



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**Qizheng Wu, Bass-Baritone**  
**Chonglin Xu, Piano**

April 14<sup>th</sup>, 2026

8:30pm

Van Cliburn Concert Hall

**Program**

Kindertotenlieder

Gustav Mahler(1860-1911)

Nun will die sonn so hell aufgeh'n!

Nun seh'ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen

Wenn dein Mutterlein

Oft denk'ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen!

In diesem Wetter!

3 Songs, Op.10

Samuel Barber(1910-1981)

Rain Has Fallen

Sleep Now

I Hear an Army

4 Chinese Art Song

赵季平 | Zhao Ji Ping (b. 1945)

双调·新水令 | Shuangdiao: New Water Tune

唐多令·惜别 | Tangduoling: Farewell

幽兰操 | Ode to the Hidden Orchid

终南别业 | A Retreat in the Zhongnan Mountains

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Master's of Music  
in Voice Performance. Qizheng Wu is a student of Prof. Twyla Robinson.

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.

Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

## Kindertotenlieder

Gustav Mahler(1860–1911)

Gustav Mahler was a prominent Austrian composer and conductor, best known for his symphonies and orchestral song cycles. Mahler is often regarded as a bridge between the late Romantic era and early modernism in classical music. He excels at blending philosophy with popular elements, individuality with national identity, and Romanticism with modern music.

Kindertotenlieder (Songs on the Death of Children) is a song cycle for voice and orchestra composed between 1901 and 1904. It consists of five songs, set to poems by Friedrich Rückert, using sparse orchestration to convey a sense of intimacy and melancholy. The songs are characterized by emotional contrasts—while some passages are filled with despair and sadness, others evoke a sense of acceptance and peace. Despite the tragic subject matter, the music often conveys a quiet, reflective beauty.

At the time of composing Kindertotenlieder, Mahler had two young daughters, which made the themes of the song cycle particularly personal and poignant. Tragically, Mahler's own daughter, Maria, would die shortly after the work's completion, adding a haunting resonance to the cycle.

### **Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n**

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgehn,  
Als sei kein Unglück die Nacht geschehn!  
Das Unglück geschah nur mir allein!  
Die Sonne, sie scheint allgemein!  
Du mußt nicht die Nacht in dir verschränken,  
Mußt sie ins ew'ge Licht versenken!  
Ein Lämplein verlosch in meinem Zelt!  
Heil sei dem Freudenlicht der Welt!

### **Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen**

Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen  
Ihr sprühtet mir in manchem Augenblicke.  
– O Augen! – Gleichsam, um voll in einem Blicke  
Zu drängen eure ganze Macht zusammen.  
Doch ahnt' ich nicht, weil Nebel mich umschwammen,  
Gewoben vom verblendenden Geschehe,  
Daß sich der Strahl bereits zur Heimkehr schicke,  
Dorthin, von wannen alle Strahlen stammen.  
Ihr wolltet mir mit eurem Leuchten sagen:  
Wir möchten nah dir bleiben gerne!  
Doch ist uns das vom Schicksal abgeschlagen.  
Sieh' uns nur an, denn bald sind wir dir ferne!  
Was dir nur Augen sind in diesen Tagen:  
In künft'gen Nächten sind es dir nur Sterne.

### **Now the sun prepares to rise as brightly**

Now the sun prepares to rise as brightly,  
As though no misfortune had befallen in the night!  
The misfortune befell me alone!  
The sun, it shines on all mankind!  
You must not enclose the night within you,  
You must immerse it in eternal light.  
A little lamp went out in my firmament,  
Hail to the joyful light of the world!

### **Now I see clearly why you so often**

Now I see clearly why you so often  
Flashed such dark flames at me.  
– O eyes! – To compress, as it were, all your power  
Into a single glance.  
Yet I could not guess, for mists surrounded me,  
Woven by fate to dazzle me,  
That your brightness was already making for home,  
Towards the place whence all light comes.  
With your shining light you were trying to tell me:  
We'd dearly love to stay here by your side,  
But this our destiny denies us.  
Look at us well, for soon we shall be far from you!  
What now are merely eyes to you,  
In nights to come shall be merely stars.

