



**Mengting Yu, Mezzo-Soprano**  
**Songhwa Chae, Piano**

**Master Recital**

**Clara Schumann, *Sechs Lieder op.13***  
**Hugo Wolf, *Spanisches Liederbuch***  
**Barbara Strozzi, *Cantate, ariette e duetti***  
**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, *Le nozze di Figaro***  
**William Bilcom, *Cabaret Songs Complete***

**1:30pm**  
**All Faiths Chapel**  
**Kansas State University**

***Sechs Lieder op.13* (1823-1844)**  
**Clara Schumann (1819-1896)**

Clara Schumann is one of the most significant women in musical history. Apart from being a tremendously successful pianist and pedagogue, she wrote numerous songs alongside other works in various genres. She also transformed the reputation of her initially unsuccessful husband Robert Schumann through her determined championing.

As a girl, Clara Wieck was taught by her father Friedrich. Her mother Mariane Tromlitz was a professional-standard pianist. The marriage collapsed when Clara was a child, and only as an adult could she re-establish a relationship with her mother. Friedrich Wieck gave his daughter an exceptional musical education, including taking her to every important concert, opera, and drama in her native Leipzig, and training her in the complex business arrangements of a musical career. She gave her first performance at the Gewandhaus when she was nine years old.

Clara Schumann typically incorporated her own compositions into her concerts throughout the 1830s. In the use of bold harmonies, adventurous modulations, and rhythmic freedom, her compositions share qualities with her contemporaries from the new Romantic school such as Robert Schumann, Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn, and Frederic Chopin.

Her relationship with Robert Schumann signalled a turning point. After strong opposition from her father, they married in 1840 and embarked on a period of musical and literary study which transformed her style. However, she struggled with the pressure to be a perfect housewife and mother. During sixteen years of marriage, she bore eight children while also being pressed into Robert's service, preparing keyboard arrangements of orchestral works, playing for rehearsals and much else. After Robert's death in 1856, she threw herself back into her performing career for several reasons: firstly, her own playing was largely stifled during her marriage; secondly, she could reliably generate much-needed income; and finally, she could most effectively establish her husband's legacy. She eventually settled in Frankfurt.

Clara Schumann gave three songs ('Am Strande', 'Volkslied', and 'Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen') to her husband on their first Christmas together. These were followed by four songs, three of which were incorporated in a joint collection (published as Robert Schumann's op.37 and her op.12) and several independent opuses. Although not numerous, her Lieder are expressive and powerful contributions to the genre, ranging from lyric to dramatic in style. Her accompaniment textures are varied and can be virtuosic, such as in 'Walzer' and the magnificent 'Loreley'. Her melodies often display great elegance alongside an innate understanding of the voice. Formally, she was innovative, experimenting with phrase lengths and layers of texture. Her 'Geheimes Flüstern' from op.23 is one of the finest 19th-century Lieder ever composed.

Clara Schumann's taste in song poetry heavily overlapped with that of her husband and many other contemporaries. For instance, her favoured song poets, Heinrich Heine, Emanuel Geibel, and Friedrich Rückert, were all important contemporaries whose verses were frequently set. Perhaps more than any other woman composer, Clara Schumann is established in the song repertoire. A complete edition of her songs appeared in 1990 and there are numerous recordings.

## Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen

Heinrich Heine.

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen  
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,  
Und das geliebte Antlitz  
Heimlich zu leben begann.  
Um ihre Lippen zog sich  
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,  
Und wie von Wehmutstränen  
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.  
Auch meine Tränen flossen  
Mir von den Wangen herab –  
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,  
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

## I Stood Darkly Dreaming

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

I stood darkly dreaming  
And stared at her picture,  
And that beloved face  
Sprang mysteriously to life.  
About her lips  
A wondrous smile played,  
And as with sad tears,  
Her eyes gleamed.  
And my tears flowed  
Down my cheeks,  
And ah, I cannot believe  
That I have lost you!

