

## Ensemble Recital Program Notes

**Min Liu, Soprano**

### *Sechs Deutsche Lieder, Op. 103, by Louis Spohr*

Louis Spohr (1784-1859) was a German composer, violinist and conductor. Spohr was a prolific composer, and composed many lieder and vocal duets. Louis Spohr composed Six German Songs, Op. 103, a collection for voice, clarinet and piano, in 1837.

The text of the first song, “Sei still mein Herz”, is a setting of a poem written by Karl Friedrich (1797-1847). The narrator in the work feels that love and happiness are just illusions, but the sadness and hurt he feels are reality. He wishes that his heart could be calm. “Zwiegesang”, written by Robert Reinick (1805-1852), is the second song, and is far more lively. It depicts a duet between a girl and a bird. The bird is represented by the clarinet part, with the trills to indicate that the bird is singing. The clarinet and the voice trade musical lines as if they are talking with each other, and their songs are exciting and memorable. The third song, “Sehnsucht”, is a setting of a poem written by Emanuel von Geibel (1815-1884). It is about how in my heart, I long for many things, but time moves so swiftly that I can’t hope to attain them all. The following text, “Wiegenlied”, was by August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben (1798-1874), and is set in strophic form. It describes a mother putting her child to sleep, and all is peaceful. It is a warm and sentimental song, with the accompaniment of the piano imitating the rhythm of a cradle’s swing. The fifth song, “Das heimliche Lied”, is a setting of a poem written by Ernst Koch (1908-1858) and contains two different sections. The first section talks about how I hide myself, so nobody knows or sees my pain. In the second section, the texture of the accompaniment changes from block, to broken chords. This makes the music fluid, and transforms the emotion of the text from sadness to hope, which forms a contrast with the first section. The last song, “Wach auf” written by Rudolf Kulemann (1811-1899). It describes the prosperity, lively and beauty of nature that birds are singing, leaves are sprouting, streams are flowing. And the narrator hopes the reader wakes up to enjoy this wonderful world. The rhythm of the clarinet accompaniment in this song is mainly comprised of sixteenth notes, which resembles a bird singing, and the leaps in the music reflect the lively and colorful world.

#### **I. Sei still mein Herz**

Ich wahrte die Hoffnung tief in der Brust,  
Die sich ihr vertrauend erschlossen,  
Mir strahlten die Augen voll Lebenslust,  
Wenn mich ihre Zauber umflossen,  
Wenn ich ihrer schmeichelnden Stimme gelauscht,  
Im Wettersturm ist ihr Echo verrauscht,  
Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht dran,  
Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre war Wahn.

Die Erde lag vor mir im Frühlingstraum,  
Den Licht und Wärme durchglühte,  
Und wonnetrunken durchwallt ich den Raum,  
Der Brust entsproßte die Blüte,  
Der Liebe Lenz war in mir erwacht,  
Mich durch rieselt Frost, in der Seele ist Nacht.

Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht dran,

#### **Be still, my heart**

I kept hope deep in my heart,  
which I, trusting. Opened for her,  
my eyes shone with the joy of life,  
when her magic engulfed me,  
and when I listened to her enchanting voice  
now the echo of her has died away in the storm.  
be quiet, my heart, and think not on it.  
this is now the truth, the other was delusion.

The earth lay before me in a spring dream,  
which light and warmth have set aglow,  
intoxicated with joy I drifted through space.  
from breast sprang the flowers,  
the love’s springtime was in my awakened,  
frost falls lightly through me now, in my soul it  
is night.

Be quiet, my heart, and think not on it,

Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre war Wahn.

this is now the truth, the other was delusion.

Ich baute von Blumen und Sonnenglanz  
Eine Brücke mir durch das Leben,  
Auf der ich wandelnd im Lorbeerkranz  
Mich geweiht dem hochedelsten Streben,  
Der Menschen Dank war mein schönster Lohn,

I built from flowers and sunshine  
a bridge for me through the life,  
upon which I walked in a laurel  
devoting myself to the noblest causes.  
the men's gratitude was my most beautiful  
reward,

Laut auf lacht die Menge mit frechem Hohn,

now the crowd laughs out loud with impudent  
scorn,

Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht dran,  
Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre war Wahn.

be quiet, my heart, and think not on it,  
this is now the truth, the other was delusion.

