

Ga-Young Park  
*collaborative piano*

Recital in partial fulfillment of the  
Doctor of Musical Arts degree, 2025  
Student of Cameron Stowe

with  
Nicholas Ottersberg Enriquez, baritone  
Mara Riley, soprano  
Josie Larsen, soprano

Friday, March 7, 2025  
8:30 p.m.  
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

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**I. Searching:**  
**Wann werd'ich gestillt?**  
*When shall I be stilled?*

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797–1828)

*Der Wanderer, D. 489 (493)*

Nicholas Ottersberg Enriquez, baritone

**Robert Schumann**  
(1810–1856)

*Sehnsucht, op. 51 no. 1*

**Hugo Wolf**  
(1860–1903)

*Im Frühling*

**Sergei Rachmaninoff**  
(1873–1943)

*Как мне больно, op. 21 no. 12*

Mara Riley, soprano

**II. Hoping:**  
**Восходят звездочки безшумною толпой**  
*A silent throng of little stars appears*

**Marc Blitzstein**  
(1905–1964)

*I wish it so*

**Sergei Rachmaninoff**

*Сумерки, op. 21 no. 3*

Mara Riley, soprano

**Hugo Wolf**

*Er ist's!*

Josie Larsen, soprano

*Auf einer Wanderung*

Mara Riley

**Sergei Rachmaninoff**

*Здесь хорошо, op. 21 no. 7*

Josie Larsen, soprano

**Hugo Wolf**

*Neue Liebe*

Mara Riley, soprano

**III. Singing:**

**Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht was geschieden uns so weit**

*With these songs, the distance that parted us shall recede*

**Ludwig van Beethoven**  
(1770–1827)

*An die ferne Geliebte, op. 98*

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend

Wo die Berge so blau

Leichte Segler in den Höhen

Diese Wolken in den Höhen

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Nicholas Ottersberg Enriquez

*Thank you for attending my final recital for the DMA program.*

*First, I am deeply grateful to the Collaborative Piano department  
—Cameron Stowe, J.J. Penna, Joel Ayau, and Tanya Blaich—  
for their guidance in helping me grow as a collaborative pianist,  
shaping my artistry through coaching and program development.*

*A special thank you to my teacher, Cameron,  
who has deeply understood and supported my journey throughout my six years at NEC.*

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—Mara, Josie, and Nick—  
for making music together with such dedication and artistry.*

*Additionally, I want to express my gratitude to my colleagues, friends, and family  
who have always supported and encouraged me with their love.*

*Thank you again for being here. I truly hope to share my journey with you today!*

“There, where you are not, is happiness!” I still remember the first time I read this line in Schubert’s music, my eyes welling with tears. This verse from *Der Wanderer*, by poet Georg Lübeck, resonated deeply with me in my twenties—a time of turbulence, uncertainty, and searching. Outwardly, everything seemed to be going well, yet inwardly, I felt as though happiness was always just out of reach, an uncertain promise for my future self.

During my years of study in the United States, especially over six years at NEC, I was fortunate to meet remarkable people and experience music and a connection to God—transformations that reshaped my perspective. I began to see life’s uncertainties not as obstacles, but as an inevitable part of the journey. Over time, I have come to embrace this instability, finding peace in gratitude for the moments shared with family, friends and those around me. I have also learned to place my trust in God, allowing Him to guide my path forward.

Today’s recital program unfolds in three parts—Searching, Hoping, and Singing—mirroring my own journey of questioning, discovery, and faith. Through this program today, I hope to share this personal story with you.

### I. Searching: Wann werd’ich gestillt?

(When shall I be stilled?)

#### **Schubert** *Der Wanderer*, D. 489 (D. 493)

Franz Schubert, a prolific composer of over 600 German Lieder, is often celebrated for his unparalleled ability to capture human emotion in song. Among his works, *Erlkönig* remains his most famous; however, during his lifetime, only *Der Wanderer* could rival its popularity.

