

Sarah Chase, Soprano
Dr. Songhwa Chae, Piano

April 9th, 2026

7:30pm

All Faiths Chapel, Kansas State University

PROGRAM

Stizzoso, mio stizzoso (*La Serva Padrona*, 1733)Giovanni Pergolesi
(1710-1736)
Il mio bel foco (*Quella Fiamma che m'accende*).....Benedetto Marcello
(1686-1739)

Du bist die Ruh (1823).....Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Die Nacht (1885).....Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Der Kleine Sandmann (*Hänsel und Gretel*, 1893)Engelbert Humperdinck
(1854-1921)

The Bird (1946)

I Carry Your Heart (1960).....John Duke
(1899-1984)

Laurie's Song (*The Tender Land*, 1954).....Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Intermission

KANSAS STATE
UNIVERSITY

School of Music,
Theatre, and Dance

It's My Wedding (*The Enchanted Pig*, 2006).....Jonathan Dove
(b. 1959)

Diva's Lament (*Spamalot*, 2005).....John Du Prez/Eric Idle
(b. 1946)/(b.1943)

What Baking Can Do (*Waitress*, 2016).....Sara Bareilles
(b. 1979)

Ah! Je ris de me voir si belle (*Faust*, 1859).....Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Sarah Chase, Soprano

Dôme épais le jasmin (*Lakmé*, 1883).....Léo Delibes
(1836-1891)

Sarah Chase, Soprano
Maggie Masoner, Mezzo Soprano

“Stizzoso mio stizzoso” is sung by Serpina, a clever maid who pretends to be angry to manipulate her master, Uberto, into marrying her. This lively piece showcases Pergolesi’s gift for character driven music and remains a favorite for its charm, wit, and vocal agility.

Stizzoso mio, stizzoso

Stizzoso mio, stizzoso
voi fate il borioso
ma no, ma no vi puó giovare
Bisogna al mio divieto
Star cheto, cheto,
e non parlare
Zitt! Zitt! Serpina vuol cosi

Cred’io che m’intendete, si,
dacché mi conoscete
son molti e molti di

My vexatious master

My vexatious master, vexatious
you’re a bully
but no, you’re not getting anywhere with it
My interdiction is necessary
Stay quiet, quiet
and don’t talk
Hush! Hush! That’s the way Serpina wants it

I believe you understand me, indeed,
since you have known me
for many, and yet many, days

This elegant Italian art song expresses unwavering love that burns steadily, whether near or far. With flowing lines and gentle ornamentation, it highlights the singer’s devotion and emotional warmth. Often attributed to Benedetto Marcello, the piece reflects the Baroque style’s grace and sincerity.

Il mio bel foco

Il mio bel foco
O lontano o vicino
Ch’esser poss’io,
Senza congiar mail tempre
Per voi, care pupille,
Arderà sempre

My fire of love

My fire of love
However far
Or near I might be
Never changing,
For you, dear eyes
Will always be burning

Quella fiamma che m'accende
Piace tanto all'alma mia
Che giammai s'estinguerà
E se il fato a voi mi rende,
Vaghi rai del mio bel sole,
Altra luce ella non vuole
Nè voler giammai potrà

That flame which kindled me
Is so pleased with my soul
That it never dies
And if fate entrust me to you,
Lovely rays of beloved sun,
My soul will never be able
To long for any other light.

Schubert's setting of Rückert's poem is serene and tender. The voice flows in long, gentle lines, expressing deep peace and devotion. The piano's soft, steady accompaniment supports the calm mood. Subtle shifts in harmony add warmth and longing, making this Lied a quiet yet powerful expression of love.

Du bist die Ruh

Du bist die Ruh,
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du
Und was sie Stillt,
Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug und Herz
Kehr ein bei mir
Und schließe du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu
Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.
Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz!

You are repose

You are repose
And gentle peace,
You are longing
And what stills it.
I pledge to you
Full of joy and pain
As a dwelling here
My eyes and heart.
Come in to me,
softly close
The gate
Behind you
Drive other pain
From this breast!
Let my heart be filled
With you joy.
This temple of my eyes
Is lit
By your radiance alone,
O fill it utterly.

Strauss's setting of Gilm's poem captures the quiet mystery of night. The music moves gently, with soft harmonies and flowing lines that reflect the poem's sense of beauty fading into darkness. Voice and piano blend smoothly, creating a mood of longing and stillness.