## II. Zwiegesang

## Duet

Im Fliederbusch ein Vöglein saß  
In der stillen, schönen Maiennacht,  
Darunter ein Mägdlein im hohen Gras  
In der stillen, schönen Maiennacht.  
Sang Mägdlein, hielt das Vöglein Ruh',

In the lilac bush a little bird sat  
in the quiet, lovely May night,  
beneath it a maiden in the high grass  
in the quiet, lovely May night.  
When the maiden sang, the little bird remained  
silent,

Sang Vöglein, hört' das Mägdlein zu,  
Und weithin klang der Zwiegesang  
Das mondbeglänzte Thal entlang.

and when the little bird sang the maiden listened,  
and their duet rang out into the distance  
throughout the moonlit valley.

Was sang das Vöglein im Gezweig  
Durch die stille, schöne Maiennacht?  
Was sang doch wohl das Mägdlein gleich  
Durch die stille, schöne Maiennacht?  
Von Frühlingssonne das Vögelein,  
Von Liebeswonne das Mägdlein.  
Wie der Gesang Zum Herzen drang,  
Vergess ich nimmer mein Lebelang!

What sang the little bird in the branches  
through the quiet lovely May night?  
Indeed, what did the maiden sing at the same time,  
through the quiet, lovely May night?  
Of spring's sunshine the little birds  
of love's delight the maiden,  
and how their sing touched my heart  
I shall never in my life forget.

## III. Sehnsucht

## Longing

Ich blick in mein Herz und ich blick in die Welt,  
Bis von schwimmenden Auge die Träne mir fällt,

I look into my heart and I look at the world,  
until from my swimming eyes a tear from me  
falls,

Wohl leuchtet die Ferne mit goldenem Licht,  
Doch hält mich der Nord, ich erreiche sie nicht.  
O die Schranken so eng, und die Welt so weit,

indeed shines the distance with a golden light,  
but holds me the north, I shall reach it not.  
Oh the confines so narrow and the world so  
wide,

Und so flüchtig die Zeit!

and so fleeting the time!

Ich weiß ein Land, wo aus sonnigem Grün,  
Um versunkene Tempel die Trauben glühn,  
Wo die purpurne Woge das Ufer beschäumt,

I know a land, where out of sunny greenery  
around sunken temples the grapes bloom,  
where the purple wave the shore covers with  
foam,

Und von kommenden Sängern der Lorbeer träumt;

and of future singers the laurel dream;

Fern lockt es und winkt dem verlangenden Sinn,

from after entices it and beckons to my desirous  
mind,

Und ich kann nicht hin!

and I can not go there!

O hätt'ich Flügel, durch Blau der Luft  
Wie wollt ich baden im Sonnenduft!  
Doch umsonst! Und Stunde auf Stunde entflieht,  
Vertraure die Jugend, begrabe das Lied!

Oh I had wings to fly in the blue of the air,  
how would I bathe in the sun's fragrance,  
but in vain! And hour flees upon the hour;  
Passing your youth in mourning, bury your  
song!

O die Schranken so eng, und die Welt so weit,

Oh the confines so narrow and the world so  
wide,

Und so flüchtig die Zeit!

and so fleeting the time!

#### IV. Wiegenlied

#### Cradle

Alles still in süßer Ruh,  
Drum mein Kind, so schlaf auch du!  
Draußen säuselt nur der Wind:  
Su, su, su! schlaf ein, mein Kind!

All is quiet in sweet repose,  
therefore my child, you must sleep also.  
Only je wind is rustling outside.  
hush, hush, fall asleep my child.

Schließ du deine Äugelein,  
Laß sie wie zwei Knospen sein!  
Morgen, wenn die Sonn'erglüht,  
Sind sie wie die Blum'erblüht.

Close your little eyes,  
let them like two buds be.  
Tomorrow when the sun shines,  
the will blossom like the flowers.

Und die Blümlein schau'ich an,  
Und die Äuglein küß'ich dann,  
Und der Mutter Herz vergißt,  
Daß es draußen Frühling ist.

And I will look at those two little flowers,  
and I will kiss your little eyes,  
and your mother's heart will forgets,  
that outside it is spring.