## Sie liebten sich beide

Heinrich Heine

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner  
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn;  
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,  
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.  
Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich  
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum;  
Sie waren längst gestorben  
Und wussten es selber kaum.

## They Loved One Another

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

They loved one another, but neither  
Wished to tell the other;  
They gave each other such hostile looks,  
Yet nearly died of love.  
In the end they parted and saw  
Each other but rarely in dreams.  
They died so long ago  
And hardly knew it themselves.

## Liebeszauber

Emanuel Geibel.

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall  
Im Rosenbusch und sang;  
Es flog der wunderschöne Schall.  
Den grünen Wald entlang.  
Und wie er klang, - da stieg im Kreis.  
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,  
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',  
Und leiser ging die Luft;  
Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum.  
Geplätschert von den Höh'n,  
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum.  
Und lauschten dem Getön.  
Und hell und immer heller floß.  
Der Sonne Glanz herein,  
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß  
Sich goldig roter Schein.  
Ich aber zog den Wald entlang  
Und hörte auch den Schall.  
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,  
War nur sein Widerhall.

## Der Mond kommt still gegangen

Emanuel Geibel

Der Mond kommt still gegangen.  
Mit seinem gold'nen Schein.  
Da schläft in holdem Prangen.  
Die müde Erde ein.  
Und auf den Lüften schwanken.  
Aus manchem treuen Sinn.  
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken.  
Über die Schläfer hin.  
Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln.  
Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;  
Ich aber blicke im Dunklen.  
Still in die Welt hinaus.

## Love's magic

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

Love, as a nightingale,  
Perched on a rosebush and sang;  
The wondrous sound floated  
Along the green forest.  
And as it sounded, there arose a scent  
From a thousand calyxes,  
And all the treetops rustled softly,  
And the breeze moved softer still;  
The brooks fell silent, barely  
Having babbled from the heights,  
The fawns stood as if in a dream  
And listened to the sound.  
Brighter, and ever brighter  
The sun shone on the scene  
And poured its red glow  
Over flowers, forest and glen.  
But I made my way along the path  
And also heard the sound.  
Ah! all that I've sung since that hour  
Was merely its echo.

## The moon rises silently

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

The moon rises silently  
With its golden glow.  
The weary earth then falls asleep  
In beauty and splendour.  
Many thousand loving thoughts  
From many faithful minds  
Sway on the breezes  
Over those who slumber.  
And down in the valley  
The windows sparkle of my beloved's house;  
But I in the darkness gaze  
Silently out into the world.

## Ich hab' in deinem Auge

Friedrich Rückert

Ich hab' in deinem Auge.  
Den Strahl der ewigen Liebe gesehen,  
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen.  
Einmal die Rosen des Himmels stehn.  
Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt.  
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,  
Ihr Abglanz ewig neu erfrischt,  
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben,  
Und niemals werd' ich die Wangen seh'n.  
Und nie in's Auge dir blicken,  
So werden sie mir in Rosen steh'n.  
Und es den Strahl mir schicken.

## Die stille Lotosblume

Emanuel Geibel

Die stille Lotosblume.  
Steigt aus dem blauen See,  
Die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,  
Der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.  
Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel  
All seinen gold'nen Schein,  
Gießt alle seine Strahlen  
In ihren Schoß hinein.  
Im Wasser um die Blume.  
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan,  
Er singt so süß, so leise.  
Und schaut die Blume an.  
Er singt so süß, so leise.  
Und will im Singen vergehn.  
O Blume, weiße Blume,  
Kannst du das Lied verstehn?

## I saw in your eyes

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

I saw in your eyes  
The ray of eternal love,  
I saw on your cheeks  
The roses of heaven.  
And as the ray dies in your eyes,  
And as the roses scatter,  
Their reflection, forever new,  
Has remained in my heart,  
And never will I look at your cheeks,  
And never will I gaze into your eyes,  
And not see the glow of roses,  
And the ray of love.

