

## PROGRAM NOTES AND TEXT/TRANSLATION

Robert Schumann (1810–1856) was a prominent German Romantic composer, critic, and pianist. His compositions include piano music, *Lieder* (German art songs), symphonies, and chamber works. Schumann wrote nearly 300 songs for voice and piano, with over half of them written during 1840, known as the *Liederjahr* (Year of song). This prolific period was deeply intertwined with his feelings for Clara, to whom he dedicated several songs and song cycles, including *Myrthen* (*Myrtles*), Op. 25, as a wedding gift. Schumann selected texts from the finest poets, including Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Joseph von Eichendorff, Heinrich Heine, Friedrich Rückert, and Eduard Mörike.

The year 1849 was the second *Liederjahr* for Schumann, during which he composed nearly 40 works, including *Lieder-Album für die Jugend* (Song Album for the Young), Op. 79. This collection includes 29 songs written for the young singers and audiences. “**Er ist’s**” (**Spring is Here**) is the 24<sup>th</sup> song of this collection, with text by Eduard Mörike (1804–1875), celebrating the arrival of spring with vivid imagery. The piano part reflects the text by conveying the sound of a harp with arpeggios. Hugo Wolf (1860–1903) later set the same text in one of his songs.

The second *Liederjahr* concluded with *Sechs Gedichte von N. Lenau und Requiem*, (Six Poems by N. Lenau and Requiem), Op. 90, completed in 1850. This song cycle features six settings of poems by the Austrian poet Nikolaus Lenau (1802–1850). The second piece, “**Meine Rose**” (**My Rose**), portrays the beloved as a beautiful rose, using a tender melody and delicate piano accompaniment. The outer sections of the song convey a sense of tenderness and longing for the fading rose, while the central section depicts the narrator’s act of bringing water from a deep well to revive the wilted rose. Schumann incorporates a prelude, interlude, and postlude in the piano part to underscore the themes of love and melancholy.

“**Widmung**” (**Dedication**) is the opening piece of the cycle *Myrthen*, which is somewhat less cohesive in its narrative compared to Schumann’s other cycles. The text of this song is a poem by the German poet Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866), exploring themes of love, devotion, and union. Schumann’s use of rich modulations enhances the emotional shifts in the text, expressing heartfelt admiration for Clara. Franz Liszt (1811–1886) later arranged it as a virtuosic piano solo. Heinrich Heine (1797–1856) provided the text for “**Du bist wie eine Blume**” (**You Are Like a Flower**), the 24<sup>th</sup> piece from *Myrthen*. In this piece, the narrator describes the beloved as a pure flower and prays to God for their protection.

### **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, ein Harfenton!  
Frühling, ja du bist’s!  
Dich hab ich vernommen, ja du bist’s!

(Text by Eduard Mörike)

### **Spring is Here**

Spring lets its blue ribbon  
again flutter through the air;  
Sweet, familiar scents  
Wonder the land portentously.  
Violets are dreaming already,  
Want to come soon.  
Listen, a harp tone!  
Spring, yes, it is you!  
I have heard you, yes, it is you!

(Translation by Youngmi Kim)

**Meine Rose**

Dem holden Lenzgeschmeide,  
 Der Rose, meiner Freude,  
 Die schon gebeugt und blässer  
 Vom heißen Strahl der Sonnen,  
 Reich ich den Becher Wasser  
 Aus dunklem, tiefen Bronnen.

Du Rose meines Herzens!  
 Vom stillen Strahl des Schmerzens  
 Bist du gebeugt und blässer;  
 Ich möchte dir zu Füßen,  
 Wie dieser Blume Wasser,  
 Still meine Seele gießen!  
 Könnt ich dann auch nicht sehen  
 Dich freudig auferstehen!

*(Text by Nikolaus Lenau)*

**Widmung**

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,  
 Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,  
 Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,  
 Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,  
 O du mein Grab, in das hinab  
 Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!

Du bist die Ruh', du bist der Frieden;  
 Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.  
 Daß du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,  
 Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,  
 Du hebst mich liebend über mich,  
 Mein guter Geist, mein bessres Ich!

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz...

*(Text by Friedrich Rückert)*

**Du bist wie eine Blume,**

So hold und schön und rein;  
 Ich schau dich an, und Wehmut  
 Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände  
 Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',  
 Betend, daß Gott dich erhalte  
 So rein und schön und hold.

*(Text by Heinrich Heine)*

**My Rose**

To the lovely spring jewel,  
 the Rose, my joy,  
 that is already bent and pale  
 from the hot rays of the sun,  
 I serve the cup of water  
 From the dark, deep well.