#### V. Das heimliche Lied

#### The secret song

Es gibt geheime Schmerzen,  
Sie klaget nie der Mund,  
Getragen tief im Herzen  
Sind sie der Welt nicht kund.  
Es gibt ein heimlich Sehnen,  
Das scheuet stets das Licht,  
Es gibt verborgne Tränen,  
Der Fremde sieht sie nicht.

There are secret pains  
that are never expressed in words,  
born deep with in the heart  
they are never made know to the world.  
There is a secret longing  
that shies always from the light,  
there are hidden tears,  
the stranger sees them not.

Es gibt ein still Versinken  
In eine innre Welt,  
Wo Friedensauen winken,  
Von Sternenglanz erhellt,  
Wo auf gefallen Schranken  
Die Seele Himmel baut,  
Und jubelnd den Gedanken  
Den Lippen anvertraut.

There is a quiet sinking  
into an inner world  
where peaceful meadows beckon,  
by starlight illuminated,  
where upon fallen barrie  
the soul heaven builds,  
and rejoicing its thoughts  
and rejoicing, expresses its thoughts in words.

Es gibt ein still Vergehen

There is a quiet passing

In stummen, öden Schmerz,  
 Und Niemand darf es sehen,  
 Das schwergedrückte Herz.  
 Es sagt nicht was ihm fehlet,  
 Und wenn's im Gramme bricht,  
 Verblutend und zerquälet,  
 Der Fremde sieht sie nicht.

into a silent, desolate pain,  
 and no one may it see,  
 the heavily oppressed heart.  
 It says not what it needs,  
 and when it breaks with grief,  
 bleeding and tortured,  
 the stranger sees it not.

Es gibt einen sanften Schlummer,  
 Wo süßer Frieden weilt,  
 Wo stille Ruh' den Kummer  
 Der müden Seele heilt.

There is a gentle slumber,  
 where sweet peace abides,  
 where quiet rest the cares  
 where quiet rest heals the cares of the weary  
 soul.

Doch gibt's ein schöner Hoffen,  
 Das Welten überfliegt,  
 Da wo am Herzen offen  
 Das Herz voll Liebe liegt.

But there is a lovely hoping  
 that worlds flies above,  
 there where near a heart open,  
 the heart filled with love lies.

## VI. Wach auf

## Awaken

Was stehst du bange und sinnest nach?  
 Ach! schon so lange ist Liebe wach!

Why do you remain so long in contemplation?  
 Love has been awake for a long time!

Hörst du das Klingen Allüberall?  
 Die Vöglein singen mit süßem Schall;  
 Aus Starrem sprießet Baumblättlein weich,

Don't you hear the sounds all around you?  
 The little birds singing with sweet tone;  
 from the bare, rigid branches sprout tender little  
 leaves.

Das Leben fließet um Ast und Zweig.  
 Das Tröpflein schlüpfet aus Waldesschacht,  
 Das Bächlein hüpfet mit Wallungsmacht.  
 Der Himmel neiget in's Wellenklar,  
 Die Bläue zeigt Sich wunderbar.

the life flows through branch and twig.  
 The little drops slip out of the forest hollows,  
 the brook leaps up with seething power.  
 The sky leans over into the clear waves,  
 reflecting wondrously the blue.

Ein heit'res Schmiegen zu Form und Klang,

the reflection in the water gives a cheerful  
 vibration to shape and sound.

Ein ew'ges Fügen im ew'gen Drang!  
 Was stehst du bange und sinnest nach?  
 Ach! schon so lange ist Liebe wach.

bring everthing together in ceaseless motion.  
 Why do you remain so long in contemplation?  
 Love has been awake for a long time!<sup>1</sup>

## *Chanson Perpétuelle, Op. 37, by Ernest Chausson*

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899) was a French composer and his *Chanson Perpétuelle, Op. 37*, written in 1898, was the final composition of his career.<sup>2</sup> This version of *Chanson Perpétuelle* is for soprano, piano,

<sup>1</sup> "Six German songs for voice, clarinet, and piano," The LiederNet Archive, accessed May 24, 1995, [https://www.lieder.net/lieder/assemble\\_translations.html?LanguageId=7&SongCycleId=27](https://www.lieder.net/lieder/assemble_translations.html?LanguageId=7&SongCycleId=27).

