how can we forget quarrels and dangers? The women answered: sleep!

The men asked: how can we enchant these gorgeous girls without a love potion?

The women answered: love!"

Enfant, si j'étais roi

"My child, were I a king, I would give my empire, my chariot, my sceptre, my kneeling
subjects, my golden crown, and my ships for a single glance from you!

And were I a God, I would give the earth, the air, angels and demons, chaos, the universe
and eternity for a kiss from you!"

Giacomo Puccini

"Ecco la casa... Torna ai felici di..." from *Le villi*

During the ceremony of engagement to his betrothed Anna, Roberto had to leave for
Mainz to collect an inheritance. Anna objected fearing the worse, but Roberto comforted
her and promised to return quickly. During his journey, Roberto was seduced by a siren
and forgot about Anna who died of sorrow following Roberto's long absence.

Anna's father has decided to seek revenge on Roberto and has summoned the villi, evil
spirits, to take vengeance on him. The villi have called upon the ghost of Anna to assist
them, and have lured Roberto, now penniless and abandoned by his seductress, into a
forest. Hoping that he will be forgiven for Anna's death, the villi stalk him as he mourns
the loss of his youthful days.