## The silent lotus flower

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

The silent lotus flower  
Rises out of the blue lake,  
Its leaves glitter and glow,  
Its cup is as white as snow.  
The moon then pours from heaven  
All its golden light,  
Pours all its rays  
Into the lotus flower's bosom.  
In the water, round the flower,  
A white swan circles,  
It sings so sweetly, so quietly,  
And gazes on the flower.  
It sings so sweetly, so quietly,  
And wishes to die as it sings.  
O flower, white flower,  
Can you fathom the song?

## ***Spanisches Liederbuch* (1891)** **Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)**

Hugo Wolf, in full Hugo Philipp Jakob Wolf, (born March 13, 1860, Windischgraz, Austria [now Slovenj Gradec, Slovenia]—died Feb. 22, 1903, Vienna), composer who brought the 19th-century German lied, or art song, to its highest point of development. His early songs include settings of poems by J.W. von Goethe, Nikolaus Lenau, Heinrich Heine, and Joseph von Eichendorff. In 1883 he began his symphonic poem *Penthesilea*, based on the tragedy by Heinrich von Kleist. From 1888 onward he composed a vast number of songs on poems of Goethe, Eduard Friedrich Mörike, and others. The *Spanisches Liederbuch* (“Spanish Songbook”), on poems of P.J.L. von Heyse and Emanuel von Geibel, appeared in 1891, followed by the *Italienisches Liederbuch* (part 1, 1892; part 2, 1896). Other song cycles were on poems of Henrik Ibsen and Michelangelo. His first opera, *Corregidor* (1895; composed on a story by Pedro Antonio de Alarcón), was a failure when it was produced at Mannheim in 1896; a revised version was produced at Strasbourg in 1898. His second opera, *Manuel Venegas*, also after Alarcón, remained unfinished.

*Spanisches Liederbuch*, (German: “Spanish Songbook”) song cycle by Austrian composer Hugo Wolf, based on both sacred and secular verses. The *Spanisches Liederbuch* was published in 1891.

For the words to his song cycle, Wolf selected from a collection of Spanish poems that had been translated into German (1852) by Paul Heyse and Emanuel Geibel. Many of the original texts were anonymous; some of the others were written by such noted writers as Miguel de Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Gil Vicente. Wolf worked on the song settings for these poems from October 1889 to April 1890. He divided his work into two unequal parts: the *geistliche* (“sacred” or “spiritual”), consisting of 10 songs, and the *weltliche* (“secular” or “worldly”), consisting of 34 songs.

Many of the sacred songs deal with visions of the Virgin Mary en route to Bethlehem, though a few reflect instead upon the Crucifixion. In both cases, there is an element of present suffering to be replaced by bliss in paradise. The secular songs all deal with love, few from an entirely optimistic view. More frequently, the subject is unrequited love or a lover’s parting or absence, giving Wolf the opportunity to musically underscore turbulent emotions with fiery music. On either side of that sacred-secular divide, Wolf presents music that varies from sweet and languid moods to powerful dramatic statements.

## Nun wandre, Maria

Ocaña , translated by Paul Heyse

### DER HEILIGE JOSEPH SINGT

Nun wandre, Maria,  
Nun wandre nur fort.  
Schon krähen die Hähne,  
Und nah ist der Ort.  
Nun wandre, Geliebte,  
Du Kleinod mein,  
Und balde wir werden  
In Bethlehem sein.  
Dann ruhest du fein  
Und schlummerst dort.  
Schon krähen die Hähne  
Und nah ist der Ort.  
Wohl seh ich, Herrin,  
Die Kraft dir schwinden;  
Kann deine Schmerzen,  
Ach, kaum verwinden.  
Getrost! Wohl finden  
Wir Herberg dort.  
Schon krähen die Hähne  
Und nah ist der Ort.  
Wär erst bestanden  
Dein Stündlein, Marie,  
Die gute Botschaft,  
Gut lohnt ich sie.  
Das Eselein hie  
Gäb ich drum fort!  
Schon krähen die Hähne  
Und nah ist der Ort.