<sup>2</sup> Jerry Dubins, and Huntley Dent. "CHAUSSON: Concert for Violin, Piano, and String Quartet. Chanson Perpétuelle 1." *Fanfare (Tenafly, N.J.)* Vol. 44, No. 2 (2020), 300.

and string quartet. The text of this song is by Charles Cros (1842-1888) and it describes a woman's downward spiral following her lover's departure.

This piece depicts the woman's distress, past joy, present suffering, and future death.<sup>3</sup> These moments are divided into four sections. The first section describes when the woman's lover left, creating a sad atmosphere. The second section recalls the time they were together and the happiness she felt. The following section talks about the woman's sense of desolation, imagining that she will die in a beautiful pool full of flowers. The last section shows that she will die cherishing the memories of her relationship's sweetest moments.

### *Chanson Perpétuelle*

### *Perpetual Song*

Bois frissonnants, ciel étoilé,  
Mon bien-aimé s'en est allé,  
Emportant mon cœur désolé!

Trembling woods, starry sky,  
my beloved has gone away,  
taking with him my desolate heart!

Vents, que vos plaintives rumeurs,  
Que vos chants, rossignols charmeurs,  
Aillent lui dire que je meurs!

Winds, may your plaintive noises,  
charming nightingales, may your songs,  
go to tell him I'm dying!

Le premier soir qu'il vint ici  
Mon âme fut à sa merci.  
De fierté je n'eus plus souci.

From the first evening he came here  
my soul was at his mercy.  
I no longer cared about pride.

Mes regards étaient pleins d'aveux.  
Il me prit dans ses bras nerveux  
Et me baisa près des cheveux.

My eyes kept telling him my thoughts.  
He took me in his nervous arms  
and kissed my head close to my hair.

J'en eus un grand frémissement;  
Et puis, je ne sais plus comment  
Il est devenu mon amant.

That caused me a great trembling;  
and then, I no longer know how,  
he became my lover.

Je lui disais: "Tu m'aimeras  
Aussi longtemps que tu pourras!"  
Je ne dormais bien qu'en ses bras.

I kept saying: "You will love me  
for as long as you are able!"  
I would sleep well only in his arms.

Mais lui, sentant son cœur éteint,  
S'en est allé l'autre matin,  
Sans moi, dans un pays lointain.

But he, feeling his heart grown cold,  
departed some mornings ago,  
without me, for a distant land.

Puisque je n'ai plus mon ami,  
Je mourrai dans l'étang, parmi  
Les fleurs, sous le flot endormi.

Since I have my lover no longer,  
I will die in the pool, among  
the flowers, under the sleeping water.

Sur le bord arrêtée, au vent  
Je dirai son nom, en rêvant  
Que là je l'attendis souvent.

Pausing on the edge, I will speak  
his name to the wind, while dreaming  
that I often awaited him there.

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<sup>3</sup> Ibid., 299.

Et comme en un linceul doré,  
 Dans mes cheveux défaits, au gré  
 Du vent je m'abandonnerai.

And as if in a golden shroud,  
 with my hair undone, I will let myself go  
 wherever the wind takes me.

Les bonheurs passés verseront  
 Leur douce lueur sur mon front;  
 Et les joncs verts m'enlaceront.

The happy times I have known will shed  
 their gentle light on my forehead;  
 and the green reeds will entwine me.

Et mon sein croira, frémissant  
 Sous l'enlacement caressant,  
 Subir l'étreinte de l'absent.

And my breast will believe,  
 as it trembles caressed and entwined,  
 that the absent one is embracing me.<sup>3</sup>

### ***Three Pastoral Songs, Op.22, by Roger Quilter***

Roger Quilter (1877-1953) was an important British composer in the early 20th century. He wrote many song cycles, such as *Three Shakespeare Songs*, *Seven Elizabethan Lyrics*, and *Three Pastoral Songs*. His songs are known for their melodious, fluid, and romantic qualities.<sup>4</sup> His *Three Pastoral Songs, Op.22* is written for soprano, violin, cello, and piano, and the text of the song cycle was written by Joseph Campbell (1904-1987).

