

**Calista Stegner, Soprano**

**Dr. SongHwa Chae, piano**

**April 10, 2026**

**6:30pm**

**All Faiths Chapel, Kansas State University**

PROGRAM

Deh vieni, non tardar (from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, 1786) ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

*Ariettes oubliées* (1885) ..... Claude Debussy  
I. C'est l'extase langoureuse (1862-1918)  
IV. Chevaux de bois

Lorelei (1843) ..... Clara Shumann  
(1819-1896)

I Lai (A Lover's Lament) (1846) ..... Mariano Obiols  
(1809-1888)

Chloe Crooks, Clarinet

*Cabaret Songs* ..... William Bolcom  
Toothbrush Time (1983) (b. 1938)  
Amor (1978)

"Deh vieni, non tardar" appears in Act IV of W.A. Mozart's opera *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Throughout the show, Count Almaviva has pursued Susanna, the maid to his Countess and fiancé to his own servant, Figaro. The Countess and Susanna plot to expose the Count's unfaithfulness. Susanna invites the Count to meet her in the garden, then swaps clothes with the Countess. The Countess, disguised as Susanna, meets with the Count while Susanna waits elsewhere in the garden. Figaro has heard of Susanna's intent to meet with the Count and hides in the garden near her. Susanna knows Figaro is there and sings "Deh vieni, non tardar," a flirtatious piece that seems to be about the Count, but is really intended as a prank on the spying and jealous Figaro.

Giunse alfin il momento  
che godrò senz'affano  
in braccio all'idol mio.  
Timide cure, uscite dal mio petto,  
a turbar non venite il mio diletto!  
Oh come par che all'amoroso foco  
l'amenità del loco,  
la terra e il ciel risponda,  
come la notte i furti miei seconda!

Deh, vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella,  
vieni ove amore per goder t'appella,  
finché non splende in ciel notturna face,  
finché l'aria è ancor bruna e il mondo tace.  
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l'aura,  
che col dolce susurro il corri staura.  
Qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è fresca,  
ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adescà.  
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascose.  
Vieni, vieni!  
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

The moment has arrived at last  
that I will enjoy without worry  
in the arms of my beloved.  
Timid worries, get out of my heart,  
do not come to disturb my pleasure!  
Oh how the spirit of this place,  
the earth and the sky, seem  
to echo the fire of love!  
How the night furthers my secrecy!

Ah, come! Do not delay, my handsome lover,  
come where love calls you to enjoyment,  
before the moon rises,  
while the air is still dark and the world is quiet.  
The stream murmurs here, the breeze plays here,  
which the heart restores with sweet whispering.  
Here the little flowers laugh and the grass is cool,  
here everything entices you to the pleasures of love.  
Come, my dearest, among the trees' shelter.  
Come, come!  
I want to crown you with roses.

*Ariettes oubliées*, or "Forgotten Songs," is a song cycle composed by Claude Debussy between 1885 and 1887. The text for each of the six pieces belongs to impressionist poet Paul Verlaine's *Romances sans paroles*. *C'est l'extase langoureuse* and *Il pleure dans mon cœur* were first performed in 1889 at the Société Nationale de Musique in Paris, an organization that strove to promote French music and composers. This performance was one of Debussy's first notable appearances in a formal concert setting. *Ariettes oubliées* gained more popularity in 1903 following its revision and dedication to soprano Mary Garden, the lead in Debussy's 1902 opera *Pelléas et Mélisande*.

C'est l'extase langoureuse

C'est l'extase langoureuse,  
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,  
C'est tous les frissons des bois  
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,  
C'est, vers les ramures grises,  
Le chœur des petites voix.

It is languorous rapture,  
It is amorous fatigue,  
It is all the tremors of the forest  
In the breezes' embrace,  
It is, around the grey branches,  
The choir of tiny voices.

Ô le frêle et frais murmure!  
Cela gazouille et susurre,  
Cela ressemble au cri doux  
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...  
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,  
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!  
The warbling and whispering,  
It is like the soft cry  
The ruffled grass gives out ...  
You might take it for the muffled sound  
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

Cette âme qui se lamente  
En cette plainte dormante  
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?  
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,  
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne  
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

This soul which grieves  
In this subdued lament,  
It is ours, is it not?  
Mine, and yours too,  
Breathing out our humble hymn  
On this warm evening, soft and low?

