Jie Lee

soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student of Bradley Williams

with
Ga-Young Park, piano
Anne Chao, flute

Sunday, October 29, 2023
4:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

Vado, ma dove, **K. 583**
Alma grande e nobil core, **K. 578**

Cécile Chaminade
(1857–1944)

L'amour captif
Villanelle
Portrait

Anne Chao, flute

Landon Ronald
(1873–1938)

Cycle of Life: Five Songs
Prelude
Down in the forest
Love I have won you
The winds are calling
Drift down, drift down

Intermission

Franz Liszt (1811–1886)	***Es muss ein wunderbares sein,* S. 314** ***Ich liebe dich,* S. 315** ***O lieb, so lang du liebe kannst,* S. 298**
Tyzen Hsiao 蕭泰然 (1938–2015)	***The Vagabond* 出外人** ***Eternal homeland* 永遠的故鄉**

Jie Lee is the recipient of a scholarship made possible by the Gladys Miller Voice Scholarship Fund.

Vado, ma dove

Vado, ma dove? Oh Dei!
Se de' tormenti suoi,
se de' sospiri miei
non sente il ciel pietà!
Tu che mi parli al core,
Guida i miei passi, amore;
Tu quel ritegno or togli
Che dubitar mi fa.

Lorenzo Da Ponte

I go, but where

I go, but where? Oh gods!
If for his torments,
if for his signs,
There is no pity from heaven!
You who speak to my heart,
guide my paths, love;
take away that restraint
that makes me doubt.

Translation by Jie Lee

Alma grande e nobil core

Alma grande e nobil core
Le tue pari ognor disprezza.
Sono dama al fasto avvezza
E so farmi rispettar.
Va', favella, a quell'ingrato,
Gli dirai che fida io sono.
Ma non merita perdono,
Sì mi voglio vendicar,
Ingrato non merita perdono,
Sì mi voglio vendicar.

Giuseppe Palomba

A great soul and noble heart

A great soul and noble heart
always spurns those like you.
I am a lady accustomed to splendor,
and I will be respected.
Go, and relate to that
ingrate that I am faithful.
But he does not deserve pardon,
and I will have my revenge.
Ingrate who does not deserve pardon,
and I will have my revenge.

Translation from Italian (Italiano) to English
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L' amour captif

Mignonne, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes;
Il ne pourra plus prendre son essor
Ni quitter jamais nos deux coeurs fidèles.
D'un noeud souple et fin de vos cheveux d'or,
Mignonne, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes!

Chère, de l'amour si capricieux
J'ai dompté pourtant le désir volage:
Il suit toute loi que dictent vos yeux,
Et j'ai mis enfin l'amour en servage,
Ô chère! l'amour, si capricieux!

Captive love

Mignonne, I have tied our wings to love;
It will not now be able to soar
Nor ever leave our two faithful hearts.
I have tied our wings to love, Mignonne,
With a fine and supple knot of your golden hair.

Beloved, I have tamed the fickle desire
Of such capricious love:
Love now follows each law your eyes dictate,
And I have finally enthralled love,
O beloved, such capricious love.

Ma mie, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes.
Laissez par pitié ses lèvres en feu
Effleurer parfois vos lèvres rebelles,
A ce doux captif souriez un peu;
Ma mie, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes!

Thérèse Maquet

My darling, I have tied our wings to love.
Have mercy and let its ardent lips
Sometimes brush against your rebellious lips,
Smile a little at this meek prisoner;
My darling, I have tied our wings to love.

Translation © Richard Stokes, from A French Song Companion *(Oxford, 2000)) provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

Villanelle

Le blé superbe est rentré,
Fête aux champs, fête au village.

Chaque fillette, au corsage,
Porte un bleuet azuré,
Fête aux champs, fête au village!

Les jeunes gens danseront
Ce soir, dans la grande allée:
Et sous la nuit étoilée,
Que de mains se chercheront
Ce soir, dans la grande allée!

Dansez jusqu'au jour,
Aux gais sons de vos musettes!
Jeunes garçons et fillettes,
Chantez vos refrains d'amour,
Aux gais sons de vos musettes!

Sans contrainte et sans remords
Enivrez-vous de jeunesse:
La tristesse est pour les morts,
Pour les vivants l'allégresse,
Enivrez-vous de jeunesse!

Dansez jusqu'au jour,
Fête aux champs, fête au village.

Chaque fillette, au corsage,
Porte un bleuet azuré,
Fête aux champs, fête au village!

Édouard Guinand

Villanelle

The superb wheat is taken in,
there are celebrations in the fields and the village.
Every girl wears a blue cornflower
in their clothes,
there are celebrations in the fields and the village.