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt com Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

The Night

Night steps from the woods,
Slips softly from the trees,
Gazes about her in a wide arc
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,
All the flowers, all the colors
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves
From the field

She takes all that is fair,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof
The Gold

The bush stands stades plundered:
Draw closer, soul to soul,
Ah the night, I fear, will steal
You too from me

This gentle lullaby from *Hänsel und Gretel* introduces the Sandman, who brings sleep to children. With soft, rocking rhythms and a calm melody, the song creates a peaceful bedtime mood. Its simplicity and warmth reflect the opera's magical charm and childlike innocence.

Der Kleine Sandmann bin Ich

Der kleine Sandmann bin ich
Und gar nichts arges sinn' ich
Euch, Kleinen, lieb' ich innig
Bin euch gesinnt gar minnig

Aus diesem Sack zwei Körnelein
Euch, Müden, in den Äugelein,
Die fallen von selber zu,
Damit ihr schlaft in sanfter Ruh'
Und seid ihr brav
Und fein geschlafen win,
Dann wachen auf die Sterne
Aus hoher Himmelsferne,
Gar holde Träume bringen euch die Engelein.
Gar holde Träume, Kindchen, Träume,

The Little Sandman Am I

The little Sandman am I
And nothing wicked I do wish
You little ones I dearly love
To you I'm gentle, kind above

From out this sack two grains so small
Into your weary little eyes they fall,
They close all by themselves so tight,
That you may sleep in peaceful night
And if you're good
And sleep so fine,
Then stars awaken far away
From heaven's heights so high and gray,
Sweet dreams the angels bring to you.
Sweet dreams they bring, dear little one,

This American art song sets Elinor Wylie's poem. The music reflects the poem's quiet longing for comfort, using gentle phrasing and expressive harmony. Duke's setting captures the mood of a rainy day and the solace found in a bird's song, creating a moment of peace and emotional depth.

The Bird

O clear and musical. Sing again! Sing again!
Hear the rain fall through the long night.
Bring me your song again O dear delight!
O dear and comforting Mine again! Mine again!
Hear the rain sing and the dark rejoice!
Shine like a spark again O clearest voice!

This is a setting of an e.e. Cummings' poem. Duke's music uses a flowing vocal line and gentle piano texture to reflect the poem's warmth and intimacy. The song's simplicity and sincerity make it a moving example of American art song.

I carry your heart

I carry your heart with me, I carry it in my heart
I am never without it, anywhere I go you go, my dear
And whatever is done by only me is your doing, my darling
I fear no fate for you are my fate, my sweet
I want no world for beautiful you are my world, my true
And it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

Here is the deepest secret nobody knows
Here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
And the sky of the sky of a tree called life
Which grows higher than soul can hope or mind can hide
And this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart
I carry your heart, I carry it in my heart

This aria from *The Tender Land* introduces Laurie Moss, a young girl on the eve of her high school graduation. She reflects on how quickly childhood has passed and dreams of life beyond her small town. Copland's music blends lyrical vocal lines with gentle, open harmonies to evoke Laurie's yearning and quiet strength. The song's simplicity and emotional clarity reflect Copland's American style and the opera's rural setting.

Laurie's Song

Once I thought I'd never grow tall as this fence
Time dragged heavy and slow
But April came and August went
Before I knew just what they meant
And little by little I grew

And as I grew I came to know
How fast the time could do

Once I thought I'd never go outside this fence
This space was plenty for me
But I walked down the road one day
And just what happened I can't say
But little by little it came to be
That line between the earth and sky
Came beckoning to me

Now the time has grown so short
The world has grown so wide
I'll be graduated soon
Why am I strange inside?

What makes me think I'd like try
To go down all those roads beyond that line
Above the earth and 'neath the sky?

Tomorrow when I sit upon
The graduation platform stand
I know my hand with snake
When I reach out to take that paper with the ribboned band

Now that all the learning's done
O who knows what will now begin?
O it's so strange
I'm strange inside
The time has grown so short
The world so wide

This aria from *The Enchanted Pig* introduces Adelaide, the witch's daughter, as she gleefully prepares to marry the enchanted pig. With bold rhythms and exaggerated vocal lines, the music captures her vanity and excitement. Dove's playful setting mixes operatic drama with musical theater charm, making this a lively and humorous moment in the opera.

It's My Wedding

Tiara! Tiara! Do you call this a tiara?
I want a proper tiara!
Not this thing!
I had more sparkle from beads on an old bit of string!
I want shine! I want bling!