## Journey on, now, Mary,

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

### SAINT JOSEPH SINGS

Journey on, now, Mary,  
Keep journeying.  
The cocks are crowing,  
And the place is near.  
Journey on, beloved,  
My jewel,  
And soon we shall  
Be in Bethlehem.  
Then you shall rest well  
And slumber there.  
The cocks are crowing,  
And the place is near.  
I will see, my lady,  
That your strength is failing;  
I can hardly, alas,  
Bear your agony.  
Courage! We shall find  
Some shelter there.  
The cocks are crowing,  
And the place is near.  
If only your hour of pain  
Were over, O Mary,  
I should handsomely reward  
The happy tidings.  
This little ass here  
I'd gladly give away!  
The cocks are crowing,  
Come! The place is near.

***Cantate, ariette e duetti* (1651)**  
**Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)**

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677), was sometimes referred as Barbara Valle by her father the famous poet Giulio Strozzi and she was born in Venice, Italy. Venice was at the height of its cultural development, a city of wealth, peace, academic curiosity, and musical innovation. In addition to the influence of her social background, she was a composer and singer who grew up in a family environment with an academic and musical atmosphere.

Most of Barbara Strozzi's compositions were for female vocal accompaniment. She was not only one of the most famous female vocalists of her time, but also a very talented lute player. Her music is notable for several reasons. The first is that, probably influenced by her poet father, Giulio Strozzi was very careful with texts, establishing a real intimacy between text and music. The second reason is the eccentricity of the harmonies in her music. For example, "Udite amanti, L'Eraclito amoroso" is a chaconne-slow and in triple time, and Barbara used many dissonances in this tragic work, bringing together the use of dissonance in this tragic work which in turn brings out the emotions of indecision and grief.

**Udite amanti, L' Eraclito Amoroso.**

Udite amanti la cagione, oh Dio,  
ch'a. lagrimar mi porta:  
nell'adorato e bello idolo mio,  
che sì fido credei, la fede è morta.

Vaghezza ho sol di piangere,  
mi pasco sol di lagrime,  
il duolo è mia delizia  
e son miei gioie i gemiti.  
Ogni martie aggradami,  
ogni dolor diletami,  
i singulti mi sanano,  
i sospir mi consolano.

Ma se la fede negami  
quell'incostante e perfido,  
almen fede serbatemi  
sino alla morte, o lagrime!  
Ogni tristezza assalgami,  
ogni cordoglio eternisi,  
tanto ogni male affliggami  
che m'uccida e sotterrimi.

**Hear lovers**

Listen you lovers, to the cause, oh God,  
of my weeping:  
in my handsome and adored idol,  
whom I believed to be faithful, faith is dead.

I have pleasure only in weeping,  
I nourish myself only with tears.  
Grief is my delight  
and moans are my joys.  
Every anguish gives me pleasure,  
every pain delights me,  
sobs heal me,  
sighs console me.

But if that inconstant traitor  
denys me constancy,  
at least let my devotion serve me  
until death, o tears.  
Every sadness soothes me,  
every sorrow sustains itself,  
every ill afflicts me so much  
that it slays and buries me.



## ***Le nozze di Figaro* (1786)**

### **Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)**

Austrian composer, son of Leopold Mozart. His style essentially represents a synthesis of many different elements, which coalesced in his Viennese years, from 1781 on, into an idiom now regarded as a peak of Viennese Classicism. The mature music, distinguished by its melodic beauty, its formal elegance and its richness of harmony and texture, is deeply coloured by Italian opera though also rooted in Austrian and south German instrumental traditions. Unlike Haydn, his senior by 24 years, and Beethoven, his junior by 15, he attempted most of the art-music forms of his time and excelled at them all.