You rose of my heart!  
 From the silent ray of pain  
 you are bent and pale;  
 I want to be at your feet,  
 like water to this flower,  
 silently pour out my soul!  
 Then I would not be able to see you  
 rise with joy!

*(Translation by Youngmi Kim)*

**Dedication**

You my soul, you my heart,  
 You my joy, o you my grief,  
 You my world, in which I live  
 My heaven, you in which I float,  
 O you my grave, into which  
 I have cast my sorrow forever!

You are my rest, you are my peace;  
 You are granted on me from heaven.  
 That you love me makes me worth it,  
 Your gaze has transfigured me,  
 You lift me lovingly above myself,  
 My good spirit, my better self!

You my soul, you my heart...

*(Translation by Youngmi Kim)*

**You are like a flower,**

so sweet and beautiful and pure;  
 I look at you, and nostalgia  
 creeps into my heart.

I feel as if I should lay  
 My hands on your head,  
 Praying that God will keep you  
 So pure and beautiful and sweet.

*(Translation by Youngmi Kim)*

Claude Debussy (1862–1918), a pivotal figure in the transition from the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> centuries, is celebrated as one of the most influential composers of his era. Although he never attended a traditional school, Debussy was accepted into Paris Conservatoire at the age of ten, where he studied the piano and solfège. By the age of 17, he began composing *mélodies*

(French art songs). Starting in 1880, Debussy worked as an accompanist in Victorine Moreau-Sainti's singing classes, where he met Madame Marie Vasnier, his first love. Their romantic relationship lasted until 1888, during which Debussy composed 29 early songs, dedicated to her. These works were set to the poetry of renowned poets such as Paul Verlaine, Paul Bourget, Théophile Gautier, Leconte de Lisle, and Théodore de Banville.

“**Clair de lune**” (**Moonlight**) is one of Debussy's most famous piano pieces, composed between 1890 and 1905. He also composed two vocal settings of the piece, the first in 1882 and the second in 1892. All settings are based on a poem by Paul Verlaine (1844–1896), a Symbolist poet known for his atmospheric imagery and subtle emotion, which resonate with Debussy's compositional style. Between 1882 and 1884, Debussy wrote *Quatre chansons de jeunesse* (Four Songs of Youth). The first setting of “Clair de lune” is the second piece of this song cycle and describes Pierrot singing of love and fortune under the moonlight, which is beautifully conveyed through the dreamy piano accompaniment. The last song in the song cycle, “**Apparition**” (**Apparition**) is set to the poetry of Stéphane Mallarmé (1842–1898), another Symbolist poet. The text describes a dreamlike memory and the longing for a ghostly apparition of a beloved. The music reflects complex emotions of joy and sadness through abrupt harmonic modulation and changes in meter between 9/8 and 3/4.

Debussy composed the lesser-known *mélodie* “**Musique**” (**Music**) in 1883, using a text by Paul Bourget (1852–1935). The poem paints a vivid and atmospheric scene of the moon rising in the night sky, evoking the cold and distant memory of a lost love. The stars are portrayed as silent observers, and the high register of the piano part captures their ethereal presence throughout the piece.

“**Fête galante**” (**Elegant Party**) was composed in 1882, with a text by Théodore de Banville (1823–1891), a Parnassian poet. The term *Fête galante* is linked to the works of French painter Jean-Antoine Watteau (1684–1721), known for depicting the playful and romantic ambiance of social gatherings. The poem evokes a scene enriched by the delicate perfume of the moonlight, featuring mythological characters engaged in courtship and competing with the beauty of a rose. The imagery concludes with a white peacock displaying its feathers in the sun. Debussy's music mirrors this elegance, using a light and airy texture with the delicate arpeggios and ornamentation to capture the grace of the Watteau's painting.

### **Clair de lune**

Votre âme est un paysage choisi  
Que vont charmants masque et bergamasques,  
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi tristes  
Sous leur déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur  
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,  
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur  
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,  
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres,  
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,  
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

(Text by Paul Verlaine)

### **Moonlight**

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
Charmed by masquerades and bergamasks,  
Plying the lute and dancing and almost sad  
Under their fantastic disguises.

While singing in the minor key  
Victorious love and opportune life,  
They do not seem to believe in their happiness  
And their song mingles with the moonlight,

In the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,  
That makes the birds dream in the trees,  
And the fountains sob with ecstasy,  
The tall, slim fountains among the marble statues.