Composed in 1816 and later revised before its publication in 1821, *Der Wanderer* explores themes of existential torment, displacement, and the search for meaning. The first edition bore the title *Der Unglückliche* (The Unfortunate One), emphasizing the protagonist’s deep sense of sorrow and isolation. The song’s text, taken from a poem by Georg Lübeck, paints a picture of a restless soul wandering through an unfamiliar world, longing for an ideal land that remains forever out of reach.

Graham Johnson observed that while the song itself may not be among Schubert’s greatest compositions, it “seemed a perfect expression of the Romantic Zeitgeist.” Indeed, the figure of the wanderer became a powerful archetype in German Romanticism, symbolizing both external displacement and an internal struggle between longing and despair.

By using many poems about the theme of wandering, Schubert’s deep connection to the wanderer archetype is further reflected in his allegorical prose piece “Mein Traum” (My Dream), written in 1822. In it, he confesses: “When I attempted to sing of love, it turned to pain. And again, when I tried to sing of pain, it turned to love. Thus were love and pain divided in me.”

This tension between longing and suffering is at the heart of *Der Wanderer*. The protagonist seeks an ideal world, yet finds only desolation—mirroring Schubert’s own artistic and personal struggles.

## Der Wanderer

*Ich komme vom Gebirge her,  
Es dampft das Tal, es braust das Meer.  
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,  
Und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?*

*Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,  
Die Blüte welk, das Leben alt,  
Und was sie reden, leerer Schall,  
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.*

*Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land?  
Gesucht, geahnt und nie gekannt!  
Das Land, das Land, so hoffnungsgrün,  
Das Land, wo meine Rosen blühen,*

*Wo meine Freunde wandeln gehn,  
Wo meine Toten auferstehn,  
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,  
O Land, wo bist du?*

*Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,  
Und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?  
Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir zurück:  
„Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück!“*

Georg Lübeck

## The Wanderer

I come from the mountains;  
The valley steams, the ocean roars.  
I wander, silent and joyless,  
And my sighs for ever ask: Where?

Here the sun seems so cold,  
The blossom faded, life old,  
And men's words mere hollow noise;  
I am a stranger everywhere.

Where are you, my beloved land?  
Sought, dreamt of, yet never known!  
The land so green with hope,  
the land where my roses bloom,

Where my friends walk,  
where my dead ones rise again,  
the land that speaks my tongue,  
O land, where are you?

I wander, silent and joyless,  
and my sighs for ever ask: Where?  
In a ghostly whisper the answer comes:  
'There, where you are not, is happiness!'

*Translation © Richard Wigmore, author of  
Schubert: The Complete Song Texts (Schirmer  
Books), provided via Oxford International Song  
Festival ([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org)).*

## Schumann *Sehnsucht*, op. 51, no. 1

Schumann's *Sehnsucht*, op. 51, no. 1, sets Emanuel Geibel's poem to music, encapsulating the restless yearning for an unreachable world. The song opens with a passionate, wide-ranging piano introduction, swirling with restless energy, mirroring the speaker's inner turmoil. This sense of longing and frustration is heightened by the phrase "O die Schranken so eng und die Welt so weit" (My life is so narrow, and the world is so wide), a haunting refrain that emphasizes the vast emotional distance between what is desired and what is attainable. Though the speaker longs to fly away to a distant, golden land, reality soon sets in—it is all in vain. Time continues to pass, youth slips away, and in the end, even song itself must be buried: "Beträume die Jugend, begrabe das Lied!" (Mourn for lost youth, bury the songs!).

## Sehnsucht

*Ich blick' in mein Herz und ich blick in die Welt,  
Bis vom schwimmenden Auge die Träne mir fällt,  
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,  
Und so flüchtig die Zeit!*

*Ich weiss ein Land, wo aus sonnigem Grün  
Um versunkene Tempel die Trauben blühen,  
Wo die purpurne Woge das Ufer besäumt  
Und von kommenden Sängern der Lorbeer träumt.  
Fern lockt es und winkt dem verlangenden Sinn,  
Und ich kann nicht hin!*

*O hätt' ich Flügel durchs Blau der Luft,  
Wie wollt ich baden im Sonnenduft!  
Doch umsonst! Und Stunde auf Stunde entflieht,  
Vertraure die Jugend, begrabe das Lied! —  
O die Schranken so eng und die Welt so weit,  
Und so flüchtig die Zeit!*

Emanuel Geibel (1815-1884)

## Longing

I look into my heart and I look into the world,  
Till tears fall from my streaming eyes;  
Though far distant lands gleam golden,  
The north holds me captive, I fail to reach  
them.

