

Suowei Wu
tenor

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2025
Student of Bradley Williams

with
J.J. Penna, piano

Wednesday, April 30, 2025
8:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Tommaso Giordani
(1733–1806)

Caro mio ben

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660–1725)

Le violette

Giovanni Bononcini
(1670–1747)

Per la gloria d'adoravi

Antonio Lotti
(1667–1740)

Pur dicesti, o bocca bella

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)

Poème d'un jour

Rencontre

Toujours

Adieu

Intermission

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

from *Dichterliebe*, op. 48

I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen

VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

VII. Ich grolle nicht

Huang Zi
(1904–1938)

思乡 *Homesick*

He Luting
(1903–1999)

嘉陵江上 *On the Jialing River*

Rui Zhang
(b. 1983)

歌 *Song (When I Am Dead, My Dearest)*

Xinquan Zhou,
John Pond Ordway

送别 *Farewell*

Suowei Wu is the recipient of the Sylvia C. Segal Voice Scholarship.

Caro mio ben

Caro mio ben,
credimi almen,
senza di te
languisce il cor.
Il tuo fedel
sospira ognor.
Cessa, crudel,
tanto rigor!

Anonymous

Le violette

Rugiadose
Odorose
Violette graziose,
Voi vi state
Vergognose,
Mezzo ascose
Fra le foglie,

E sgridate
Le mie voglie,
Che son troppo ambiziose.

Adriano Morselli

Per la gloria d'adorarvi

Per la gloria d'adorarvi
voglio amarvi,
o luci care.
Amando penerò,
ma sempre v'amerò,
sì, sì, nel mio penare,
penerò,
v'amerò,
luci care.

My dear beloved

My dear beloved,
believe me at least,
without you
my heart languishes.
Your faithful one
always sighs;
cease, cruel one,
so much punishment!

*Translation from Italian (Italiano) to English by
John Glenn Paton, reprinted with permission from
the LiederNet Archive, <https://www.lieder.net/>*

The violets

Dewy
Scented
Pretty violets,
You are standing
Shy,
Half hidden
Among the leaves,

And you scold
My desires,
That are too ambitious.

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<https://www.lieder.net/>*

For the glory of adoring you

For the glory of adoring you
I want to love you,
oh dear eyes.
In love I will suffer,
yet always I will love you,
Yes, in my suffering:
I will suffer,
I will love you,
dear, dear eyes.

*Senza speme di diletto
vano affetto
è sospirare,
ma i vostri dolci rai
chi vagheggiar può mai
e non, e non v'amare?
penerò,
v'amerò,
luci care!*

Anonymous

Pur dicesti, o bocca bella

*Pur dicesti, o bocca bella,
Quel soave e caro sì,
Che fatutto il mio piacer.*

*Per onor di sua facella
Con un bacio Amor t'apri,
Dolce fonte del goder, ah!*

Anonymous

Rencontre

*J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai rencontrée,
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné tourment,
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée*

Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?

Ô passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc l'amie

*Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé,
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie
Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur d'exilé?*

Without a hope of pleasure
It is vain affection
to sigh,
Yet your sweet glances:
Who can ever admire them,
No, and not love you?
I will suffer,
I will love you,
dear, dear eyes.

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Oh, delightful mouth, at last you have uttered

Oh, delightful mouth, at last you have uttered
That gentle and precious yes,
Upon which all my pleasure is founded.

In his own radiant honour
Love has opened you with a kiss,
Sweet foundation of pleasure, ah!

*Translation © Nicholas Cornforth provided via
Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

Meeting

I was sad and pensive when I met you,
Today I feel less my persistent pain;
O tell me, could you be the long hoped-for
woman,
And the ideal dream pursued in vain?

O passer-by with gentle eyes, could you be
the friend
To restore the lonely poet's happiness,
And will you shine on my steadfast soul
Like native sky on an exiled heart?

*Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer!
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme est cher.*

*Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie
Et mon cœur te chérit sans te connaître bien.*

Toujours

*Vous me demandez de me taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!*

*Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté!*

*Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots
Et quand les vents sont en démente,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!*

*Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!*

Adieu

*Comme tout meurt vite, la rose déclose,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés des prés;*

Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimées, fumées!

*On voit dans ce monde léger changer
Plus vite que les flots des grèves, nos rêves,*

Plus vite que le givre en fleurs, nos cœurs!

Your timid sadness, like my own,
Loves to watch the sun set on the sea!
Such boundless space awakes your rapture,
And your fair soul prizes the evenings'
charm.

A mysterious and gentle sympathy
Already binds me to you like a living bond,
And my soul quivers, overcome by love,
And my heart, without knowing you well,
adores you.

Forever

You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you for ever
And to go my way alone,
Forgetting whom I loved!

Rather ask the stars
To fall into infinity,
The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its light!

Ask the boundless sea
To drain its mighty waves,
And the raging winds
To calm their dismal sobbing!

But do not expect my soul
To tear itself from bitter sorrow,
Nor to shed its passion
As springtime sheds its flowers!

Farewell

How swiftly all things die, the rose in bloom,
And the cool dappled mantle of the
meadows;
Long-drawn sighs, loved ones, all smoke!

In this fickle world we see our dreams
Change more swiftly than waves on the
shore,
Our hearts change more swiftly than frosted
flowers!

*À vous l'on se croyait fidèle, cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours sont courts!*

*Et je dis en quittant vos charmes, sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu, Adieu!*

Charles Grandmougin

To you I thought I would be faithful, cruel
one,
But alas! the longest loves are short!