There are three sections in the first song of the set, "I Will Go with My Father a-Ploughing". The texture of all instrumental accompaniment becomes more and more rich, resulting in an emotional arc which mirrors the transitions from ploughing, to sowing, and finally reaping. The beginning of the piano part is an F major pentatonic scale, which stylistically sounds similar to Chinese folk music. The second song, "Cherry Valley", expounds upon the beautiful scenery in the titular cherry valley. The beginning of the piano part features a descending phrase which simulates the sound of an echo in the valley. "I Wish and I Wish" is about a fervent desire to embody many things that are free and happy in this world. Similarly, the beginning of the piano part in this song is also an F major pentatonic scale.

#### **I. I Will Go with My Father a-Ploughing**

I will go with my father a-ploughing  
 To the green field by the sea,  
 And the rooks and the crows and the seagulls  
 Will come flocking after me.  
 I will sing to the patient horses  
 With the lark in the shine of the air,  
 And my father will sing the plough-song  
 That blesses the cleaving share.

I will go with my father a-sowing  
 To the red field by the sea,

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<sup>3</sup> "Bois frissonnants, ciel étoilé," The LiederNet Archive, accessed May 24, 1995, [https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get\\_text.html?TextId=18165](https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=18165).

<sup>4</sup> Carol Kimball, *Song: A Guide to Art Song Style and Literature*, (Milwaukee, WI: Hal Leonard Corporation Press, 2006), 843.

And the rooks and the gulls and the starlings  
 Will come flocking after me.  
 I will sing to the striding sowers  
 With the finch on the flowing sloe,  
 And my father will sing the seed-song  
 That only the wise men know.

I will go with my father a-reaping  
 To the brown field by the sea,  
 And the geese and the crows and the children  
 Will come flocking after me.  
 I will sing to the weary reapers  
 With the wren in the heat of the sun,  
 And my father will sing the scythe song  
 That joys for the harvest done.

## II. Cherry Valley

In Cherry Valley the cherries blow:  
 The valley paths are white as snow.

And in their time with clusters red  
 The heavy boughs are crimsonèd.

Now the low moon is looking through  
 The glimmer of the honey dew.

A petal trembles to the grass,  
 The feet of fairies pass and pass.

## III. I Wish and I Wish

I wish and I wish  
 And I wish I were  
 A golden bee  
 In the blue of the air,  
 Winging my way  
 At the mouth of day  
 To the honey-marges  
 Of Loch-ciuin-ban;  
 Or a little green drake,  
 Or a silver swan,  
 Floating upon  
 The Stream of Aili,  
 And I to be swimming  
 Gaily, gaily!

I wish and I wish  
 And I wish I could be  
 A bud on a branch  
 Of the red-thorn tree

That blows at the head  
 Of Blanaid's Bed,  
 And sheds a petal  
 At every breath;  
 Or a white mile-stone  
 on the shinning path  
 That the climbs the cain  
 And dips the hollow,  
 Up to the walls of bright Moymalla.

If wishes were fairies  
 I would not stay,  
 But they would wile  
 My soul away;  
 And peace would creep  
 Into my sleep  
 As soft as a dream  
 At evenfall,  
 And 'tis I would wake  
 For no new morrow  
 On the grey round  
 Of this world of sorrow!

### **Duet “Nedda, Silvio,” from *Pagliacci*, Ruggero Leoncavallo**

Ruggero Leoncavallo (1857-1919) was an Italian opera composer. There are more than 20 operas written by Ruggero Leoncavallo, among which *Pagliacci*, for which he also wrote the libretto, is his most famous work.<sup>5</sup> *Pagliacci* is a typical representative of the Italian Verismo Operas which are based on the real life, and use the lives of the lower class to expose the dark side of society.

One of the outstanding features of *Pagliacci* is the play-within-a-play in the second act. The plot of the little play performed by the village troupe in the opera is very similar to what happened between the hero and the heroine of the opera, so that the hero forgets that he is acting in the play. He becomes so infuriated that the show finally ends in tragedy. The duet “Nedda, Silvio” in Act 1 describes how Nedda, who is the wife of Canio, falls in love with a village youth, Silvio. Silvio wants Nedda to elope with him, but Nedda hesitates at first. Later, Nedda agrees to elope, and the two express their love for each other.

#### **“Nedda, Silvio”**

Silvio:

Nedda! Nedda!

