



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Qizheng Wu, Bass-Baritone

Dr. Michael Bukhman, Ashley Chua, Piano

Wednesday, March 26, 2025

7:00 PM

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

Liederkreis Op.39

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

In der Fremde I

Intermezzo

Waldesgespräch

Die Stille

Mondnacht

Schöne Fremde

Auf einer Burg

In der Fremde II

Wehmut

Zwielicht

Im Walde

Frühlingsnacht

Intermission

Chansons de Don Quichotte

Jacques Ibert (1890-1962)

Chanson du départ de Don Quichotte

Chanson à Dulcinée

Chanson du Duc

Chanson de la mort

秋之歌 (絕句三首) | Songs of the Autumn

罗忠裕 | Luo Zhongrong (1924-2021)

山行 | Mountain Trip

南陵道中 | On the Road to Nanling

寄扬州韩绰判官 | To Han chuo, Magistrate of Yangzhou

Let Us Garland Bring Op.18

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

Come away, death

Who is Silvia?

Fear no more the heat o' the sun

O mistress mine

It was a lover and his lass

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 Twyla Robinson.

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.

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

Liederkreis, Op.39

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Liederkreis is regarded as one of the great song cycles of the 19th century, by the Romantic composer Robert Schumann. During the days of being separated from his beloved Clara, they could only express their deep feelings through letters. In April 1840, Clara sent Schumann a selection of poems by Eichendorff, asking him to set them to music.

This song cycle was published twice: first in 1842 in Vienna, and then in 1850 in Leipzig after Schumann rearranged the order of the songs. The two versions create completely different emotional journeys:

In 1842 version, the emotions are unstable, constantly shifting between joy and sorrow. This reflects Schumann's feelings at the time—being separated from Clara due to her father's opposition to their marriage, longing for her, and only able to express his love through letters.

In 1850 version, the emotions gradually build to a climax. Now happily married to Clara, Schumann reshaped the cycle to move from loneliness (*In der Fremde*) to happiness (*Frühlingsnacht*). The final line of *Frühlingsnacht*—"She is yours, she is yours!"—perfectly captures this emotional journey.

In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab' ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund'.

Mein Herz still in sich singet
Ein altes, schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

In a Foreign Land

From my homeland, beyond the red lightning,
The clouds come drifting in,
But father and mother have long been dead,
Now no one knows me there.

How soon, ah! how soon till that quiet time
When I too shall rest
Beneath the sweet murmur of lonely woods,
Forgotten here as well.

Intermezzo

I bear your beautiful likeness
Deep within my heart,
It gazes at me every hour
So freshly and happily.

My heart sings softly to itself
An old and beautiful song
That soars into the sky
And swiftly wings its way to you.

Waldesgespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich heim!

„Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.“

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn' ich dich—Gott steh' mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Loreley.

„Du kennst mich wohl—von hohem Stein
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!“

Die Stille

Es weiß und rät es doch Keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach, wüßt' es nur Einer, nur Einer,
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen soll!

So still ist's nicht draußen im Schnee,
So stumm und verschwiegen sind
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh',
Als meine Gedanken sind.

Ich wünscht', ich wär' ein Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,
Bis daß ich im Himmel wär'!

A Forest Dialogue

It is already late, already cold,
Why ride lonely through the forest?
The forest is long, you are alone,
You lovely bride! I'll lead you home!

‘Great is the deceit and cunning of men,
My heart is broken with grief,
The hunting horn echoes here and there,
O flee! You do not know who I am.’

So richly adorned are steed and lady,
So wondrous fair her youthful form,
Now I know you—may God protect me!
You are the enchantress Lorelei.

‘You know me well—from its towering rock
My castle looks silently into the Rhine.
It is already late, already cold,
You shall never leave this forest again!’

Silence

No one knows and no one can guess
How happy I am, how happy!
If only one, just one person knew,
No one else ever should!

The snow outside is not so silent,
Nor are the stars on high
So still and taciturn
As my own thoughts.

I wish I were a little bird,
And could fly across the sea,
Across the sea and further,
Until I were in heaven!

Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nun träumen müßt'.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund'
Um die halb versunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund'.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr, wie in Träumen,
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie von künftigem großen Glück!

Moonlit Night

It was as though Heaven
Had softly kissed the Earth,
So that she in a gleam of blossom
Had only to dream of him.