### **Wenn dein Mütterlein**

Wenn dein Mütterlein  
Tritt zur Tür herein,  
Und den Kopf ich drehe,  
Ihr entgegen sehe,  
Fällt auf ihr Gesicht  
Erst der Blick mir nicht,  
Sondern auf die Stelle,  
Näher nach der Schwelle,  
Dort, wo würde dein  
Lieb Gesichtchen sein,  
Wenn du freudenhelle  
Trätest mit herein,  
Wie sonst, mein Töchterlein.  
Wenn dein Mütterlein  
Tritt zur Tür herein,  
Mit der Kerze Schimmer,  
Ist es mir, als immer  
Kämst du mit herein,  
Huschtest hinterdrein,  
Als wie sonst ins Zimmer!  
O du, des Vaters Zelle,  
Ach, zu schnell, zu schnell,  
Erloschner Freudenschein!

### **Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen**

Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen,  
Bald werden sie wieder nach Hause gelangen,  
Der Tag ist schön, o sei nicht bang,  
Sie machen nur einen weiten Gang.  
Jawohl, sie sind nur ausgegangen  
Und werden jetzt nach Hause gelangen!  
O, sei nicht bang, der Tag is schön!  
Sie machen nur einen Gang zu jenen Höh'n!  
Sie sind uns nur vorausgegangen  
Und werden nicht wieder nach Hause gelangen!  
Wir holen sie ein auf jenen Höh'n  
Im Sonnenschein! Der Tag ist schön auf jenen  
Höh'n!

### **When your dear mother**

When your dear mother  
Comes in through the door  
And I turn my head  
To look at her,  
My eyes light first,  
Not on her face,  
But on that place  
Nearer the threshold  
Where your  
Dear little face would be,  
If you, bright-eyed,  
Were entering with her,  
As you used, my daughter.  
When your dear mother  
Comes in through the door  
With the flickering candle,  
I always think  
You are coming too,  
Stealing in behind her,  
As you used.  
O you, the joyful light,  
Ah, too soon extinguished,  
Of your father's flesh and blood!

### **I often think they have only gone out!**

I often think they have only gone out,  
They will soon be coming home again,  
It is a beautiful day, ah do not be afraid,  
They have only gone for a long walk.  
Yes, they have only gone out  
And will now be coming home again.  
Do not be anxious, it is a beautiful day!  
They are only walking to those hills!  
They have merely gone on ahead of us  
And will not be coming home again.  
We shall overtake them on those hills  
In the sunshine! The day is beautiful on those  
hills.

**In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus!**

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus,  
Nie hätt' ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus;  
Man hat sie hinaus getragen,  
Ich durfte nichts dazu sagen.  
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus,  
Nie hätt' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus,  
Ich fürchtete sie erkranken;  
Das sind nun eitle Gedanken.  
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Graus,  
Nie hätt' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus;  
Ich sorgte, sie stürben morgen,  
Das ist nun nicht zu besorgen.  
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus,  
Nie hätt' ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus;  
Man hat sie hinaus getragen,  
Ich durfte nichts dazu sagen.  
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus, in  
diesem Braus,  
Sie ruh'n als wie in der Mutter Haus,  
Von keinem Sturm erschreckt,  
Von Gottes Hand bedeckt.  
Sie ruh'n wie in der Mutter Haus!

**In this weather, this raging storm!**

In this weather, this raging storm,  
I'd never have let the children out;  
But they were carried from the house,  
I had no say in the matter.  
In this weather, this howling gale,  
I'd never have let the children out,  
I feared that they would fall ill;  
These are now but idle thoughts.  
In this weather, this dreadful blast,  
I'd never have let the children out.  
I feared they might die next day,  
There is no cause for such fears now.  
In this weather, this raging storm,  
I'd never have let the children out;  
But they were carried from the house,  
I had no say in the matter.  
In this weather, this howling gale, this  
raging storm,  
They rest, as if in their mother's house.  
Frightened by no storm,  
Protected by God's hand,  
They rest, as if in their mother's house!

**Translation © Richard Stokes, author of  
The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)**

### 3 Songs, Op.10

Samuel Barber(1910-1981)

Samuel Barber was one of the most lyrical American composers of the twentieth century. Unlike many of his contemporaries, he did not fully embrace the radical currents of modernism. Instead, he developed a distinctive musical voice rooted in traditional tonality: melodies that are beautiful and inherently vocal, harmonies that are refined and inward in color, and an emotional language that is sincere yet restrained.

In Barber's works, the relationship between piano and voice is often closely integrated and carefully balanced. The piano does not merely serve as accompaniment; it shapes the atmosphere and psychological space of the music. The unfolding of melodic lines, the natural pacing of rhythm, and the subtle shifts of harmonic color all reveal his deep sensitivity to text and emotional nuance.