My life is so narrow and the world is so wide,  
And time so fleeting!

I know a land, where among sunny leaves  
Grapevines bloom around sunken temples,  
Where purple waves line the shore,  
And the laurel dreams of poets to come.  
Distant lands beckon to my yearning mind,  
And yet I cannot go!

If I had wings, I'd cleave the blue sky,  
And immerse myself in summer's haze!  
But all is vain! Time flies by;  
Mourn for lost youth, bury the songs! —  
My life is so narrow and the world is so wide,  
And time so fleeting!

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

## Wolf *Im Frühling*

Hugo Wolf, much like a chameleon of German Lieder, was known for his diverse and highly expressive musical style—a quality that closely aligns with the poetry of Eduard Mörike. As Susan Youens notes, both artists shared a versatility in theme and tone, moving fluidly between love sonnets, nature poetry, religious reflections, fantasy, fairy tales, and folk-like songs with unexpected twists.

Wolf deeply admired Mörike, seeing in his poetry the emotional and artistic truth he sought to express in music. In 1890, he described Mörike as “this darling of the Graces,” whose poetry could turn toward “the daemonic side of truth.”

All three Wolf songs in today's program are settings from his Mörike-Lieder collection. Consisting of 53 songs, the entire set was composed in an astonishingly short period in 1888, reflecting Wolf's intense inspiration and deep connection to the poet.

*Im Frühling* is one of Mörike's most profound poems, capturing a solitary figure's quiet reflections amid the beauty of spring. The speaker's thoughts feel scattered and wandering, as he asks, “Spring, what is it you want of me? When shall I be stilled?” These questions, born from an undefined yearning, slowly lead to the realization that time moves forward, and the past can never be reclaimed.

## Im Frühling

Hier lieg ich auf dem Frühlingshügel:  
Die Wolke wird mein Flügel,  
Ein Vogel fliegt mir voraus.  
Ach, sag mir, alleinzige Liebe,  
Wo du bleibst, dass ich bei dir bliebe!

Doch du und die Lüfte, ihr habt kein Haus.  
Der Sonnenblume gleich steht mein Gemüte offen,  
Sehnend,  
Sich dehnend  
In Lieben und Hoffen.  
Frühling, was bist du gewillt?  
Wann werd' ich gestillt?

Die Wolke seh ich wandeln und den Fluss,  
Es dringt der Sonne goldner Kuss  
Mir tief bis ins Geblüt hinein;  
Die Augen, wunderbar berauschet,  
Tun, als schliefen sie ein,  
Nur noch das Ohr dem Ton der Biene lauschet.

Ich denke dies und denke das,  
Ich sehne mich und weiss nicht recht nach was:  
Halb ist es Lust, halb ist es Klage;  
Mein Herz, o sage,  
Was webst du für Erinnerung  
In golden grüner Zweige Dämmerung?  
– Alte unnenbbare Tage!

Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

## In Spring

Here I lie on the springtime hill:  
The clouds become my wings,  
A bird flies on ahead of me.  
Ah tell me, one-and-only love,  
Where you are, that I might be with you!

But you and the breezes, you have no home.  
Like a sunflower my soul has opened,  
Yearning,  
Expanding  
In love and hope.  
Spring, what is it you want?  
When shall I be stilled?

I see the clouds drift by, the river too,  
The sun kisses its golden glow  
Deep into my veins;  
My eyes, wondrously enchanted,  
Close, as if in sleep,  
Only my ears still harken to the humming  
bee.

I muse on this, I muse on that,  
I yearn, and yet for what I cannot say:  
It is half joy, half lament;  
Tell me, O heart,  
What memories you weave  
Into the twilit green and golden leaves?  
– Past, unmentionable days!