Nedda:

Silvio! A quest'ora! che imprudenza! Silvio! At this hour! What imprudence!

Silvio:

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<sup>5</sup> William Albright, “Pagliacci. Ruggero Leoncavallo.” *The Opera Quarterly* Vol. 8, No.4 (1991): 156.

Ah bah! Sapea ch'io non rischiavo nulla. I knew that I was talking no risk.  
 Canio e Beppe da lunge alla taverna ho scorto! Canio and Beppe from afar at the tavern have I espied!  
 Ma prudente per la macchia But I wisely came here through  
 a me nota qui ne venni. the scrub woods known to me.

Nedda:  
 E ancora un poco in Tonio t'imbattevi! And a minute sooner into Tonio you'd have bumped!

Silvio:  
 Oh! Tonio lo scemo! Oh! Tonio the fool!

Nedda:  
 Lo scemo è da temersi! M'ama The fool is to be feared! He's in love with me...  
 Ora qui me'l disse; e nel bestial delirio suo, Just now here he told me so; and in his bestial passion,  
 Baci chiedendo, ardia correr su me! kisses demanding, he dared run at me!

Silvio:  
 Per dio! By God!

Nedda:  
 Ma con la frusta del cane immondo But with the whip I calmed the filthy dog's passion.  
 la foga calmai!

Silvio:  
 E fra quest'ansie in sterno vivrai? Nedda! And with these anxieties forever must you live? Nedda!  
 Decidi il mio destin, Nedda, rimani! Decide my fate, Nedda, stay!  
 Tu il sai, la festa ha fin e parte ognun domani. You know, the holiday ends and that everyone will  
 leave.  
 E quando tu di qui sarai partita And when you from here shall have gone,  
 che addiverrà di me, della mia vita?! what will happen to me, to my life?!

Nedda:  
 Silvio!

Silvio:  
 Nedda, rispondimi. Nedda, answer me.  
 S'è ver che Canio non amasti mai, If it is true that Canio you did not love ever,  
 s'è ver che t'èinodio il ramingar if it is true that you hate the vagabond life  
 e'l meatier che tu fai, and the work that you do,  
 se l'immenso amor tuo una fola and if your great love for me isn't just a sham,  
 questa notte partiam, fuggi Nedda, con me! tonight let us leave, flee, Nedda, with me!

Nedda:  
 Non mi tentar! Vuoi tu perder la vita mia? Don't tempt me! Do you want to ruin the life mine?  
 Taci Silvio, non più. È delirio, è follia! Hush, Silvio, no more. It's delirium, it's folly!  
 Io mi confido a te, a te cui diedi il cor! I put my trust in you, in you to whom I gave my heart.  
 Non abusar di me, del mio febbrile amor! Do not take advantage of my feverish love!

Silvio:  
 Ah! Nedda Fuggiam! Ah! Nedda, let us flee!

Nedda:

Che! Sì, t'amo!

What! Yes, I love!

Silvio:

E parti domattina?  
E allor perchè, di', tu m'hai stregato  
se vuoi baciarmi senza pietà?!

And you will leave tomorrow morning?  
And then why, say, you have bewitched me  
Tell me, why then, did you bewitch me and wish to  
leave me without pity?!

Quel bacio tuo perchè me l'hai dato  
fra spasmi ardenti di voluttà?!  
Se tu scordasti l'ore fugaci,  
io non lo posso, e voglio ancor  
que' spasmi ardenti que' caldi baci  
che tanta febbre m'han messo in cor!

That kiss yours why did you give me  
why then did you kiss me with spasms of lust?!  
If you have forgotten the hours fleeting,  
I cannot, and I want more  
those spasms ardent, those hot kisses  
that such fever have started in my heart!

Nedda:

Nulla scordai, sconvolta e turbata  
m'ha questo amore che nel guardo ti sfavilla!  
Viver voglio a te avvinta, affascinata,  
Una vita d'amor, calma e tranquilla!  
A te mi dono, su me solo impera,  
ed io ti prendo e m'abbandono intera!  
Tutto scordiam!

I have forgotten nothing. This love that blazes  
in your eyes has left me distraught and perturbed!  
I want to live bound to you and held in your spell,  
a life of love, calm and quiet!  
I give myself to you; do with me what you wish,  
and I take you and surrender entirely!  
Everything let us forget!

