

**Madison Meeks, soprano**

**Graduate Voice Recital**

**Songhwa Chae, piano**

**March 31, 2023**

**7:30pm**

**All Faiths Chapel, Kansas State University**

PROGRAM

*Schlichte Weisen*, Opus 21 ..... Richard Strauss (1864-1949)  
All mein Gedanken  
Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden

Gretchen am Spinnrade ..... Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

*Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson* ..... Aaron Copland (1900-1990)  
Heart, we will forget him

*Quatre chansons de jeunesse* ..... Claude Debussy (1862-1918)  
Pierrot  
Apparition

**Intermission**

*The Sun is Love* ..... Gwyneth Walker (b.1947)  
Circling the Sun  
Quietness  
Flirtation: Light and Wine and Pomegranate Flowers  
The Sunrise Ruby  
Dualities; insomnias, meetings, mirrors, stones  
A Waterbird

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## Program Notes

*Schlichte Weisen, Opus 21* by Richard Strauss from *Five Poems* by Felix Dahn (1834-1912). Strauss composed these songs in 1889/90. He often accompanied his wife, the soprano Pauline Strauss-de Ahna, on the piano and worked with her on interpretations of his piano songs.

### I. "All mein Gedanken"

All' mein Gedanken, mein Herz und mein Sinn,  
Da wo die Liebste ist, wandern sie hin. Geh'n  
ihres Weges trotz Mauer und Tor,  
Da hält kein Riegel, kein Graben nicht vor,  
Gehn wie die Vögelein hoch durch die Luft,  
Brauchen kein' Brücken über Wasser und Kluft,  
Finden das Städtlein und finden das Haus,  
Finden ihr Fenster aus allen heraus,  
Und klopfen und rufen: "mach' auf, laß uns ein,  
Wir kommen vom Liebsten und grüßen Dich  
fein."

All my thoughts, my heart and my mind,  
Wander to where my beloved is.  
They go on their way despite wall and gate,  
No bolt, no ditch can stop them,  
Go high in the air like little birds,  
Needing no bridge over water or chasm,  
They find the town and they find the house, Find  
her window among all the others,  
And knock and call: 'Open up, let us in,  
We come from your sweetheart who sends his  
love.'

### II. "Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden"

Ach Lieb, ich muß nun scheiden, gehn über  
Berg und Thal, Die Erlen und die Weiden, die  
weinen allzumal.  
Sie sahn so oft uns wandern zusammen an  
Baches Rand, Das Eine ohn' den Andern geht  
über ihren Verstand. Die Erlen und die Weiden  
vor Schmerz in Thränen stehn, Nun denket, wie  
uns beiden erst muß zu Herzen gehn!

Ah, my love, I must now leave, go over hill and  
dale, The alders and willows join together in  
weeping  
So often they saw us stroll together by the  
brook,  
To see one without the other passes their  
understanding. The alders and willows weep  
tears of grief,  
Just think of the heartfelt sorrow we must both  
suffer.

“Gretchen am Spinnrade” composed by Franz Schubert. This is Schubert's first successful lied written in 1814 when he was just 16, which is thoroughly impressive considering how well this piece is composed and how highly it compares to his later works. The character of Gretchen recites (or sings) the words while she spins fiber into yarn at a spinning wheel. The intensity of her love for Faust has destroyed her ability to live any longer within the confines she had known all her life.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.  
Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh' ich  
Aus dem Haus.  
Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt.  
Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluss.  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Mein Busen drängt sich  
Nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft' ich fassen  
Und halten ihn.  
Und küssen ihn  
So wie ich wollt'  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt'!

My peace is gone  
My heart is heavy;  
I shall never  
Ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,  
Life's like the grave;  
The whole world  
Is turned to gall.  
My poor head  
Is crazed,  
My poor mind  
Shattered.

It's only for him  
I gaze from the window,  
It's only for him  
I leave the house.  
His proud bearing  
His noble form,  
The smile on his lips,  
The power of his eyes,  
And the magic flow  
Of his words,  
The touch of his hand,  
And ah, his kiss!

My bosom  
Yearns for him.  
Ah! if I could clasp  
And hold him,  
And kiss him  
To my heart's content,  
And in his kisses  
Perish!

*Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson* is a song cycle by Aaron Copland. The cycle was written in 1950 and contains 12 songs. Copland stated "I had no intention of composing a song cycle,". His interest in the Dickinson poems began with "The Chariot" and he gradually added others. The cycle is Copland's longest work for solo voice. Copland explained, "Each song is meant to be complete in itself, but I prefer them to be sung as a cycle. They seem to have a cumulative effect." **Heart, we will forget him** is the fifth song within the cycle and is a love song comparable to Mahler.

Heart, we will forget him  
You and I, tonight.  
You may forget the warmth he gave,  
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,  
That I my thoughts may dim;  
Haste! lest while you're lagging,  
I may remember him!

*Quatre chansons de jeunesse* a song cycle by Claude Debussy. Debussy was 18 years old when he wrote this song cycle. He was living in Paris with the Vasnier family. They were a huge influence on his compositional style and introduced him to poetry for this song cycle.

### **Pierrot**

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule contemple,  
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin,  
Suit en songeant le boulevard du  
Temple.

Une fillette au souple casaquin  
En vain l'agace de son œil coquin;  
Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse  
Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,  
La blanche lune aux cornes de taureau  
Jette un regard de son œil en coulisse  
À son ami Jean Gaspard Deburau.