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

## Rachmaninoff *Как мне больно* op. 21, no. 12

Today's three pieces by Sergei Rachmaninoff are from *12 Romances, op. 21*, composed between 1900 and 1902. In April 1902, as he was preparing for his wedding, Rachmaninoff completed the Op. 21 set of songs during an intense period of composition. Since they were written very quickly, he brought the scores with him on his honeymoon to revise and refine them, spending three weeks in Lucerne polishing the songs.

Setting a poem by Glafira Adol'fovna Galina, poet and children's writer, this romance captures the torment of longing, with the speaker's restlessness and sorrow contrasting against the fresh spring. It ends with the speaker yearning for silence of mind, but an appassionato piano postlude lingers, as if inescapable.



## Как мне больно

Как мне больно, как хочется жить...  
Как свежа и душиста весна!  
Нет! не в силах я сердца убить  
В эту ночь голубую без сна.

Хоть-бы старость пришла поскорей,  
Хоть-бы иней в кудрях заблестел,  
Что-б не пел для меня соловей,

Чтобы лес для меня не шумел,

Чтобы песнь не рвалась из души  
Сквозь сирени в широкою даль,  
Чтобы не было в этой тиши  
Мне чего то мучительно жаль!

Glafira Adol'fovna Galina (1873–1942)

## Sorrow in springtime

How painful this is, yet how I yearn to live...  
How fresh and fragrant the spring!  
No! I cannot stifle my heart  
On this pale blue, sleepless night.

If only old age would come more quickly,  
If only the hoarfrost would gild my locks,  
Would that the nightingale no longer sang for  
me,

Would that the forest no longer murmured  
for me.

Let not the song burst from my soul,  
Through the lilacs to the distant horizon,  
If only I did not feel such unbearable sorrow  
In this silence!

*Translation © Philip Ross Bullock, provided  
via Oxford International Song Festival  
(www.oxfordsong.org).*

## II. Hoping: Восходят звездочки безшумною толпой

*(A silent throng of little stars appears)*

### Blitzstein *I Wish It So*

The musical track *I Wish It So* is from *Juno*, with music and lyrics by Marc Blitzstein. Sung by Mary, the daughter of the Boyle family, it follows the prologue. Amid the harsh realities of 1920s Dublin, where her family struggles to survive in the squalor of a two-room tenement, she expresses an undefined yearning—whether it is hope, a dream, or something else.

### I wish it so

I've an unrest inside me  
Oh, it's long I have had such an unrest inside me  
And it's gettin' real bad  
I'm sleepin' at night  
And my heart beats so loud that I wake  
All dizzy and light with the dreamin' and feelin' this ache  
Such a thumpin' inside me  
That I think I'll go mad

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

For I wish it so!  
What I wish I still don't know  
But it's bound to come  
Though so long to wait

I keep saying "Tonight!"  
Or "Today!" through the endless days  
And my heart clamors and prays  
It will not come too late

But when come it does  
In the shape of love or life  
I will give my life  
And my love, I know

I've such grand aims  
With so many names  
That I grow numb  
But sure one is bound to come  
Because I wish, I wish it so

*Marc Blitzstein*

### **Rachmaninoff** *Сумерки* op. 21 no. 3

The text for this song comes from a poem by Marie Jean Guyau (1854–1888), a French philosopher and poet, translated into Russian by Ivan Tkhorzhevsky in 1901. Rachmaninoff discovered it soon after its publication and set it to music.

The music begins in E minor, evoking a quiet, introspective moment—a woman, lost in thought, sits alone as evening deepens. A flowing triplet motion initiates the transition, carrying the music forward into E Major. The darkness lifts into a luminous expanse, as if the starlit sky reveals something beyond the physical—a quiet yet profound shift from wandering to the first glimmers of hope.

