A Celebration of Song and Verse

Coached by Brett Hodgdon

Wednesday, February 28, 2024
8:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872–1958)

from ***Songs of Travel***
The Vagabond
The Roadside Fire
Bright is the ring of words

Yechan Min, baritone
Brett Hodgdon, piano

Reynaldo Hahn
(1874–1947)

from ***Chansons grises***
Chanson d'automne
Tous deux
L'heure exquise

Sianna Monti, mezzo-soprano
Pin-Hang Huang, piano

Three Poems of Ada Negri

Ottorino Respighi
(1879–1936)

Notte

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846–1916)

Te solo

Ottorino Respighi

Nebbie

Qianqian Li, soprano
Brett Hodgdon, piano

Hugo Wolf
(1860–1903)

Two Poems of Johann Wolfgang Goethe

Die Spröde

Die Bekehrte

Aislin Alancheril, soprano
Pin-Han Huang, piano

from ***Zwölf Gedichte aus "Liebesfrühling"*, op. 37**

Clara Wieck Schumann
(1819–1896)

Liebst du um Schönheit

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

Ich hab' in mich gesogen

Clara Wieck Schumann

Warum willst du and're fragen

Shanshan Xie, mezzo-soprano
Brett Hodgdon, piano

The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
  Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
  And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
  Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
  There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
  Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
  And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
  Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
  And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
  Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
  Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
  Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
  Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
  Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
  And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
  Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above
  And the road below me.

The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white

In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Bright is the ring of words

Bright is the ring of words
  When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
  When the singer sings them.
Still they are carolled and said—
  On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
  And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
  In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
  The swains together.
And when the west is red
  With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
  And the maid remembers.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Chanson d'automne

Les sanglots longs
Des violons
De l'automne
Blessent mon coeur
D'une langueur
Monotone.

Tout suffocant
Et blême, quand
Sonne l'heure,
Je me souviens
Des jours anciens
Et je pleure;

Autumn Song

With long sobs
The violins
Of autumn
Wound my heart
With languorous
Monotony.

All choking
And pale, when
The hour sounds,
I remember
Departed days
And I weep;

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

Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m'emporte
Deçà, delà,
Pareil à la
Feuille morte.

And I go
Where ill winds blow,
Buffeted
To and fro,
Like a
Dead leaf.

Tous deux

Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été
Le grand soleil, complice de ma joie,
Fera, parmi le satin et la soie,
Plus belle encor votre chère beauté;

Le ciel tout bleu, comme une haute tente,
Frissonnera somptueux à longs plis
Sur nos deux fronts heureux qu'auront pâlis
L'émotion du bonheur et l'attente;

Et quand le soir viendra, l'air sera doux

Qui se jouera, caressant, dans vos voiles,
Et les regards paisibles des étoiles
Bienveillamment souriront aux époux.

Both of Us

So, on a bright summer day it shall be:
The great sun, my partner in joy,
Shall make, amid the satin and the silk,
Your dear beauty lovelier still;

The sky, all blue, like a tall canopy,
Shall quiver sumptuously in the long folds
Above our two happy brows, grown pale
With pleasure and expectancy;

And when evening comes, the breeze shall be soft

And play caressingly about your veils,
And the peaceful stars looking down
Shall smile benevolently on man and wife.

L'heure exquise

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre

Exquisite hour

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall

Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

Paul Verlaine

From the sky
The moon illumines...

Exquisite hour.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French Song Companion *(Oxford University Press); provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

Notte

Sul giardino fantastico
Profumato di rosa
La carezza de l'ombra
Posa.

Pure ha un pensiero e un palpito
La quiete suprema,
L'aria come per brivido
Trema.

La luttuosa tenebra
Una storia di morte
Racconta alle cardenie
Smorte?

Forse perché una pioggia
Di soavi rugiade
Entro i socchiusi petali
Cade,

Su l'ascose miserie
E su l'ebbrezze perdute,
Sui muti sogni e l'ansie
Mute.

Su le fugaci gioie
Che il disinganno infrange
La notte le sue lacrime
Piange...

Night

On the fantastic garden
Perfumed by rose
The caress of a shadow -
Rests.

Nevertheless having a thought and a pulse
Supreme quiet,
The air, as if shivering -
Trembles.

Does the mournful darkness
A story of death
Tell to the gardenias -
So pale?

Maybe it's because a torrent
Of delicate dewdrops
Into half-closed petals -
Falls,

On concealed troubles
And on once intoxicating losses,
On voiceless dreams and anxieties -
Mute.

Over the fleeting joys
That disappointment smashes
Night, her tears -
Weeps...

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Te solo

Qui... te solo, te solo. - Oh, lascia, lascia
Ch'io sfoghi sul tuo cor tutti i singulti
Da tant'anni nel petto accumulati,

Tutti gli affanni e i desideri occulti...

Ho bisogno di pianto.

Sul tuo sen palpitante, oh, lascia, lascia
Ch'io riposi la testa affaticata,
Come timido augello sotto l'ala,
Come rosa divelta e reclinata...

Ho bisogno di pace.

Sul tuo giovine fronte, oh, lascia, lascia
Ch'io prema il labbro acceso e trepidante,
Ch'io ti susurri l'unica parola
Che inebbrii nel delirio d'un istante..

Ho bisogno d'amore.

You alone

Here… you alone, you alone. —Oh, let me,
Let me vent on your heart all my sobbing
That have accumulated in my breast for
many years,
All the hidden worries and desires…

I need to cry.

On your throbbing breast, oh, let me,
Let me rest my tired head,
Like a shy bird under the wing,
Like a rose uprooted and bent…

I need peace.

On your young brow, oh, let me,
Let me press my burning and trembling lips,
Let me whisper the only word to you
That will enchain you to me for a moment…

I need love.

