



School of Music

presents

FACULTY ARTIST RECITAL

Adam Kirkpatrick, tenor

Russell Young, piano
Mary Akerman, guitar

Tuesday, March 3, 2009
8:00 pm
Dr. Bobbie Bailey & Family Performance Center
Performance Hall

Forty-seventh Concert of the 2008-2009 season

**Kennesaw State University
School of Music**

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PROGRAM

Liederkreis, Op. 24 [Heine]

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Morgens steh' ich auf
Es treibt mich hin
Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
Lieb' Liebchen
Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden
Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann
Berg' und Burgen schau'n herunter
Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen
Mit Myrthen und Rosen

Six Mélodies [Victor Hugo]

Eduard Lalo
(1823-1892)

Guitare
Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme
L'aube naît
Dieu qui sourit
Oh! quand je dors
Chanson à boire

Anon. in Love [anonymous]

William Walton
(1902-1983)

Fain would I change that note
O stay, sweet love
Lady, when I behold the roses
My love in her attire
I gave her cakes and I gave her ale
To couple is a custom

Marechiere

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)



1. Morgens steh' ich auf

Every morning I awake and ask:
Will my sweetheart come today?
Every evening I sink down and lament:
She stayed away again today.

All night with my grief
I lie sleepless, waking;
Dreaming, as if half asleep,
Dreaming, I pass the day

2. Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich her!

I'm driven here, I'm driven there!
In only a few more hours I will see her,
She herself, the fairest of fair young women;
You true heart, how heavily you pound!

But the hours are lazy people!
They drag themselves comfortably and sluggishly,
Creeping with yawns along their paths;
Rouse yourself, you lazy fool!

A charging hurry seizes and drives me!
But the Hours have never been in love;
Sworn secretly to cruel conspiracy,
They mock treacherously the lover's haste.

3. Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen

I wandered among the trees,
Alone with my suffering;
Along came that old dream
And crept into my heart.

Who taught you this little word,
You tiny birds in the airy heights?
Be quiet! if my heart hears it,
Then all my pain will return.

“It came from a young woman,
Who sang it again and again;
That is how we tiny birds captured
This pretty, golden word.”

Kennesaw State University

Upcoming Music Events

Thursday, March 5, 2009

Kennesaw State University Guest Artist Recital

Jeri-Mae Astolfi, piano

8:00 pm • Bailey Performance Center Performance Hall

Tuesday, March 17, 2009

Kennesaw State University

Chamber Singers

8:00 pm • Bailey Performance Center Performance Hall

Wednesday, March 18, 2009

Kennesaw State University

Wind Ensemble and Concert Band

8:00 pm • Bailey Performance Center Performance Hall

Thursday-Sunday, March 26-29, 2009

Kennesaw State University Opera

The Merry Wives of Windsor

by Otto Nicolai

Bailey Performance Center Performance Hall

Saturday, April 4, 2009

Kennesaw State University Faculty Artist Recital

Oral Moses, bass-baritone

8:00 pm • Bailey Performance Center Performance Hall

Sunday, April 5, 2009

Kennesaw State University Faculty Artist Recital

Mary Akerman, classical guitar

3:00 pm • Bailey Performance Center Performance Hall

For the most current information, please visit

<http://www.kennesaw.edu/arts/events/>

Adam Kirkpatrick

tenor

Dr. Adam Kirkpatrick, lyric tenor, joined the faculty at the Kennesaw State University School of Music in 2008. He previously taught at Georgia State University. Dr. Kirkpatrick received his BM and MM in voice performance from the Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music and earned his DM in voice performance from Florida State University. Dr. Kirkpatrick has sung operatic roles and concerts professionally in many theaters throughout the United States, singing with the Cincinnati Opera, Atlanta Opera, Santa Fe Opera, Tri-Cities Opera (NY), Dayton Opera, Florida State Opera, Knoxville Symphony, Newton Symphony (MA), Tallahassee Symphony (FL), McDonough Symphony (GA) and more.