#### **Сумерки**

Она задумалась. Одна, перед окном  
Склонясь, она сидит и в сумраке ночном  
Мерцает долгий взор; а в синеве  
бездрежной  
Темнеющих небес, роняя лучь свой  
нежный,  
Восходят звездочки безшумною толпой;  
И кажется, что там какой-то светлый рой  
Таинственно парит и, словно восхищенный,

#### **Twilight**

Alone and lost in thought she sits, her head  
bowed low  
Before the icon, and the evening twilight is  
illumined  
By her long and radiant gaze; and in the  
boundless blue  
Of the darkening sky, casting down their  
tender rays,  
A silent throng of little stars appears;  
'Tis though some radiant host  
Mysteriously hovers there, elated,

Трепещет над её головкою склоненной.

Ivan Ivanovich Tkhorzhevsky (1878–1951)

Trembling above her dear head, bowed low.

Translation © Philip Ross Bullock, provided via  
Oxford International Song Festival  
([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org)).

### **Wolf** *Er ist's!*

In *Er ist's!*, the speaker senses signs of change—the fluttering breeze, the scent in the air, the distant harp-like sound. This is a moment of transition, where nature begins to bloom, and quiet anticipation stirs into the possibility of renewal. The speaker joyfully recognizes the arrival of warmth, reinforced by the G major key, traditionally associated with themes of springtime and love.

#### *Er ist's!*

*Frühling lässt sein blaues Band  
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;  
Süsse, wohlbekannte Düfte  
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.*

*Veilchen träumen schon,  
Wollen balde kommen.  
– Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!  
Frühling, ja du bist!  
Dich hab ich vernommen!*

Eduard Mörike

#### **Spring is here**

Spring sends its blue banner  
Fluttering on the breeze again;  
Sweet, well-remembered scents  
Drift propitiously across the land.

Violets dream already,  
Will soon begin to bloom.  
– Listen, the soft sound of a distant harp!  
Spring, that must be you!  
It's you I've heard!

### **Wolf** *Auf einer Wanderung*

The music begins with a rhythmic figure, evoking the feeling of entering a mysterious yet inviting town bathed in the red glow of evening. Surrounded by flowers, golden chimes, and a chorus of nightingales, the speaker is overwhelmed with joy. As the music slows, it conveys wonder and ecstasy, transporting the speaker beyond ordinary life. As Susan Youens notes, this rapturous moment is a passageway to the Muse's breath of love, so powerful it dissolves reality itself. Yet, like all profound beauty, this bliss is fleeting, leaving the speaker forever changed. In the postlude, the opening motif returns, but now imbued with the afterglow of enchantment, transformed by the magical moment that unfolded in the town.

### *Auf einer Wanderung*

*In ein freundliches Städtchen tret ich ein,  
In den Strassen liegt roter Abendschein.  
Aus einem offenen Fenster eben,  
Über den reichsten Blumenflor  
Hinweg, hört man Goldglockentöne schweben,*

*Und eine Stimme scheint ein Nachtigallenchor,  
Dass die Blüten beben,  
Dass die Lüfte leben,  
Dass in höherem Rot die Rosen leuchten vor.*

*Lang hielt ich staunend, lustbekommen.  
Wie ich hinaus vor's Tor gekommen,  
Ich weiss es wahrlich selber nicht.  
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so licht!  
Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem Gewühle,  
Rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem Rauch;  
Wie rauscht der Erlenbach, wie rauscht im Grund  
die Mühle,  
Ich bin wie trunken, irreführt –  
O Muse, du hast mein Herz berührt  
Mit einem Liebeshauch!*

Eduard Mörike

### *On a Walk*

I arrive in a friendly little town,  
The streets glow in red evening light.  
From an open window,  
Across the richest array of flowers  
And beyond, golden bell-chimes come  
floating,  
And one voice seems a choir of nightingales,  
Causing blossoms to quiver,  
Bringing breezes to life,  
Making roses glow a brighter red.

Long I halted marvelling, oppressed by joy.  
How I came out through the gate,  
I cannot in truth remember.  
Ah, how bright the world is here!  
The sky billows in a crimson whirl,  
The town lies behind in a golden haze;  
How the alder brook chatters, and the mill  
below!  
I am as if drunk, led astray –  
O Muse, you have touched my heart  
With a breath of love!