#### **Rain has fallen**

Rain has fallen all the day.  
O come among the laden trees:  
The leaves lie thick upon the way  
Of memories.

Staying a little by the way  
Of memories shall we depart.  
Come, my beloved, where I may  
Speak to your heart.

#### **I hear an army**

I hear an army charging upon the land,  
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees:  
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,  
Disdaining the reins, with fluttering whips, the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battle-name:  
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.  
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,  
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:  
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.  
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?  
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?

#### **Sleep now**

Sleep now, O sleep now,  
O you unquiet heart!  
A voice crying "Sleep now"  
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter  
Is heard at the door.  
O sleep, for the winter  
Is crying "Sleep no more."

My kiss will give peace now  
And quiet to your heart -- -  
Sleep on in peace now,  
O you unquiet heart!

## 4 Chinese Art Song

赵季平 | Zhao Ji Ping (b. 1945)

Zhao Ji ping is one of the most important contemporary composers in China. He was born in 1945. He has spent many years combining traditional Chinese musical elements with Western composition techniques. His music often carries strong national characteristics, but it also shows modern structure and dramatic power.

He has written symphonic works, chamber music, concertos for traditional Chinese instruments, and a large amount of film music. He composed music for many well-known films, which made his name familiar to a wider audience. His music often focuses on melody. He pays special attention to singing lines and changes of tone color. In harmony and orchestration, he frequently uses Chinese modes, pentatonic scales, and regional rhythms. This makes his music rooted in Chinese culture while still sounding international.

In the field of art song, he shows a deep understanding of Chinese poetry. He does not only set the words to music, but also shapes the emotional atmosphere of the poem through melody, rhythm, and musical phrasing. His style is often calm and subtle, but full of inner tension. This kind of music works especially well for voices with a warm and stable tone.

### 双调·新水令

庭芜又见正春韶，  
隔窗外和鸣喧嘈。  
番语枝头雀，  
不似家山鸟。  
梦醒今朝，  
但觉得音书香。

### Shuangdiao: New Water Tune

Overgrown courtyard grass appears again in the glory of spring;  
Beyond the window, mingled calls resound in restless clamor.  
The sparrows chatter in foreign tongues upon the branches—  
Unlike the birds of my homeland hills.  
I awaken this morning from a dream,  
Only to find that letters and news are nowhere to be found.

### 唐多令·惜别

何处合成愁？  
离人心上秋。  
纵芭蕉、不雨也飕飕。  
都道晚凉天气好，  
有明月、怕登楼。

### Tangduoling: Farewell

Where does sorrow come from?  
It is “autumn” written upon the heart of one who parts.  
Even the plantain leaves, though untouched by rain,  
Rustle with a lonely sound.  
All say the cool evening air is pleasant,  
Yet with the bright moon shining, I dare not climb the tower.

年事梦中休，  
花空烟水流。  
燕辞归、客尚淹留。  
垂柳不萦裙带住，  
漫长是、系行舟。

The years fade away like a dream.  
Flowers fall; mist drifts over flowing waters.  
The swallows have taken leave and flown home,  
But I, a traveler, still linger here.  
The drooping willows cannot catch my silken sash;  
Long they trail instead,  
As if fastening the departing boat.

幽兰操

兰之猗猗，  
扬扬其香。  
不采而佩，  
于兰何伤？

今天之旅，  
其曷为然？  
我行四方，  
以日以年。

雪霜茂茂，  
蕾蕾其芳。  
君子之守，  
子孙之昌。

终南别业

中岁颇好道，  
晚家南山陲。  
兴来每独往，  
胜事空自知。

行到水穷处，  
坐看云起时。  
偶然值林叟，  
谈笑无还期。

Ode to the Hidden Orchid

How graceful the orchid grows,  
How freely its fragrance spreads.  
If none should pluck it to wear,  
What harm comes to the orchid?

Why does the world now turn so?  
Why has it come to this?  
I travel through the four directions,  
Day after day, year after year.

Though snow and frost grow heavy,  
Still its blossoms remain fragrant.  
Such is the steadfast virtue of the noble one,  
Bringing prosperity to generations to come.

A Retreat in the Zhongnan Mountains

In middle years I grew fond of the Way;  
In later life I made my home by the southern mountain's  
edge.  
When inspiration comes, I often wander alone;  
The finest moments, I know only within myself.

I walk until the waters reach their end,  
Then sit and watch the clouds rise.  
By chance I meet an old man in the woods;  
We talk and laugh, forgetting all thought of returning.