Dr. Kirkpatrick was recently seen as: Don Basilio and Don Curzio in *Le nozze di Figaro* and Prince Ramiro in *La Cenerentola* with the Atlanta Opera; Tonio in *La fille du régiment* and Nemorino in *L'elisir d'amore* with Tri-Cities Opera; Conte Almaviva in *Il barbiere di Siviglia* with the Newton Symphony and Tri-Cities Opera; and the Tenor Soloist in *Carmina Burana* with the Knoxville Symphony, *Messiah* with the Lake Charles Symphony, and *The Creation* with the Northwest Florida Symphony. For a detailed listing of roles and solos he has performed, or to view videos and listen to recordings, please visit www.adamkirkpatrick.com.

Dr. Kirkpatrick represented the USA in the Seoul International Voice Competition (South Korea, 2007). He also competed and won prizes in the Opera Birmingham Voice Competition (2007 and 2008) and the South-East and Mid-South regional Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions (2006 and 2007). Dr. Kirkpatrick was also honored as a recipient of the NATS Young Leaders Award in 2006.

In addition to teaching voice and performing regularly, Dr. Kirkpatrick has written several articles related to vocal pedagogy: "How to Sing Coloratura," *Journal of Singing* (Jan/Feb 2008); "Correcting Problematic Vibratos: Using Sustained Dynamic Exercises to Discover and Foster Healthy Vibrato," *Journal of Singing* (May/June 2008); and "Chiaroscuro and The Quest for Optimal Resonance," *Journal of Singing* (print date TBD).

You should not explain this to me now,
You tiny, cunning birds;
You wanted to steal my grief from me,
But I trust no one.

4. Lieb' Liebchen

Dear sweetheart, lay your hand on my heart;
Ah, do you hear the hammering inside?
Inside there lives a carpenter, wicked and evil: He's building my coffin.

He hammers and pounds by day and by night;
It has been a long time since I could sleep.
Ah, hurry, Mister Carpenter,
Finish so that I can sleep.

5. Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden

Pretty cradle of my sorrows,
Pretty tombstone of my rest,
Pretty town - we must part,
Farewell! I call to you.

Farewell, you holy threshold,
Across which my darling would tread;
Farewell! you sacred spot
Where I first saw her.

Would that I had never seen you,
Lovely queen of my heart!
Never would it then have happened,
That I would now be so wretched.

I never wished to touch your heart,
I never begged for love;
All I wished was to lead a quiet life
Where your breath could stir me.

Yet you yourself pushed me away from you,
With bitter words at your lips;
Madness filled my senses,
And my heart is sick and wounded.

And my limbs are heavy and sluggish;
I'll drag myself forward, leaning on my staff,
Until I can lay my weary head
In a cool and distant grave.

6. Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann

Wait, wait, wild boatman,
Soon I'll follow you to the harbor;
From two maidens I am taking my leave,
From Europe and from Her.

Stream of blood, run from my eyes,
Stream of blood, burst from my body,
So that with this hot blood
I can write down my agonies.

Ah, my dear, why just today
Do you shudder to see my blood?
You've seen me pale, my heart bleeding,
Standing before you for many years!

Do you know that old song
About the serpent in Paradise who,
By wickedly giving an apple,
Threw our ancestors into misery?

Apples have caused every ill!
Eve brought death through them,
Eris caused the flames of Troy;
And you brought both, flame and death.

7. Berg' und Burgen

Mountains and castles gaze down
Into the mirror-bright Rhine,
And my little boat sails merrily,
The sunshine glistening around it.

Calmly I watch the play
Of golden, ruffled waves surging;
Silently, feelings awaken in me
That I have kept deep in my heart.

With friendly greetings and promises,
The river's splendor beckons;
But I know it - gleaming above
It conceals within itself Death and Night.

Above, pleasure; at heart, malice;
O river, you are the very image of my beloved!
She can nod with just as much friendliness,
Also smiling so devotedly and gently.

Let us, therefore, have at our feast
Flowers and beautiful women,
A rose in our hair,
A woman at our sides!

Marechiare

When the moon rises over Marechiare, even the fish tremble with love. In the bosom of the sea, the waves churn with joy and change their color. In Marechiare, a balcony smiles. My passion flies there.