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf (Faber), provided via Oxford International Song Festival ([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org)).*

### **Rachmaninoff** *Здесь хорошо* op. 21 no. 7

*Здесь хорошо* (Here It's So Fine) is the first piece in the program to fully exist in the present moment, unburdened by worries of the future or regrets of the past. The speaker is immersed in nature, realizing that everything around them is already beautiful. This piece is often translated as *How Fair It Is*, but as scholar Richard D. Sylvester notes, Rachmaninoff made a subtle yet significant change to the text, altering the first word from “how” to “here.” This small shift firmly grounds the moment in both time and place, heightening the speaker’s sense of presence and immediacy.

As the poem unfolds, the vast beauty of the world gives way to a deeper stillness—one where nature, God, and the self merge into a single, timeless moment of quiet transcendence. Rachmaninoff’s signature lyricism is ever-present, flowing effortlessly through the vocal line and culminating in a postlude that lingers like an unspoken prayer, suspending the moment in radiant serenity.

## Здесь хорошо

Здесь хорошо...  
Взгляни, вдали  
Огнём горит река;  
Цветным ковром луга легли,  
Белеют облака.  
Здесь нет людей...  
Здесь тишина...  
Здесь только Бог да я.  
Цветы, да старая сосна,  
Да ты, мечта моя!

Glafira Adol'fovna Galina

## Here it's so fine

Here it's so fine...  
Look: in the distance  
The river glitters like fire,  
The meadows are a carpet of color,  
There are white clouds overhead.  
Here there are no people...  
It's so quiet...  
Here are only God and I.  
And the flowers, and the old pine tree,  
And you, my dream...

*Translation © Richard D. Sylvester, provided via Rachmaninoff's Complete Songs: A Companion with Texts and Translations (Indiana University Press, 2014), accessed via JSTOR (www.jstor.org/stable/j.ctt16gzf05).*

## Wolf *Neue Liebe*

*Neue Liebe* is one of the most significant pieces in my program—a moment of belief, where searching transforms into transcendence, into profound realization. Hymn-like four-part writing, infused with unexpected syncopation and chromaticism, evokes ongoing questions of faith. Transformation unfolds with a sweet tremor, reflected in harmonic surprises, tremolo, and a long, evolving phrase with extreme dynamic shifts—capturing a moment of awakening and transcendence, ultimately resolving in an expanded plagal cadence.

I was deeply moved by this piece, yet surprised to learn that neither Mörike nor Wolf was steadfast in their faith. Mörike, a reluctant Lutheran pastor, struggled with belief, while Wolf, raised Catholic, gradually distanced himself from religion. And yet, despite their doubts, both continued to engage with religious themes throughout their lives and works. Their music and poetry reveal an undeniable longing for the divine—one that does not rest in certainty but instead finds meaning within the questions themselves.

This paradox is what makes *Neue Liebe* so powerful. As Susan Youens suggests, Wolf's own spiritual searching shaped his musical choices, granting a certainty and transcendence that Mörike's poetico-mystical struggles never fully embraced. In the end, it is the later, agnostic composer who bestows upon his poet a faith more complete than Mörike himself ever knew. That Wolf—who had distanced himself from religion—could create music so deeply imbued with belief is a testament to the way music itself can transcend personal doubt, speaking to something greater than the composer's own convictions.

## *Neue Liebe*

*Kann auch ein Mensch des andern auf der Erde  
Ganz, wie er möchte, sein?  
– In langer Nacht bedacht ich mir's und musste  
sagen, nein!*

*So kann ich niemand's heissen auf der Erde,  
Und Niemand wäre mein?  
– Aus Finsternissen hell in mir aufzückt ein  
Freudenschein:*

*Sollt ich mit Gott nicht können sein,  
So wie ich möchte, mein und dein?  
Was hielte mich, dass ich's nicht heute werde?*

*Ein süßes Schrecken geht durch mein Gebein!  
Mich wundert, dass es mir ein Wunder wollte sein,*

*Gott selbst zu eigen haben auf der Erde!*

Eduard Mörike.

