

Anna Purvis, Mezzo Soprano

Dr. Song Hwa Chae, Piano

April 7, 2026

6:00 pm

All Faith's Chapel, Kansas State University

PROGRAM

An die Musik Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Leider der Mignon Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

II. Heiss mich nicht reden

Les Nuits d'été Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

I. Villanelle

IV. L'Absence

Sposa son disprezzata (Bajazet) Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Must the Winter Come so Soon? (Vanessa) Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Try Me, Good King Libby Larsen
(1950-)

IV. Anne of Cleves

V. Katherine Howard

KANSAS STATE
UNIVERSITY

School of Music,
Theatre, and Dance

An die Musik *Franz Schubert*

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen
Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis
umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb
entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf
entflossen,
Ein süsser, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten mir
erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!
(Text by Franz von Schober)

Heiss mich nicht reden *Franz Schubert*

Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss mich
schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht;
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zu rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muss sich
erhellen;
Der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf,
Missgönnt der Erde nicht die
tiefverborgnen Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes
Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich
ergiessen;
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie
aufzuschliessen.
(Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

To Music *Franz Schubert*

Beloved art, in how many a bleak hour,
when I am enmeshed in life's tumultuous
round,
have you kindled my heart to the warmth
of love,
and borne me away to a better world!

Often a sigh, escaping from your harp,
a sweet, celestial chord
has revealed to me a heaven of happier
times.
Beloved art, for this I thank you!
(Translation by Richard Wigmore)

Do Not Bid Me Speak *Franz Schubert*

Do not bid me speak; bid me be silent,
for my duty is to keep my secret;
I long to reveal my whole soul to you,
but fate does not permit it.

At the appointed time the sun in its course
drives away the dark night, and day must
break;
the hard rock opens its bosom
and ungrudgingly bestows on the earth its
deep-hidden springs.

Every man seeks peace in the arms of a
friend;
there the heart can pour out its sorrows.
But an oath seals my lips,
and only a god can open them.
(Translation by Richard Wigmore)

Villanelle *Hector Berlioz*

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles
Siffler!

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni,
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportant des fraises
Des bois!

(Text by Théophile Gautier)

Villanelle *Hector Berlioz*

When the new season comes,
When the cold has gone,
We two will go, my sweet,
To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods;
Scattering as we tread the pearls of dew
We see quivering each morn,
We'll go and hear the blackbirds
Sing!

Spring has come, my sweet;
It is the season lovers bless,
And the birds, preening their wings,
Sing songs from the edge of their nests.
Ah! Come, then, to this mossy bank
To talk of our beautiful love,
And tell me in your gentle voice:
Forever!

Far, far away we'll stray from our path,
Startling the rabbit from his hiding-place
And the deer reflected in the spring,
Admiring his great lowered antlers;
Then home we'll go, serene and at ease,
And entwining our fingers basket-like,
We'll bring back home wild
Strawberries!

(Translation by Richard Stokes)

L'Absence *Hector Berlioz*

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée;
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Entre nos cœurs quelle distance!
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!
Ô sort amer! ô dure absence!
Ô grands désirs inapaisés!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

D'ici là-bas, que de campagnes,
Que de villes et de hameaux,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
À lasser le pied des chevaux.

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!
(Text by *Théophile Gautier*)

Absence *Hector Berlioz*

Return, return, my sweetest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your crimson smile!

Such a distance between our hearts!
So great a gulf between our kisses!
O bitter fate! O harsh absence!
O great unassuaged desires!

Return, return, my sweetest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your crimson smile!

So many intervening plains,
So many towns and hamlets,
So many valleys and mountains
To weary the horses' hooves.

Return, return, my sweetest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your crimson smile!
(Translation by *Richard Stokes*)

Sposa son disprezzata *Antonio Vivaldi*
Bajazet

Sposa son disprezzata,
fida son oltraggiata,
cieli che feci mai?
E pur egl'è il mio cor
il mio sposo, il mio amor,
la mia speranza.
L'amo ma egl'è infedel
spero ma egl'è crudel,
morir mi lascerai?
O Dio manca il valor
valor e la costanza.
(*Authorship under debate*)

Must the winter come so soon? *Samuel*
Barber **Vanessa**

Must the winter come so soon?
Night after night I hear the hungry deer
Wander weeping in the woods
And from his house of brittle bark hoots
the frozen owl
Must the winter come so soon?
Here in this forest neither dawn nor
sunset
Marks the passing of the days
It is a long winter here
Must the winter come so soon?
(*Text by Gian Carlo Menotti*)

I am wife and I am scorned *Antonio*
Vivaldi **Bajazet**

I am wife and I am scorned,
I am faithful and I'm outraged.
Heavens, what have I done?
And yet he is my heart,
my husband, my love,
my hope.
I love him, but he is unfaithful,
I hope, but he is cruel,
will he let me die?
O God, valor is missing -
valor and constancy.
(*Translation by Elfrieda Langemann*
O'Neill)

Anne of Cleves (Cleaves) was the fourth of Henry VIII's six wives. Henry felt that she was not as beautiful as had been described to him and portrayed in her portraits. Their marriage was annulled after just six months, claiming it had never been consummated. She remained in England after the divorce as the "King's Sister."

Anne was one of three queens to survive marriage to Henry. The others being his first wife, Katherine of Aragon, and his last, Katherine Parr, who outlived Henry. Anne outlived Henry and his other wives.

Anne of Cleves Libby Larsen
(Queen January 1540-July 1540 - Divorced)

Anne of Cleves to Henry VIII, 11 July 1540

I have been informed... by certain lords... of the doubts and questions which have been... found in our marriage... It may please your majesty to know that, though the case... be most hard... and sorrowful... I have and do accept [the clergy] for my judges. So now,... the clergy hath... given their sentence, I... approve... I neither can nor will repute myself for your grace's wife... yet it may please your highness to take me for your sister, for which I most humbly thank you...

Your majesty's most humble sister,
Anne, daughter of Cleaves

Katherine Howard was the fifth wife of Henry VIII. Records point towards Katherine being around 17 years old when she met Henry, while a lady in waiting under Anne of Cleves. Henry was likely 40. Henry described her as his "Rose without a thorn." She bore no children for the king, likely due to issues relating to his age. Katherine was executed the 13th of February 1541 on charges of adultery and sexual promiscuity prior to her marriage to Henry.

She and two other men, Francis Derehman and Thomas Culpeper were executed that day. While the sexual nature of her relationship with Derehman, which predates her marriage is substantiated, the accusations of infidelity with Culpeper are less clear and still under debate.

Katherine Howard Libby Larsen
(Queen July 1540-February 1541 - Beheaded)

Recorded at her execution by an unknown Spaniard, 13 February 1541

God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me. By the journey upon which I am bound, brothers, I have not wronged the King. But it is true that long before the King took me, I loved [Thomas] Culpeper... I wish to God I had done as Culpeper wished me, for at the time the King wanted... me, [Culpeper] urged me to say that I was pledged to him. If I had done as he wished me I should not die this death, nor would he... God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me...

I die a Queen, but I would rather die the wife of Culpeper.

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