Translation by Brett Hodgdon

Nebbie

Soffro, lontan lontano
Le nebbie sonnolente
Salgono dal tacente
Piano.

Alto gracchiando, i corvi,
Fidati all'ali nere,
Traversan le brughiere
Torvi.

Dell'aere ai morsi crudi
Gli addolorati tronchi
Offron, pregando, i bronchi
Nudi.

Come ho freddo!... Son sola;
Pel grigio ciel sospinto
Un gemito destinto
Vola;

Mists

I suffer. Far, far away
The sleeping mists
Rise from the silent
Plain.

Shrilling cawing, the crows,
Trusting their black wings
Cross the heath
Grimly.

To the raw weathering of the air
The sorrowful tree trunks
Offer, praying, their
Bare branches.

How cold am I! I am alone;
Driven through the gray sky
A wail of extinction
Flies;

E mi ripete: Vieni,
È buia la vallata.
O triste, o disamata,
Vieni!

Ada Negri

And repeats to me: come,
The valley is dark.
Oh sad, oh unloved one,
Come!

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Die Spröde

An dem reinsten Frühlingsmorgen
Ging die Schäferin und sang,
Jung und schön und ohne Sorgen,
Daß es durch die Felder klang,
So la la! le ralla!

Thyrsis bot ihr für ein Mäulchen
Zwei, drei Schäfchen gleich am Ort,
Schalkhaft blickte sie ein Weilchen;
Doch sie sang und lachte fort,
So la la! le ralla!

Und ein andrer bot ihr Bänder,
Und der dritte bot sein Herz;
Doch sie trieb mit Herz und Bändern
So wie mit den Lämmern Scherz,
Nur la la! le ralla!

Coy

On the clearest of spring mornings
The shepherdess went out and sang,
Carefree, young and beautiful,
Till it echoed through the fields,
So la la! le ralla!

Thyrsis offered her for a kiss
Two, three lambs without delay,
She looked on archly for a while;
But went laughing and singing on her way,
So la la! le ralla!

And another offered ribbons,
And a third bid his heart;
But she made fun of heart and ribbons,
As she had done with the lambs,
Only la la! le ralla!

Die Bekehrte

Bei dem Glanz der Abendröte
Ging ich still den Wald entlang,
Damon saß und blies die Flöte,
Daß es von den Felsen klang,
So la la!

Converted

In the red glow of sunset
I wandered quietly through the wood,
Damon sat and played his flute,
Making the rocks resound,
So la la!

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

Und er zog mich zu sich nieder,
Küßte mich so hold, so süß.
Und ich sagte: „Blase wieder!"
Und der gute Junge blies,
So la la!

Meine Ruh' ist nun verloren,
Meine Freude floh davon,
Und ich hör' vor meinen Ohren
Immer nur den alten Ton,
So la la, le ralla!

Johann Wolfgang Goethe

And he drew me down to him,
Kissed me so gently, so sweetly.
And I said: 'Play once more!'
And the good lad played,
So la la!

Now my peace is lost,
My joy has flown away,
And ringing in my ears I hear
Nothing but the old refrain,
So la la, le ralla!

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf *(Faber); provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar!

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar!

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair!

If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
Who is young each year!

If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls!

If you love for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me always;
I shall love you forever!

Ich hab' in mich gesogen

Ich hab' in mich gesogen,
Den Frühling treu und lieb,
Dass er, der Welt entflogen,
Hier in der Brust mir blieb.

I have drawn into myself

I have drawn into myself
The sweet and loyal spring,
That he, having fled the world,
Might abide here in my heart.

Hier sind die blauen Lüfte,
Hier sind die grünen Aun,
Die Blumen hier, die Düfte,
Der blühende Rosenzaun.

Und hier am Busen lehnet
Mit süssem Liebesach,
Die Liebste, die sich sehnet
Den Frühlingswonnen nach.

Sie lehnt sich an zu lauschen
Und hört in stiller Lust
Die Frühlingsströme rauschen
In ihres Dichters Brust.

Da quellen auf die Lieder
Und strömen über sie
Den vollsten Frühling nieder,
Den mir der Gott verlieh.

Und wie sie, davon trunken,
Umblicket rings im Raum,
Blüht auch von ihren Funken
Die Welt, ein Frühlingsstraum.

Here are the blue skies,
Here are the green meadows,
Here the flowers, here the scents,
The flowering hedge of roses.

And here, leaning on my breast
With sighs of sweetest love,
Is my sweetheart, longing
For springtime rapture.

She leans against him, listens
And hears with quiet joy
The streams of spring
Flow in her poet's heart.

And then my songs arise,
Pouring over her
The full spate
Of God-given spring.

And as she, intoxicated,
Gazes all around her,
The world blossoms too—
A spring dream lit by her joy.

Warum willst du and're fragen

Warum willst du and're fragen,
Die's nicht meinen treu mit dir?
Glaube nicht, als was dir sagen
Diese beiden Augen hier!

Glaube nicht den fremden Leuten,
Glaube nicht dem eignen Wahn;
Nicht mein Tun auch sollst du deuten,
Sondern sieh die Augen an!

Schweigt die Lippe deinen Fragen,
Oder zeugt sie gegen mich?
Was auch meine Lippen sagen,
Sieh mein Aug', ich liebe dich!

Friedrich Rückert

Why enquire of others

Why enquire of others,
Who are not faithful to you?
Only believe what these two eyes
Here tell you!

Do not believe what others say;
Do not believe strange fancies;
Nor should you interpret my deeds,
But instead look at these eyes!

Are my lips silent to your questions
Or do they testify against me?
Whatever my lips might say;
Look at my eyes; I love you!

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

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