## **New Love**

Can one ever belong to another here on earth  
Wholly, as one would wish to be?  
Long I pondered this at night and had to  
answer, no!

So can I belong to no one here on earth,  
And can no one be mine?  
– From dark recesses in me a bright flame of  
joy flashes

Could I not be with God,  
Just as I would wish, mine and Thine?  
What could keep me from being so today?

A sweet tremor pervades my very frame!  
I marvel that it should have ever seemed a  
marvel  
To have God for one's own on earth!

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

### **III. Singing: Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht was geschieden uns so weit** *(With these songs, the distance that parted us shall recede)*

#### **Beethoven** *An die ferne Geliebte, op. 98*

*An die ferne Geliebte*, op. 98, composed by Ludwig van Beethoven in 1816 with a text by Alois Jeitteles is considered the first song cycle. It reflects Beethoven's transition toward his late style, favoring a continuous, larger structural flow over the self-contained perfection of individual movements in a multi-movement composition. While using the same melody, Beethoven moves beyond simple strophic variations, introducing diversity through motivic transformations across the six songs.

The poems explore different stages of unrequited or lost love, or a love that has fallen apart. In either case, the lovers are separated by distance and time. The cycle begins with the speaker standing on a hill, reminiscing about where they once met their beloved—but they are no longer together. The pain of separation and the impossibility of communication weigh heavily on the speaker, yet they continue to believe and hope that their thoughts will reach the beloved, ultimately dissolving the barriers of space and time. This longing finally resolves when the beloved sings back, and Beethoven's decision to return to the first song at the end makes this resolution both surprising and deeply moving, bringing the cycle full circle after a journey of

yearning and hope.

Many scholars believe that this song cycle is connected to Beethoven's July 1812 letters to his 'Immortal Beloved,' whose identity still remains a subject of debate. Both reflect a love separated by temporal and spatial distance — an unreachable presence. One of the profound beauties of performing classical music is the ability to bring a personal layer of interpretation. For me, this distance is not only between two lovers but also between myself and music, myself and God. Even though there may be other distances — the hard realities or challenges along the way — I see it as a calling — a commitment to the music entrusted to me, a gift I will continue to honor and pursue.

*Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend*

*Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend  
In das blaue Nebelland,  
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,  
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.  
Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,  
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal  
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,  
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.  
Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,  
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,  
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen  
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.  
Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,  
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?  
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,  
Die dir klagen meine Pein!  
Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht  
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,  
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht  
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!*

**I sit on the hill, gazing**

I sit on the hill, gazing  
Into the misty blue countryside,  
Towards the distant meadows  
Where, my love, I first found you.  
Now I'm far away from you,  
Mountain and valley intervene  
Between us and our peace,  
Our happiness and our pain.  
Ah, you cannot see the fiery gaze  
That wings its way towards you,  
And my sighs are lost  
In the space that comes between us.  
Will nothing ever reach you again?  
Will nothing be love's messenger?  
I shall sing, sing songs  
That speak to you of my distress!  
For sounds of singing put to flight  
All space and all time;  
And a loving heart is reached  
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

### **Wo die Berge so blau**

*Wo die Berge so blau  
Aus dem nebligen Grau  
Schauen herein,  
Wo die Sonne verglüht,  
Wo die Wolke umzieht,  
Möchte ich sein!  
Dort im ruhigen Tal  
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.  
Wo im Gestein  
Still die Primel dort sinnt,  
Weht so leise der Wind,  
Möchte ich sein!  
Hin zum sinnigen Wald  
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,  
Innere Pein.  
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,  
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir  
Ewiglich sein!*

### **Leichte Segler in den Höhen**

*Leichte Segler in den Höhen,  
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,  
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,  
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.  
Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen  
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,  
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen  
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.  
Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,  
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.  
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,  
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.  
Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen  
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl  
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen  
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.  
Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,  
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,  
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen  
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!*

### **Where the blue mountains**

Where the blue mountains  
From the misty grey  
Look out towards me,  
Where the sun's glow fades,  
Where the clouds scud by –  
There would I be!  
There, in the peaceful valley,  
Pain and torment cease.  
Where among the rocks  
The primrose meditates in silence,  
And the wind blows so softly –  
There would I be!  
I am driven to the musing wood  
By the power of love,  
Inner pain.  
Ah, nothing could tempt me from here,  
If I were able, my love,  
To be with you eternally!