*The Marriage of Figaro* (Italian: *Le nozze di Figaro*, pronounced ), K. 492, is an opera buffa (comic opera) in four acts composed in 1786 by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, with an Italian libretto written by Lorenzo Da Ponte. It premiered at the Burgtheater in Vienna on 1 May 1786. The opera's libretto is based on the 1784 stage comedy by Pierre Beaumarchais, *La folle journée, ou le Mariage de Figaro* ("The Mad Day, or The Marriage of Figaro"). It tells how the servants Figaro and Susanna succeed in getting married, foiling the efforts of their philandering employer Count Almaviva to seduce Susanna and teaching him a lesson in fidelity.

Considered one of the greatest operas ever written, it is a cornerstone of the repertoire and appears consistently among the top ten in the Operabase list of most frequently performed operas. In 2017, BBC News Magazine asked 172 opera singers to vote for the best operas ever written. *The Marriage of Figaro* came in at No. 1 out of the 20 operas featured, with the magazine describing the work as being "one of the supreme masterpieces of operatic comedy, whose rich sense of humanity shines out of Mozart's miraculous score"

#### **Voi che sapete.**

Voi che sapete che cosa e amor,  
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor,  
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor.  
Quello ch'io provo, vi ridiro,  
E per me nuovo capir nol so.  
Sento un affetto pien di desir,  
Ch'ora e diletto, ch'ora e martir.  
Gelo e poi sento l'alma avvampar,  
E in un momento torno a gelar.  
Ricerco un bene fuori di me,  
Non so chi il tiene, non so cos' e.  
Sospiro e gemo senza voler,  
Palpito e tremo senza saper,  
Non trovo pace notte ne di,  
Ma pur mi piace languir cosi.  
Voi, che sapete che cosa e amor  
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor.

#### **You who know what love is**

You who know what love is,  
Women, see whether it's in my heart,  
Women, see whether it's in my heart.  
What I am experiencing I will tell you,  
It is new to me and I do not understand it.  
I have a feeling full of desire,  
That now, is both pleasure and suffering.  
At first frost, then I feel the soul burning,  
And in a moment I'm freezing again.  
Seek a blessing outside myself,  
I do not know how to hold it, I do not know what it is.  
I sigh and moan without meaning to,  
Throb and tremble without knowing,  
I find no peace both night or day,  
But even still, I like to languish.  
You who know what love is,  
Women, see whether it's in my heart.

***Cabaret Songs Complete* (1996)**  
**William Bolcom (1938-)**

William Bolcom, born in Seattle, Washington in 1938, now resides in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he taught at the University of Michigan for 35 years until his retirement in 2008.

At age 11 he entered the University of Washington to study composition privately with John Verrall; later studies were with Darius Milhaud at Mills College and the Paris Conservatoire. He received a Master's Degree from Mills College and the first Doctor of Music Degree from Stanford University. Various honors include: 1988 Pulitzer Prize in Music; 2006 National Medal of Arts; two Guggenheim fellowships; two Koussevitzky Foundation grants; six honorary doctorates; the Marc Blitzstein Award for Musical Theater; "2007 Composer of the Year" designation by Musical America; four Grammy awards(2005); and his 1992 investiture in the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Bolcom has received commissions from the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Saint Louis Symphony, the Vienna Philharmonic, the Baltimore Symphony, the National Symphony, the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, The Boston "Pops" Orchestra, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the Pacific Symphony, and the MET Orchestra, and from Placido Domingo, Isaac Stern, James Galway, Marilyn Horne, Joyce Castle, and Ursula Oppens, among many others. Chamber commissions include works for Yo-Yo Ma and Emanuel Ax, Emerson and Guarneri Quartets, Pro Arte Quartet, the Van Cliburn Piano Competition, the Haydn Festival Eisenstadt, and the Philadelphia Chamber Music Society.