The breeze passed through the fields,
The corn swayed gently to and fro,
The forests murmured softly,
The night was so clear with stars.

And my soul spread
Her wings out wide,
Flew across the silent land,
As though flying home.

A beautiful foreign land

The tree-tops rustle and shudder
As if at this very hour
The ancient gods
Were pacing these half-sunken walls.

Here beyond the myrtle trees
In secret twilight splendour,
What are you saying, fantastic night,
Obscurely, as in a dream?

The glittering stars gaze down on me,
Fierily and full of love,
The distant horizon speaks with rapture
Of some great happiness to come!

Auf einer Burg

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer
Oben ist der alte Ritter;
Drüben gehen Regenschauer,
Und der Wald rauscht durch das Gitter.

Eingewachsen Bart und Haare,
Und versteinert Brust und Krause,
Sitzt er viele hundert Jahre
Oben in der stillen Klausur.

Draußen ist es still und friedlich,
Alle sind in's Tal gezogen,
Waldesvögel einsam singen
In den leeren Fensterbögen.

Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten
Auf dem Rhein im Sonnenscheine,
Musikanten spielen munter,
Und die schöne Braut, die weinet.

In der Fremde

Ich hör' die Bächlein rauschen
Im Walde her und hin,
Im Walde, in dem Rauschen
Ich weiß nicht, wo ich bin.

Die Nachtigallen schlagen
Hier in der Einsamkeit,
Als wollten sie was sagen
Von der alten, schönen Zeit.

Die Mondschimmer fliegen,
Als sah' ich unter mir
Das Schloß im Tale liegen,
Und ist doch so weit von hier!

Als müßte in dem Garten
Voll Rosen weiß und rot,
Meine Liebste auf mich warten,
Und ist doch so lange tot.

In a Castle

Up there at his look-out
The old knight has fallen asleep;
Rain-storms pass overhead,
And the wood stirs through the portcullis.

Beard and hair matted together,
Ruff and breast turned to stone,
For centuries he's sat up there
In his silent cell.

Outside it's quiet and peaceful,
All have gone down to the valley,
Forest birds sing lonely songs
In the empty window-arches.

Down there on the sunlit Rhine
A wedding-party's sailing by,
Musicians strike up merrily,
And the lovely bride—weeps.

In a Foreign Land

I hear the brooklets murmuring
Through the forest, here and there,
In the forest, in the murmuring
I do not know where I am.

Nightingales are singing
Here in the solitude,
As though they wished to tell
Of lovely days now past.

The moonlight flickers,
As though I saw below me
The castle in the valley,
Yet it lies so far from here!

As though in the garden,
Full of roses, white and red,
My love were waiting for me,
Yet she died so long ago.

Wehmut

Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,
Da wird das Herz mir frei.

Es lassen Nachtigallen,
Spielt draußen Frühlingsluft,
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.

Da lauschen alle Herzen,
Und alles ist erfreut,
Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen,
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

Zwielicht

Dämmerung will die Flügel spreiten,
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,
Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume—
Was will dieses Graun bedeuten?

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,
Laß es nicht alleine grasen,
Jäger ziehn im Wald und blasen,
Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.

Hast du einen Freund hienieden,
Trau ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und Munde,
Sinnt er Krieg im tück'schen Frieden.

Was heut gehet müde unter,
Hebt sich morgen neugeboren.
Manches geht in Nacht verloren—
Hüte dich, sei wach und munter!

Sadness

True, I can sometimes sing
As though I were content;
But secretly tears well up,
And my heart is set free.

Nightingales, when spring breezes
Play outside, sing
Their song of longing
From their dungeon cell.

Then all hearts listen
And everyone rejoices,
Yet no one feels the pain,
The deep sorrow in the song.

Twilight

Dusk is about to spread its wings,
The trees now shudder and stir,
Clouds drift by like oppressive dreams—
What can this dusk and dread imply?

If you have a fawn you favour,
Do not let her graze alone,
Hunters sound their horns through the forest,
Voices wander to and fro.

If here on earth you have a friend,
Do not trust him at this hour,
Though his eyes and lips be smiling,
In treacherous peace he's scheming war.

That which wearily sets today,
Will rise tomorrow, newly born.
Much can go lost in the night—
Be wary, watchful, on your guard!

Im Walde

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzten viel Reiter, das Waldhorn klang,
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!