The youth will dance
in the evening on the avenue:
And beneath the shining sky,
how many hands will be looking for each other, this evening, on the avenue.

This evening, dance until day,
follow the happy sounds of your accordion!
Young boys and girls
sing their love songs,
follow the happy sounds of your accordion!

Without constraint and without remorse,
Enjoy the pleasure of youth:
Sorrow is for the dead,
Happiness is for the living,
Without constraint and without remorse

Dance until day,
there are celebrations in the fields and the village.
Every girl wears a blue cornflower
in their clothes,
there are celebrations in the fields and the village.

Translation by Jie Lee

Portrait

Son nom m'est doux comme le miel,
Elle est blonde comme une fée,
Ses yeux sont faits d'un coin de ciel;
L'ai-je vue ou l'ai-je rêvée?

Elle semble un lys frêle et doux,
Elle en a la mélancolie
Et la grace; connaissez-vous
Celle-là qui fait ma folie?

Sa voix contient le miel des fleurs,
Elle est irréelle et profonde,
Et je bois toutes les douleurs,
Dans sa voix de sirène blonde.

Son regard me frôle souvent,
Mais cependant elle m'ignore,
Elle passe et mon cœur fervent
Vole sur sa trace et l'adore.

Louise Perny
.

Portrait

Her name is as sweet as honey to me,
She is as fair-haired as a fairy,
Her eyes are made from a corner of sky;
Have I seen her or I am dreaming?

She is like a fragile, sweet lily,
She is melancholic
and graceful; do you know
the one who I am mad about?

Her voice is nectar,
unreal and deep,
And I drink all the suffering
in this fair-haired, mermaid's voice.

Her gaze often brushes lightly over me,
Nevertheless she is unaware of me,
She goes past and my ardent heart
flies after her and I adore her.

Translation from French (Français) to English
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Prelude

Life, with here a smile, with there a tear,
relentless river,
Moves from day to day from year to year,
Nor lingers ever.

Love, upon its banks imploring stands
In anguish calling,
Stands with yearning eyes and outstretched hands
And soft tears falling.

Life, thy ways are long, thy end is dark,
And we, unknowing
Whence it was we came, or why we embark,
Or whither going,
Live and love awhile
And pray at last
To reap our sowing.

Down in the forest (Spring)

Down in the forest something stirred
So faint that I scarcely heard:
But the forest leapt at the sound,
Like a good ship homeward bound.
Down in the forest something stirred,
It was only the note of a bird.

Now in the morning of life I stand
And I long for the touch of your hand;
I am here at your door,
Oh love, we will wait no more!

Down in the forest something stirred,
It was only the note of a bird.

Love I have won you (Summer)

Love, I have won you and held you
In a lifelong quickening dream;
When the meadows sprang fair with flowers
And the river was all a-gleam.

Warm shone the sunlight around us,
And clear were the skies above,
Till the stars peep'd forth in the twilight,
And the moon rose pale with love.

Love, I have won you and held you,
Life has no more to give,
Then come to me here in the sunshine,
It is summer, ah, let us live!

The winds are calling (Autumn)

The winds are calling, calling,
And the friendly voices die;
The rain is falling, falling,
From out a frowning sky;
Then let us quickly you and I
Goodbye!

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)

If aught that I have told you
Should bring a moment's pain,
Love I will take and hold you
Within my arms again;
And press you closely to my heart
Before we part
Then let us say it quickly you and I
Goodbye!

Drift down, drift down (Winter)

Drift down, drift down from the skies,
Little white snowflakes falling fast,
Like sleep that falls on tired eyes
To bring us peace at last:
Drift down, drift down from the skies,
Little white snowflakes falling fast.

Fall soft, fall soft on my love,
Little white snowflakes drifting down,
Messengers from the skies above,
On the winds of passion blown;
Fall soft, fall soft on my love,
Little white snowflakes drifting down.

Drift down, drift down from the skies,
Little white snowflakes falling fast,
Like sleep that falls on tired eyes
To bring us peace at last:
Drift down, drift down from the skies,
Little white snowflakes falling fast.

Harold Simpson

Es muss ein Wunderbares sein

Es muss ein Wunderbares sein
Ums Lieben zweier Seelen,
Sich schliessen ganz einander ein,
Sich nie ein Wort verhehlen,
Und Freud und Leid und Glück und Not
So mit einander tragen;
Vom ersten Kuss bis in den Tod
Sich nur von Liebe sagen.

How wondrous it must be

How wondrous it must be
When two souls love each other,
Locking each other wholly in,
Never concealing a single word,
And sharing with each other
Joy and sorrow, weal and woe;
Talking only of love
From the first kiss unto death.