Beneath it, the water murmurs. A carnation perfumes the air. Whoever says that the stars shine brightly has never seen the splendor of your eyes. I know so well their burning light that descends into the depths of this heart.

Awaken, Caruli! Here the air is sweet and I have never waited so long for you! Tonight the guitar that I've brought will accompany my voice my own arrangement.

The world, where everything glitters
But where nothing is aflame,
Provided that you would be beautiful,
It will be charmed.

My heart in the shadows of love,
Where it is intoxicated by two beautiful eyes
Provided that you should be happy,
It will be joyous.

5. Oh! quand je dors

Oh, when I sleep, approach my bed,
As Laura appeared to Petrarch;
And as you pass, touch me with your breath...
At once my lips will part!

On my glum face, where perhaps
A dark dream has rested for too long a time,
Let your gaze lift it like a star...
At once my dream will be radiant!

Then on my lips, where there flits a brilliance,
A flash of love that God has kept pure,
Place a kiss, and transform from angel into woman...
At once my soul will awaken!

6. Chanson à boire

Friends, hurray for the orgy!
I love the mad night
And the red tablecloth
And the songs and the noise,

Slightly harsh women,
Joyous men,
Wine in every glass,
Love in everyone's eyes!

The tomb is dark,
The years are short,
It causes men to drink often,
To love always,
Without believing in inane discourse.

8. Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen

At first I almost despaired,
And I thought I would never be able to bear it;
Yet even so, I have borne it –
But do not ask me how.

9. Mit Myrthen und Rosen

With myrtle and roses, lovely and pretty,
With fragrant cypresses and gold tinsel,
I would decorate this book like a coffin
And bury my songs inside it.

O if only I could bury my love there as well!
On the grave of Love grows the blossom of peace;
It blooms and then is plucked, -
Yet it will bloom for me only when I am myself in the grave.

Here now are the songs which, once so wild,
Like a stream of lava that flowed from Etna,
Burst from the depths of my heart,
And spray glittering sparks everywhere!

Now they lie mute and death-like
Now they stare coldly, pale as mist,
But the old glow will revive them afresh,
When the spirit of love someday floats above them.

And in my heart the thought grows loud:
The spirit of love will someday thaw them;
Someday this book will arrive in your hands,
You, my sweet love in a distant land.

Then shall the songs' magic spell be broken,
And the white letters shall gaze at you;
They'll gaze beseechingly into your lovely eyes,
And whisper with sadness and a breath of love.

Six Mélo­dies

1. Guitare

“How,” asked the men,
“can we flee the Spanish police in our small boats?”
“Row,” replied the women.

“How,” asked the men,
“can we forget strife, misery and danger?”
“Sleep,” replied the women.

“How,” asked the men,
“can we enchant beautiful women without love potions?”
“Love,” replied the women.

2. Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme

Since down here every soul
Gives to someone
Its music, its flame
Or its perfume;

Receive my endless vows
Oh! My love
Receive the flame or shadow
Of all my days!

I give you at this hour,
Kneeling before you
The best thing
I have within me!

My spirit, which without a sail,
Journeys haphazardly,
And which does not have a guiding star
Except your glance.

Receive then my thought,
Sad though it is,
Which like a rose,
Arrives in tears!

My intoxicating transports,
Devoid of suspicions,
And all the caresses
Of my songs.

3. L'aube naît

The dawn is born, and your door is shut!
My dear, why do you sleep?
At the hour when the rose wakes
Are you not going to get up?

O, my charming one,
Listen here,
The lover who sings
And weeps as well!

All things knock at your blessed door.
The dawn says: I am the day!
The bird says: I am harmony!
And my heart says: I am love!

O, my charming one,
Listen here,
The lover who sings
And weeps as well!

I adore you, my angel,
And love you, my woman.
Only for you has
God completed me.
He has made my love for your soul,
And my glance for your beauty!

O, my charming one,
Listen here,
The lover who sings
And weeps as well!

4. Dieu qui sourit

God who smiles and gives,
And comes toward those who expect him,
Provided that you would be good,
He will be happy.