Und eh' ich's gedacht, war alles verhallt,
Die Nacht bedeckt die Runde;
Nur von den Bergen noch rauschet der Wald
Und mich schauert's im Herzensgrunde.

Frühlingsnacht

Über'm Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervögel zieh'n,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blühen.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
Sie ist Deine, sie ist Dein!

In the Forest

A wedding procession wound over the mountain,
I heard the warbling of birds,
Riders flashed by, hunting horns peeled,
That was a merry chase!

And before I knew, all had faded,
Darkness covers the land,
Only the forest sighs from the mountain,
And deep in my heart I quiver with fear.

Spring Night

Over the garden, through the air
I heard birds of passage fly,
A sign that spring is in the air,
Flowers already bloom below.

I could shout for joy, could weep,
For it seems to me it cannot be!
All the old wonders come flooding back,
Gleaming in the moonlight.

And the moon and stars say it,
And the dreaming forest whispers it,
And the nightingales sing it:
'She is yours, is yours!'

© translated by Richard Stokes

Chansons de Don Quichotte

Jacques Ibert(1890-1962)

In 1932, director Georg Wilhelm Pabst invited several composers to create songs for his new project "Don Quixote". Ibert provided four songs for him, which were performed by Charypian in the film and recordings conducted by Ibert. The original scoring was for various forces, from small ensemble to full orchestra, but Ibert also arranged them for voice and piano.

The song texts are not by Cervantes. The "Chanson du départ" is by Pierre de Ronsard, and the other three are by Alexandre Arnoux. The Ronsard poem presents a new castle as symbol of knightly virtues, and Ibert responded with a deliberately antique-sounding, sparsely accompanied ode, with vocal melody suggesting Spanish flourishes. The "Chanson à Dulcinée" also touches Spanish bases, and the "Chanson du Duc," a troubadour's tribute to the lady of his dreams, has a bold swagger. The final song is Quixote's dying farewell to Sancho Panza, noble in sentiment and sound.

Chanson du départ de Don Quichotte

Ce Chateau-neuf, ce nouvel edifice
Tout enrichy de marbre et de porphyre,
Qu'Amour bastit chateau de son empire,
Où tout le Ciel a mis son artifice,
Est un rempart, un fort contre le vice,
Où la Vertu maïstresse se retire,
Que l'œil regarde, et que l'esprit admire,
Forçant les cœurs à luy faire service.
C'est un Chateau fait de telle sorte,
Que nul ne peut approcher de la porte,
Si des grands Rois il n'a sauvé sa race,
Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.
Nul Chevalier, tant soit aventureux,
Sans estre tel, ne peut gagner la place.

Song of the departure

This new castle, this new edifice
all adorned with marble and porphyry,
this castle, built by love from its empire,
upon which all of heaven has used its skill,
is a rampart, a fortress against evil
where the virtuous mistress retires,
that the eye observes and the spirit admires,
bringing hearts to servitude.
It is a castle, built in such a way
that none can approach the portal
if he has not saved his lineage from the great Kings,
victorious, brave and amorous.
No knight, however adventurous he may be,
without being such, can enter the place.

Chanson à Dulcinée

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

Mais, amour a peint son visage,
Afin d'adoucir ma langueur,
Dans la fontaine et le nuage,
Dans chaque aurore et chaque fleur.
Toujours proche et toujours lointaine,
Étoile de mes longs chemins.
Le vent m'apporte son haleine
Quand il passe sur les jasmins.

Song for Dulcinea

A day lasts a whole year
if I do not see my Dulcinea.

But, so as to sweeten my languor,
Love has painted her face,
in the fountain and the sky,
in each dawn and each flower.
Ever close and ever far,
star of my long paths.
The wind carries her breath to me
when it blows across the jasmine.

Chanson du Duc

Je veux chanter ici la Dame de mes songes
Qui m'exalte au dessus de ce siècle de boue
Son cœur de diamant est vierge de mensonges
La rose s'obscurcit au regard de sa joue

Pour Elle, j'ai tenté les hautes aventures
Mon bras a délivré la princesse en servage
J'ai vaincu l'Enchanteur,
confondu les parjures
Et ployé l'univers à lui rendre hommage.

Dame par qui je vais, seul dessus cette terre,
Qui ne soit prisonnier de la fausse apparence
Je soutiens contre tout Chevalier téméraire
Votre éclat non pareil et votre précellence.