And the veil, where's the veil?
The design was so fine
That two of the nuns who were making it
Found they'd gone blind
Do I look like I mind if some nuns have gone blind?
The whole bleeding convent can drop down dead
Just so long as that veil is on top of my head by tonight
Alright?

And the swan, where's it gone?
That 16 foot swan that I'm sitting on
As I'm pulled up the aisle by those dwarves
God those dwarves!
Send them back!

I said all along
I want dwarves that are strong
And these dwarves can't lift up my train
Send them all back again!
And go out a hussle some midgets with muscle!

And the doves, the doves?
The doves that are being released

When I stand in front of a priest
And say I do
They won't do
Shoot them all! They're too small!

Maybe it's me, but I like a dove you can see!
Is that really too much to ask?
Have I set some impossible task?
I just want some sparkle, I want things to shine!

It's my wedding! My wedding! Mine!
It's like some awful conspiracy!
Why don't you get it?
Why can't you see?
It's my wedding, so who's it about?
It's my wedding, I don't want to shout!
It's my wedding, so it's all about me!

Now get out!
And don't come back until everything's perfect!

Diva's Lament

This song from *Spamalot* features the Lady of the Lake lamenting her lack of stage time. With exaggerated vocal lines and theatrical sarcasm, she mocks the tradition of underused female leads in musicals. The number blends Broadway style with Monty Python wit, making it a standout moment of self-referential comedy.

What Baking Can Do

This song from *Waitress* introduces Jenna, a pie-making waitress who uses baking to cope with emotional hardship. As she sings, she imagines how flour, sugar, and butter can help her reshape her life. The music combines rhythmic drive with lyrical warmth, reflecting Jenna's inner strength and her longing for change. Written by Sara Bareilles, the song captures the heart of the musical's message: creativity can be a path to healing.

This aria from *Faust* features Marguerite admiring herself in a mirror after trying on a mysterious set of jewels. The music sparkles with coloratura passages and graceful ornamentation, reflecting her excitement and growing vanity. Gounod's elegant setting combines charm and vocal brilliance, making this one of the most famous soprano arias in French opera.

Ah! Je ris de me voir si belle

Ah! je ris de me voir
si belle en ce miroir,
Est-ce toi, Marguerite, est-ce toi?
Réponds-moi, réponds-moi,
Réponds, réponds, réponds vite!
Non! Non! ce n'est plus toi!
Non...non, ce n'est plus ton visage;
C'est la fille d'un roi;
Ce n'est plus toi,
C'est la fille d'un roi;
Qu'on salue au passage!
Ah, s'il était ici!
S'il me voyait ainsi!
Comme une demoiselle
Il me trouverait belle, Ah!

Achevons la métamorphose,
Il me tarde encor d'essayer
Le bracelet et le collier!
Dieu! c'est comme une main,
Qui sur mon bras se pose! ah! Ah!

This duet from *Lakmé* features the title character and her servant Mallika gathering flowers by a river. The music flows with gentle lyricism and rich harmonies, evoking the peaceful natural setting. Delibes' elegant writing and the intertwining vocal lines make this one of the most beloved moments in French opera.

Ah! I laugh to see myself
so beautiful in this mirror,
Is it you, marguerite, it is you?
Answer me, answer me
Respond, respond, respond quickly!
No, no! It is no longer you!
No...no, it is no longer your face;
It is the daughter of a king
It is no longer you,
It is the daughter of a king
Whom one bows to as she passes!
Ah, if only he were here!
If he would see me like this
like a lady
He would find me so beautiful. Ah!

Let us complete the metamorphosis,
I am late yet in trying on
The bracelet and the necklace!
God! It is like a hand
Which is placed on my arm! Ah! Ah!

Sous le dôme épais

Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin
À la rose s'assemble
Sur la rive en fleurs,
Riant au matin
Viens, descendons ensemble.

Doucement glissons de son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant
Dans l'onde frémissante
D'une main nonchalante
Viens, gagnons le bord,
Où la source dort et
L'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin,
Ah! Descendons Ensemble!

Under the thick dome
Where the jasmine white
at the rose assembles,
on the bank in blooming
laughing in the morning
Come, let's go down together.

Gently gliding from its charming flow
Let's follow the current running away
In the quivering one
with a nonchalant hand
Come, win the edge,
where the source is sleeping
And the bird, the bird sings.
Under a dome,
Under the jasmine white,
Ah! Let's go down together!