Good old Pierrot, watched by the crowd,  
Having done with Harlequin's wedding,  
Drifts dreamily along the boulevard of the  
Temple.

A girl in a flowing blouse  
Vainly leads him on with her teasing eyes;  
And meanwhile, mysterious and sleek,  
Cherishing him above all else,  
The white moon with horns like a bull  
Ogles her friend  
Jean Gaspard Deburau.

### Apparition

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs  
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des  
fleurs  
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes  
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des  
corolles.  
—C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.  
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser  
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse  
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse  
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a cueilli.  
J'errais donc, l'œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli,  
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue  
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue  
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté  
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté  
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal  
fermées  
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

The moon grew sad. Weeping seraphim,  
dreaming, bows in hand, in the calm of hazy  
flowers, drew from dying viols  
white sobs that glided over the corollas' blue.  
—It was the blessed day of your first kiss.  
My dreaming, glad to torment me,  
grew skillfully drunk on the perfumed sadness  
that—without regret or bitter after-taste—  
the harvest of a Dream leaves in the reaper's  
heart.  
And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the old  
paving stones,  
when with sun-flecked hair, in the street  
and in the evening, you appeared laughing  
before me  
and I thought I glimpsed the fairy with her cap  
of light  
who long ago crossed my lovely spoilt child's  
slumbers,  
always allowing from her half-closed hands  
white bouquets of scented flowers to snow.

*The Sun is Love* a song cycle by Gwyneth Walker. This cycle premiered September 28, 2002. It was composed as a wedding gift. The song contains poetry by Jelaluddin Rumi, a 13<sup>th</sup> century Persian Sufi and Poet. The text is used in six songs, each covering a different aspect of love and its many stages.

### Circling the Sun

The sun is love. The lover,  
a speck circling the sun.  
A Spring wind moves to dance  
any branch that isn't dead.  
Something opens our wings.  
Something makes boredom and hurt disappear.  
Someone fills the cup in front of us.  
We taste only sacredness.  
Held like this, to draw in milk,  
no will, tasting clouds of milk,  
never so content.  
I stand up and this one of me  
turns into a hundred of me.  
They say I circle around you.  
Nonsense. I circle around me.

### Quietness

Inside this new love, die.  
Your way begins on the other side.  
Become the sky.  
Take an axe to the prison wall.  
Escape.  
Walk out like someone suddenly born into color.  
Do it now.  
You're covered with thick cloud.  
Slide out the side. Die,  
and be quiet. Quietness is the surest sign  
that you've died.  
Your old life was a frantic running  
from silence.  
The speechless full moon  
comes out now.

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### **Flirtation: Light and Wine and Pomegranate Flowers**

Come to the orchard in Spring.  
There is light and wine, and sweethearts  
in the pomegranate flowers.  
If you do not come, these do not matter.  
If you do come, these do not matter.  
Daylight, full of small dancing particles  
and the one great turning, our souls  
are dancing with you, without feet, they dance.  
Can you see them when I whisper in your ear?  
I would love to kiss you.  
The price of kissing is your life.  
Now my loving is running toward my life  
shouting,  
What a bargain, let's buy it.

### **The Sunrise Ruby**

In the early morning hour,  
just before dawn, lover and beloved wake  
and take a drink of water.  
She asks, "Do you love me or yourself more?  
Really, tell the absolute truth."  
He says, "There's nothing left of me.  
I'm like a ruby held up to the sunrise.  
Is it still a stone, or a world  
made of redness? It has no resistance  
to sunlight."  
This is how the Lord said, I am God  
and told the truth!  
The ruby and the sunrise are one.

### **Dualities**

#### **a. insomnias**

When I am with you, we stay up all night.  
When you're not here, I can't go to sleep.  
Praise God for these two insomnias!  
And the difference between them.

#### **b. meetings**

The minute I heard my first love story  
I started looking for you, not knowing  
how blind that was.  
Lovers don't finally meet somewhere.  
They're in each other all along.

The breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you.  
Don't go back to sleep.  
You must ask for what you really want.  
Don't go back to sleep.  
People are going back and forth across the  
doorsill  
where the two worlds touch.  
The door is round and open.  
Don't go back to sleep  
Come to the orchard in Spring.  
There is light and wine, and sweethearts  
in the pomegranate flowers.  
Come to the orchard in Spring.

#### **c. mirrors**

We are the mirror as well as the face in it.  
We are tasting the taste this minute  
of eternity. We are pain  
and what cures pain, both. We are  
the sweet cold water and the jar that pours.

#### **d. stones**

I want to hold you close like a lute,  
so we can cry out with loving.  
You would rather throw stones at a mirror?  
I am your mirror, and here are the stones.

### **A Waterbird (Flying into the Sun)**

What I want is to see your face  
In a tree, in the sun coming out,  
in the air.

What I want is  
to hear the falcon-drum, and light again  
on your forearm.

To see in every palm your elegant silver coin shavings,  
to turn with the wheel of the rain,  
to fall with the falling bread.

To swim like a huge fish  
in ocean water,  
to be Jacob recognizing Joseph.

To be a desert mountain  
instead of a city.

I'm tired of cowards.

I want to live with lions.  
with Moses.

I want to sing like birds sing,  
not worrying who hears,  
or what they think.

I am a waterbird flying into the sun.

What I want is to see your face  
Beyond wanting, beyond place.

I am a waterbird flying into the sun  
Your old life was a frantic running  
from silence.

The speechless full moon  
comes out now.