Chanson de la mort

Ne pleure pas Sancho, ne pleure pas, mon bon.
Ton maître n'est pas mort.
Il n'est pas loin de toi.
Il vit dans une île heureuse
Où tout est pur et sans mensonges.
Dans l'île enfin trouvée où tu viendras un jour.

Dans l'île désirée, O mon ami Sancho!
Les livres sont brûlés et font un tas de cendres.
Si tous les livres m'ont tué
Il suffit d'un pour que je vie
Fantôme dans la vie, et réel dans la mort.
Tel est l'étrange sort du pauvre Don Quichotte.

Song of the Duke

I want to sing here of the Lady of my dreams,
who raises me above this century of mud.
Her heart of diamond is untarnished by lies.
The rose pales at the sight of her cheek.

For Her, I have attempted lofty adventures.
My arm has delivered the princess in servitude.
I have conquered the Enchanter,
confounded the perjurers a
nd bent the universe to offer her homage.

Lady for whom I, who alone is not a prisoner
of the false appearance, go over this earth,
I proclaim, against any rash Knight,
your unequalled splendour and your excellence.

Song of death

Do not cry Sancho, do not cry, good friend.
Your master is not dead.
He is not far from you.
He lives on a happy isle
where all is pure and free of lies.
On the isle at last discovered where you will
come one day.

On the desired isle, o my good friend Sancho!
The books are burned and make a heap of ash.
If all the books have killed me
just one is enough for me to live on,
a ghost in life and real in death.
Such is the strange destiny of poor Don Quixote.

© translated by Christopher Goldsack

Luo Zhongrong is a renowned contemporary Chinese composer and music educator. Throughout his decades-long creative career, he composed numerous symphonies, chamber music, and vocal works. Among them, *Symphony No. 1*, *Three Pieces for String Orchestra*, and the Chinese orchestral piece *Spring River, Flower, and Moonlight Night* have been performed repeatedly, becoming classics in the history of contemporary Chinese music.

Luo Zhongrong's compositions are based on traditional Chinese musical themes, which he reorganized and rearranged. He integrated the Chinese pentatonic scale with the twelve-tone system of the Expressionist school, creating the theoretical system of the "Pentatonic Twelve-Tone Set."

Songs of the Autumn is set to three seven-character quatrains by the Tang Dynasty poet Du Mu: *Mountain Walk*, *On the Road to Nanling*, and *To Han chuo, Magistrate of Yangzhou*. The piece portrays the serene and beautiful scenery of autumn with a distinctly Chinese melodic and atmospheric style.

山行

远上寒山石径斜，
白云生处有人家。
停车坐爱枫林晚，
霜叶红于二月花。

南陵道中

南陵水面漫悠悠，
风紧云轻欲变秋。
正是客心孤回处，
谁家红袖凭江楼。

寄扬州韩绰判官
青山隐隐水迢迢，
秋尽江南草未凋。
二十四桥明月夜，
玉人何处教吹箫。

Mountain Trip

I go by slanting stony path to the cold hill;
Where rise white cloudy, there appear cottages
and bowers.
I stop my cab at maple woods to gaze my fill;
Frost-bitten leaves look redder than early spring
flowers.

On the Road to Nanling

The waters of Nanling stretch vast and slow,
The wind blows strong, light clouds hint at
autumn's approach.
At this very moment, a traveler feels deep
loneliness—
Whose red-sleeved figure leans upon the
riverside tower?

To Han chuo, Magistrate of Yangzhou

The dreaming green hills stretch as far as the
blue streams;
At autumn's end grass seems still green on
southern shore.
Twenty-four fairies on the bridge steeped in
moonbeams,
Are they still playing on the flute now as before?

Let Us Garland Bring Op.18

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

Let Us Garlands Bring is a song cycle composed by Gerald Finzi between 1929 and 1942, and published as his Op. 18. It consists of five settings of songs from plays by William Shakespeare. It was premiered on 12 October 1942 at a National Gallery lunchtime concert in London. That day was the 70th birthday of Ralph Vaughan Williams, and the cycle is dedicated to him. Finzi subsequently arranged the work for baritone and string orchestra.

Come away, death

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Fear no more the heat o' the sun

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Who is Silvia?

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia, let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

O mistress mine

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

It was a lover and his lass

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.