And I say, taking leave of your charms,
without tears,
Almost at the moment of my avowal,
Farewell!

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

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

*Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.*

*Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.*

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

*Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.*

*Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.*

In the wondrous month of May

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the buds burst into bloom,
Then it was that in my heart
Love began to burgeon.

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then it was I confessed to her
My longing and desire.

From my tears there will spring

From my tears there will spring
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs shall become
A chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
And at your window shall sound
The nightingale's song.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

*Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.*

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

*Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh';
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.*

*Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.*

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

*Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.
Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.*

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

*Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem grossen Dome,
Das grosse, heilige Köln.*

*Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf gold'nem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.*

Rose, Lily, Dove, Sun

Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I only love
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
Then I am wholly healed.

When I lay my head against your breast,
Heavenly bliss steals over me;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitter tears.

Let me bathe my soul

Let me bathe my soul
In the lily's chalice;
The lily shall resound
With a song of my beloved.
The songs shall tremble and quiver
Like the kiss that her lips
Once gave me
In a wondrously sweet hour.

In the Rhine, in the holy river

In the Rhine, in the holy river,
Mirrored in its waves,
With its great cathedral,
Stands great and holy Cologne.

In the cathedral hangs a picture,
Painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has cast its friendly rays.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäng'lein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,

*Ewig verlор'nes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.*

Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im Traume,

*Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.*

Heinrich Heine

思乡

柳丝系绿
清明才过了
独自个凭栏无语
更那堪墙外鹃啼
一声声道
不如归去
惹起了万种闲情
满怀别绪
问落花
随渺渺微波
是否向南流
我愿与他同去

Hanzhang Wei

Flowers and cherubs hover
Around Our beloved Lady;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are the image of my love's.

I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, though my heart is
breaking,

O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you gleam in diamond splendour,
No ray falls in the night of your heart.

I've known that long. For I saw you in my
dreams,

And saw the night within your heart,
And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge.

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

Homesick

The willows wear their threads of green,
Qingming's rain has just withdrawn.
Alone I lean in silent thought—
Beyond the wall, the cuckoo calls.
Each cry repeats:
"Why not return?"
A thousand thoughts rise, restless, deep,
My heart weighs heavy with farewell.
I ask the drifting petals,
Carried on the rippling stream:
Do you journey to the south?
Let me go with you.

Translation by Qianqian Li

嘉陵江上

那一天，敌人打到了我的村庄，我便失去了我的田舍、家人和牛羊。

如今我徘徊在嘉陵江上，我仿佛闻到故乡泥土的芳香，一样的流水，一样的月亮，我已失去了一切欢笑和梦想。

江水每夜呜咽地流过，都仿佛流在我的心上。

我必须回到我的家乡，为了那没有收割的菜花，和那饿瘦了的羔羊。

我必须回去，从敌人的枪弹底下回去。

我必须回去，从敌人的刺刀丛里回去。

把我那打胜仗的刀枪，放在我生长的地方。

Hongliang Duanmu

On the Jialing River

The day the enemy stormed my town,
I lost my fields, my kin, my flocks.
Now I drift along the Jialing's shore,
And breathe the scent of homeland earth—
The moon still shines, the waters flow,
But all my dreams and joy are gone.
Each night the river sobs and sighs,
Its weeping echoes in my heart.
I must return to where I'm from—
For unharvested fields of golden bloom,
And lambs grown thin with hunger.
I must return,
Though bullets fall like rain.
I must return,
Through blades that flash like flame.
To place my hard-won sword and gun
On the soil that gave me life.

Translation by Qianqian Li

歌

我死了的时候，亲爱的，
别为我唱悲伤的歌。
我坟上不必安插蔷薇，
也无需浓荫的柏树。
让盖着我的青青的草，
淋着雨也沾着露珠。

Song

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree;
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

假如你愿记着我，
要是你甘心忘了我，
我再不见地面的青茵，
觉不到雨露的甜蜜。
再听不见夜莺的歌喉，
在黑夜中倾吐悲啼。
在悠久的昏暮中，
阳光不升起。
我也许，
也许记得你，
为我唱悲伤的歌。

Translated into Chinese by Zhimo Xu

送别

长亭外，古道边，
芳草碧连天。
问君此去几时来，
来时莫徘徊。
天之涯，地之角，
知交半零落。
人生难得是欢聚，
唯有别离多。

长亭外，古道边，
芳草碧连天。
晚风拂柳笛声残，
夕阳山外山。
天之涯，地之角，
知交半零落。
一壶浊酒尽余欢，
今宵别梦寒。

天之涯，地之角，
知交半零落。
人生难得是欢聚，
唯有别离多。
长亭外，古道边，
芳草碧连天。
晚风拂柳笛声残，
夕阳山外山。

Haiyin Lin

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Christina Georgina Rossetti

Farewell

Outside the wayside pavilion we stand,
By the old road, in a sea of green.
The spring grass reaches toward the skies—
When you return, don't hesitate.
To heaven's edge, earth's farthest bend,
Half our friends have drifted away.
Few are the days of joyful gathering,
While farewells come time and again.

Outside the wayside pavilion we stand,
By the old road, in a sea of green.
A breeze stirs the willows, the flute dies
down,
The sun sets beyond mountain and ridge.
To heaven's edge, earth's farthest bend,
Half our friends have drifted away.
One last cup of cloudy wine we share—
Tonight's farewell chills the dream.

Translation by Qianqian Li

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