Silvio:

Tutto scordiam!

Everything let us forget!

Nedda:

Negli occhi mi guarda, baciami! T'amo!

In the eyes look at me, kiss me! I love you!

Silvio:

Sì, ti guardo e ti bacio! T'amo!  
Verrai?

Yes, I look at you and I kiss you! I love you!  
Will you come?

Nedda:

Sì, baciami!

Yes, kiss me!<sup>6</sup>

### “一首桃花 (Peach Blossoms),” from *Saying Good-bye to Cambridge Again*, by Xueshi Zhou

*Saying Good-bye to Cambridge Again* was composed by Xueshi Zhou (1961), who is a professor of Music Composition at the Wuhan Conservatory of Music. This work is the first small theater opera in China, telling the story of love, friendship, ideal and career between Sicheng Liang who is a famous architect of the 20th century in China, Huiyin Lin who is Sicheng's wife, the poet Zhimo Xu and his wife Xiaoman Lu.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Nico Castel and Scott Jackson Wiley, *Italian Verismo Opera Libretti : In Two Volumes*, (Geneseo, New York: Leyerle Press, 2000), 561-566.

<sup>7</sup> Bowen Song, “The creation characteristics and singing analysis of ‘Peach Blossoms’ in opera *Saying Good-bye to Cambridge Again*” (master's thesis, The Northwest Normal University, 2012), 2.

“Peach Blossoms” is a famous aria in this opera, written for soprano, violin, cello, and piano. It is an aria of Huiyin Lin, an intellectual, introverted woman in 1930s China. She and the poet Zhimo Xu met when they were young, but even though they had fallen in love, they were now married to other people, so she ended the relationship. They haven’t been in touch for a long time. Zhimo came to visit Huiyin when her lung disease recurred. They recalled their life in Cambridge. This aria expresses the reunion of the two at that time.

### 一首桃花

### Peach Blossoms

<p>桃花， 那一树的嫣红， 像是春说的一句话： 朵朵露凝的娇艳， 是一些玲珑的字眼， 一瓣瓣的光致， 又是些柔的匀的吐息； 含着笑， 在有意无意间生姿的顾盼。</p> <p>看， 那一颤动在微风里， 她又留下淡淡的， 在三月的薄唇边， 一瞥，一瞥多情的痕迹！</p>	<p>Peach blossoms, A full tree of crimson red, sounded like a remark or spring: Charming dewy flowers, are some well-refined words, petals of delicate flower are also some rhythm of gentle breathing; Smiling, consciously or unconsciously for an amorous glance.</p> <p>Look, In the shivering in the breeze, she leaves gently a glance. A glance of affection along the thin lips of March!</p>
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### 玫瑰三愿( *Three Wishes of the Rose*), by Zi Huang

*Three Wishes of the Rose* was created by Zi Huang (1904-1938) in June 1932. At that time, Chinese society was in a period of war, social unrest, and sharp contradictions. The poet Yusheng Long (1902-1966) compared a weak and unwilling woman to a rose, suggesting that she looks forward to a better future and yearns for the love of others.<sup>8</sup> Zi Huang composed this song for soprano, violin and piano.

This song is in binary form. The A period is a narrative paragraph in E major and describes the blossoming rose. The B period transfers to C sharp minor to present the three wishes. Mr. Zi Huang used sequences to push the music forward and to show these three wishes. They drive the song until it reaches

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<sup>8</sup> Renkang Qian, *Zi Huang's life and creation*, (Beijing: People's Publishing House Press, 1997), 67.

the climax, showing the passion and desire for life. The song then returns to the lower register, revealing a lingering sadness.

### 玫瑰三愿

### *Three Wishes of the Rose*

玫瑰花，玫瑰花，  
烂开在碧栏杆下。

Rose, Rose,  
Blossoming under the jade rail.

我愿那妒我的无情风雨莫吹打；

I wish the jealousy of the ruthless wind and rain not to  
beat on me;

我愿那爱我的多情游客莫攀摘；

I wish the romantic guest will not pick me off;

我愿那红颜常好不凋谢。

I wish my beauty will never fade.

好叫我留住芳华。

So as to keep my charming youth.

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