Oskar von Redwitz-Schmölz

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Ich liebe dich

Ich liebe dich, weil ich dich lieben muß;
Ich liebe dich, weil ich nicht anders kann;
Ich liebe dich nach einem Himmelsschluß;
Ich liebe dich durch einen Zauberbann.

Dich liebe ich, wie die Rose ihren Strauch;
Dich liebe ich, wie die Sonne ihren Schein;
Dich liebe ich, weil du bist mein Lebenshauch;

Dich liebe ich, weil dich lieben ist mein Sein.

I love you

I love you, because I must love you;
I love you, because I can do no other;
I love you, as heaven has ordained;
I love you through a magic spell.

You I love, as the rose its bush;
You I love, as the sun its rays;
You I love, because you are the breath of my life;
You I love, because to love you is my whole existence.

Friedrich Rückert

English translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder *(Faber, 2005) provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

O lieb, so lang

O lieb, solang du lieben kannst!
O lieb, so lang du lieben magst
Die Stunde kommt, die Stunde kommt,
Wo du an Gräbern stehst und klagst.

Und sorge, daß dein Herze glüht
Und Liebe hegt und Liebe trägt,
So lang ihm noch ein ander Herz
In Liebe warm entgegenschlägt.

Und wer dir seine Brust erschließt,
O tu ihm, was du kannst, zulieb
Und mach ihm jede Stunde froh,
Und mach ihm keine Stunde trüb.

Und hüte deine Zunge wohl,
Bald ist ein böses Wort gesagt!
O Gott, es war nicht bös gemeint, -
Der andre aber geht und klagt.
O lieb, solang du lieben kannst!

O love, love as long as you can

O love, love as long as you can!
O love, love as long as you will!
The time will come, the time will come,
When you will stand grieving at the grave.

And let it be that your heart glows
And nurtures and carries love,
As long as another heart is still
Warmly bestruck by love for you!

And to one who spills his breast to you,
O to him, do what you can, in Love!
And make him happy for each moment,
And never let him be sad for one!

And guard your tongue tightly,
In case any slight escapes your mouth!
O God, it was not meant that way, -
But the other recoils, hurt and sighing.
O love, love as long as you can!

Ferdinand Freiligrath

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出外人

咱攏是出外人，對遠遠的台灣來
雖然我會講美國話，言語會通心未通
咱攏是出外人，佇遠遠的台灣彼
有咱的朋友與親人，不時互相在思念
人人在講美國是天堂，使人真欣羨
若是問你講是怎樣，天堂不是在此
咱攏是出外人，對遠遠的台灣來
雖然我會講美國話，言語會通心未通
咱攏是出外人，佇遠遠的台灣彼
有咱的朋友與親人，不時互相在思念

Tyzen Hsiao 蕭泰然

The Vagabonds

We are the vagabonds who are from the distant Taiwan.
Although I can speak English, it does not speak of my heart.
We are the vagabonds. There are friends and families in the distant Taiwan whom we miss dearly each and every moment.
Everybody says that America is heaven, and is admired by many people.
However, if you ask me, I will say " Heaven is not here."
We are the vagabonds who are from the distant Taiwan.
Although I can speak English, it does not speak of my heart.
We are the vagabonds. There are friends and families in the distant Taiwan whom we miss dearly each and every moment.

Translation by Jie Lee

永遠的故鄉

看到是茫茫的海水 思念是遠遠的故鄉
三十年飛鳥在流浪 故鄉, 我的故鄉
鼻著是芬芳的花味 風吹是靜靜的故鄉
一二叢蓮霧在開花 故鄉, 我的故鄉
照著是白白的月光 出日是美麗的故鄉
三四甲稻子在結穗 故鄉, 我的故鄉
聽到是近近的笑聲 作夢是細漢的故鄉
五六隻蜻蜓在戲水 故鄉, 我的故鄉
踏著是青青的土地 希望是永遠的故鄉
每一遍心內在叫你 故鄉, 永遠的故鄉

Eternal Homeland

What I see is the boundless ocean; What I miss is the distant hometown.
The flying birds who wandered for thirty years; Hometown, oh my hometown.
What I smell is the fragrant flowers; What the breeze blows is the tranquil hometown.
One and two of bell-fruits are blooming; Hometown, oh my hometown.
The night shines with the pale moonlight; The dawn rise with the beautiful hometown.
Three and four acres of paddies are bolting; Hometown, oh my hometown.
What I hear is the nearby laughing; What I dream of is the hometown of my childhood.
Five and six dragonflies are dabbling the

water; Hometown, oh my hometown.
Where I stand is the verdant land; What I hope is the eternal hometown.
I am calling you in my heart again and again each and every time.
Hometown, the eternal hometown

Translation by Jie Lee

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