## Chevaux de bois

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,  
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,  
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,  
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,  
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,  
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,  
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,  
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois  
Clignote l'œil du filou surnois,  
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle  
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:  
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,  
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin  
D'user jamais de nuls éperons  
Pour commander à vos galops ronds:  
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,  
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe  
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe  
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours  
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.  
L'église tinte un glas tristement.  
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,  
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,  
Turn often and turn for evermore  
Turn and turn to the oboe's sound.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,  
The lad in black and the girl in pink,  
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,  
Each buying a treat with his Sunday sou.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,  
While the furtive pickpocket's eye is flashing  
As you whirl about and whirl around,  
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!

Astonishing how drunk it makes you,  
Riding like this in this foolish fair:  
With an empty stomach and an aching head,  
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!

Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need  
The help of any spur  
To make your horses gallop round:  
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.

And hurry on, horses of their souls:  
Nightfall already calls them to supper  
And disperses the crowd of happy revellers,  
Ravenous with thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky  
Is slowly decked with golden stars.  
The church bell tolls a mournful knell—  
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

Clara Schumann was an accomplished and influential virtuosic pianist, child prodigy, composer, and piano teacher. She married fellow composer Robert Schumann in 1840, and edited his compositions throughout his career. She published many works under her own name, though she was not truly recognized as a talented composer until the 20th century. Heinrich Heine's poem *Die Lore-Ley* ponders the legend of the Loreley, which first appeared in the novel *Godwi* by Clemens Brentano in 1800-02. The mythical siren is the personification of the Loreley, a large, steep rock on the right bank of the Rhine River known to produce an echo and home to many crashed ships.

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,  
Daß ich so traurig bin;  
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,  
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

I do not know what it means  
That I should feel so sad;  
There is a tale from olden times  
I cannot get out of my mind.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,  
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt  
Im Abendsonnenschein.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,  
And the Rhine flows quietly by;  
The summit of the mountains glitters  
In the evening sun.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet  
Dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,  
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

The fairest maiden is sitting  
In wondrous beauty up there,  
Her golden jewels are sparkling,  
She combs her golden hair.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme  
Und singt ein Lied dabei,  
Das hat eine wundersame,  
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

She combs it with a golden comb  
And sings a song the while;  
It has an awe-inspiring,  
Powerful melody.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe  
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;  
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,  
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff  
With wildly aching pain;  
He does not see the rocky reefs,  
He only looks up to the heights.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;  
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen  
Die Lorelei getan.

I think at last the waves swallow  
The boatman and his boat;  
And that, with her singing,  
The Loreley has done.

Mariano Obiols was the first Spanish composer to have an opera premièred at La Scala, Milan, one of the most prominent opera houses in the world. "I Lai" was dedicated to Cirilla Cambiasi Branca, singer, pianist, and daughter of Paolo Branca, a popular soirèe host in the 1830s & 40s whose events were attended by prominent musicians such as Rossini and Liszt.

Dove t'aggiri, mio dolce bene,  
fratante pene lasciando il core  
fratante pene lasciando il cor?

Vieni, t'affretta, mi strazia il duolo,  
giurami solo eterno amor  
Vieni, t'affretta, ah!  
Giurami solo,  
Vieni, giurami Eterno amore

Dolente e misera geme l'amante,  
ad ognistante solpensa a te.  
Tu mitradivi, tu m'ingannavi  
quando guiravi Eterno amor.

Vieni, deh! vieni!  
Con te quest' alma amore e calma  
ritroverà.

Vieni una volta,  
mistringi il seno;  
semujojo alme no beato morrò

T'affretta, cori!  
Se tarderai  
mi chiamerai più non sarò,

Vieni, deh! vieni!  
Con te quest' alma amore e calma  
ritroverà.

William Bolcolm's collection of *Cabaret Songs* with lyrics by Arnold Weinstein consists of four volumes spanning 1977-96. The cabaret genre gained popularity in 1880 in Paris, France at the venue *Le Chat Noir*. The music reflected the lives and beliefs of everyday people. The style is a mix of entertainment & political satire, popular culture & high art.

My sweetest lover, why did you leave me  
Leaving my tender heart so full of longing  
Leaving my tender heart so full of pain?

Hasten, return to me, grieving and lonely,  
Swear to me only your love again  
Come to me ah, come to me ah!  
Swear to me only,  
Come to me, swear to me your love again

Desolate, sad at heart,  
your weeping lover thinks of no other, only of you.  
Yet you deceived me, cheated me, grieved me,  
Swearing to me your love ever true,

Come, ah, return to me,  
For with you only love, calm and tender  
my soul will find.

Once more return to me,  
to your heart hold me fast.  
Even as I breathe my last, so happy will I be.

Hasten, return to me!  
Come ah! Do not delay, or,  
When you call you may find me no more,

Come then return to me,  
For with you only love calm and tender  
will my soul find.

**KANSAS STATE**  
UNIVERSITY

School of Music,  
Theatre, and Dance