Bolcom has composed nine symphonies, twelve string quartets, four operas: *Dinner At Eight* (2017), *A Wedding* (2004), *A View From the Bridge* (1999), and *McTeague* (1992) and three theater operas, including the popular *Casino Paradise* (1990), and one zarzuela: *Lucrezia*. His operas have been presented at the Metropolitan Opera, Washington National Opera, Portland Opera, Music Academy of the West, Indiana University, Aspen Music Festival, Opera Hagen (Germany), Landestheater Linz, and the Rome Opera (Italy). His *First Symphony for Band* (2009) quickly entered the serious band repertory, garnering dozens of performances.

As a highly acclaimed solo pianist and concert artist with his wife, mezzo-soprano Joan Morris, Bolcom has recorded and performed widely. His music, from ragtime to theater and from chamber to symphonic works, has gained worldwide prominence, and may be heard on the Albany, Argo, CRI, Nonesuch, New World, BMG/RCA, Deutsche Grammophone, Laurel, Hyperion, Crystal, Koch, Newport, MSR, Vox, Centaur, Phoenix, Naxos and other labels. The most recent Bolcom and Morris CD, *Autumn Leaves*, is a selection of some of the duo's favorite songs and may be found on White Pine Music. William Bolcom's publisher is Edward B. Marks Music Company.

## Waitin'

Arnold Weinstein

Waitin' waitin'  
I've been waitin'  
Waitin' waitin' all my life.  
That light keeps on hiding from me,  
But it someday just might bless my sight.  
Waitin' waitin' waitin'

## Song of Black Max

Arnold Weinstein

He was always dressed in black,  
long black jacket, broad black hat,  
sometimes a cape,  
and as thin as rubber tape: Black Max.  
He would raise that big black hat  
to the big-shots of the town  
who raised their hats right back,  
never knew they were bowing to Black Max.  
I'm talking about night in Rotterdam  
when the right night people of all the town  
would find what they could  
in the night neighborhood of Black Max.  
There were women in the windows  
with bodies for sale  
dressed in curls like little girls  
in little dollhouse jails.  
When the women walked the street  
with the beds upon their backs,  
who was lifting up his brim to them?  
Black Max!  
And there were looks for sale,  
the art of the smile —  
(only certain people walked that mystery mile;  
artists, charlatans, vaudevillians,  
men of mathematics, acrobatics, and civilians).  
There was knitting-needle music  
from a lady organ-grinder  
with all her sons behind her,  
Marco, Vito, Benno  
(Was he strong! though he walked like a woman)  
and Carlo, who was five.  
He must be still alive!  
Ah, poor Marco had the syph, and if

you didn't take the terrible cure those days  
you went crazy and died and he did.  
And at the coffin before they closed the lid,  
who raised his lid? Black Max.  
I was climbing on the train  
one day going far away  
to the good old U.S.A.  
when I heard some music  
underneath the tracks.  
Standing there beneath the bridge,  
long black jacket, broad black hat,  
playing the harmonica, one hand free  
to lift that hat to me:  
Black Max, Black Max, Black Max.

## Blue

Arnold Weinstein

This is what I want to do,  
My heart is sit real still with you.  
After all that cruising in around and out of town,  
Put them down who deared refuse me and the same old line I threw  
Ah but up up up I grew  
And now all I want to do  
My heart is sit real still with you  
After all that screeching talking fast and slowing down,  
Only now and then to reach you  
When you'd let me know I knew  
That what I preach is none too true  
That's why all I want to do  
My heart is sit real still with you.  
(Cause I do know this about people and I DONT mean some:  
Awfly smart people are often awful dumb!  
Aren't we?  
We just don't realize  
That behind the eyes, behind the mind,  
You find the sweetest brilliance and a stillness of such blue  
That--)  
That's why all I want to do  
My soul is sit real still with you.  
Ah so sweetly down the hill  
That is what I want to do  
Sweet soul is sit real still with you.