### **Light clouds sailing on high**

Light clouds sailing on high,  
And you, narrow little brook,  
If you catch sight of my love,  
Greet her a thousand times.  
If, clouds, you see her walking  
Thoughtful in the silent valley,  
Let my image loom before her  
In the airy vaults of heaven.  
If she be standing by the bushes  
Autumn has turned fallow and bare,  
Pour out to her my fate,  
Pour out, you birds, my torment.  
Soft west winds, waft my sighs  
To her my heart has chosen –  
Sighs that fade away  
Like the sun's last ray.  
Whisper to her my entreaties,  
Let her, narrow little brook,  
Truly see in your ripples  
My never-ending tears!



### ***Diese Wolken in den Höhen***

*Diese Wolken in den Höhen,  
Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug,  
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.  
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!  
Diese Weste werden spielen  
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,  
In den seidnen Locken wühlen. –  
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!  
Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln  
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.  
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,  
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!*

### ***Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au***

*Es kehret der Maien,  
Es blühet die Au,  
Die Lüfte, sie wehen  
So milde, so lau,  
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.  
Die Schwalbe, die kehret  
Zum wirtlichen Dach,  
Sie baut sich so emsig  
Ihr bräutlich Gemach,  
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.  
Sie bringt sich geschäftig  
Von kreuz und von Quer  
Manch weiches Stück  
Zu dem Brautbett hieher,  
Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.  
Nun wohnen die Gatten  
Beisammen so treu,  
Was Winter geschieden,  
Verband nun der Mai,  
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.  
Es kehret der Maien,  
Es blühet die Au.  
Die Lüfte, sie wehen  
So milde, so lau;  
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.  
Wenn alles, was liebet,  
Der Frühling vereint,  
Nur unserer Liebe  
Kein Frühling erscheint,  
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.*

### ***These clouds on high***

*These clouds on high,  
This cheerful flight of birds  
Will see you, O gracious one.  
Take me lightly winging too!  
These west winds will playfully  
Blow about your cheeks and breast,  
Will ruffle your silken tresses. –  
Would I might share that joy!  
This brooklet hastens eagerly  
To you from those hills.  
If she's reflected in you,  
Flows directly back to me!*

### ***May returns, the meadow blooms***

*May returns,  
The meadow blooms.  
The breezes blow  
So gentle, so mild,  
The babbling brooks flow again,  
The swallow returns  
To its rooftop home,  
And eagerly builds  
Her bridal chamber,  
Where love shall dwell.  
She busily brings  
From every direction  
Many soft scraps  
For the bridal bed,  
Many warm scraps for her young.  
Now the pair lives  
Faithfully together,  
What winter parted,  
May has joined,  
For May can unite all who love.  
May returns,  
The meadow blooms.  
The breezes blow  
So gentle, so mild;  
I alone cannot move on.  
When spring unites  
All lovers,  
Our love alone  
Knows no spring,  
And tears are its only gain.*

***Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder***

*Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,  
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,  
Singe sie dann abends wieder  
Zu der Laute süßem Klang!  
Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann ziehet  
Nach dem stillen blauen See,  
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet  
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;  
Und du singst, was ich gesungen,  
Was mir aus der vollen Brust  
Ohne Kunstgepräg erklungen,  
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:  
Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht  
Was geschieden uns so weit,  
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht  
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!*

Alois Jeilltteles (1794–1858)

**Accept, then, these songs**

Accept, then, these songs  
I sang for you, beloved;  
Sing them again at evening  
To the lute's sweet sound!  
As the red light of evening draws  
Towards the calm blue lake,  
And its last rays fade  
Behind those mountain heights;  
And you sing what I sang  
From a full heart  
With no display of art,  
Aware only of longing:  
Then, at these songs,  
The distance that parted us shall recede,  
And a loving heart be reached  
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The  
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