(Translation by Youngmi Kim)

### **Apparition**

La lune s'attristait.  
Des séraphins en pleurs rêvant,  
l'archet aux doigts,  
Dans le calme des fleurs vaporeuses,  
Tiraient de mourantes violes  
De blancs sanglots glissants sur l'azur des  
corolles.  
C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.  
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser  
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse  
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse  
La cueillaison d'un rêve au coeur qui l'a cueilli.

J'errais donc, l'œil rivé sur la pavé vieilli  
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux,  
Dans la rue et dans le soir,  
Tu m'es en riant apparue  
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté  
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté  
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal  
fermées  
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

*(Text by Stéphane Mallarmé)*

### **Musique**

La lune se levait, pure mais plus glacée  
Que le ressouvenir de quelqu'amour passée,  
Les étoiles, au fond du ciel silencieux, brillèrent,  
Mais d'un éclat changeant, comme des yeux  
Où flotte une pensée insaisissable à l'âme.  
Et le violon, tendre et doux, comme une femme  
Dont la voix s'affaiblit dans l'ardente langueur,  
Chantait: "Encore un soir perdu pour le  
bonheur."

*(Text by Paul Bourget)*

### **Fête galante**

Voilà Sylvandre et Lycas et Myrtil  
Car c'est ce soir fête chez Cydalise.

Partout dans l'air court un parfum subtil  
Dans le grand parc où tout s'idéalise  
Avec la rose, Amainthe rivalise.  
Phillis, Églé que suivent leurs amants,  
Cherchent l'ombrage en mille endroits  
charmants: dans le soleil qui s'irrite et qui joue,  
Luttant d'orgueil avec les diamants,  
Sur le chemin, le paon blanc fait la roue.

*(Text by Théodore de Banville)*

### **Apparition**

The moon was growing sad.  
Seraphim in tears dreaming,  
the bows in fingers,  
In the calm of the misty flowers,  
Pulled from dying violets  
White sobs sliding over the blue corollas.

It was the blessed day of your first kiss.  
My dreaming, loving to torment me,  
Was skillfully intoxicated by the scent of  
sadness that, even without regret and  
disappointment the harvest of a dream leaves in  
the reaper's heart.

Thus, I wandered, my eyes fixed on the old  
paving stone, when with the sun on your hair,  
In the street and in the evening,  
You appeared to me laughing,  
And I thought I saw the fairy with the hat of  
light who once passed over my beautiful spoilt  
childhood dreams always allowing from her  
half-closed hands

White bouquets of scented stars to snow.

*(Translation by Youngmi Kim)*

### **Music**

The moon rose, pure but more frozen  
Then the recall of some past love,  
The stars, in the deep silent sky, shone  
But with a changing gleam, like eyes  
Where an elusive thought floats in the soul.  
And the violin, tender and sweet, like a woman  
Whose voice fades in ardent languor,  
Sang: "Another night lost for happiness."

*(Translation by Youngmi Kim)*

### **Elegant Party**

Here are Sylvandre, Lycas, and Myrtil  
For this evening, there is a party at Cydalise's  
home.

Everywhere a subtle scent spreads in the air  
In the grand park where all is idealized  
Aminthe competes with the rose,  
Phillis, Églé who follow their lovers,  
Seek shades in a thousand charming places;  
In the sun that flares up and plays,  
Competing with the diamonds pridefully  
On the path, the white peacock shows off its tail.

*(Translation by Youngmi Kim)*

Frederick Loewe (1901–1988) was a German-born American composer who was a child prodigy pianist in Vienna. After immigrating to the United States in 1924, he worked as a pianist at a New York club. He closely collaborated with Alan Jay Lerner (1918–1986), an American librettist and lyricist. From 1942 to 1972, they composed nine musicals together, including *My Fair Lady*, *Camelot*, and *Gigi*. Loewe and Lerner adapted George Bernard Shaw’s play *Pygmalion* (1913) into the musical *My Fair Lady* for Broadway in 1956.

“**I Could Have Danced All Night**” is one of the most famous and frequently performed songs in the musical. It features Eliza Doolittle, a poor but daring flower girl with a strong English accent, who takes phonetic lessons from Professor Henry Higgins to pass as a proper lady and enter high society. In this piece, which appears in Act 1, Scene 5, Eliza finally masters proper pronunciation and experiences feelings of freedom and joy. While the housekeeper prepares her for bed, Eliza expresses excitement and high emotions over her achievement.

**I Could Have Danced All Night**

Bed! Bed! I couldn’t go to bed! My head’s too light to try to set it down!  
Sleep! Sleep! I couldn’t sleep tonight! Not for all the jewels in the crown!  
I could have danced all night! And still have begged for more.  
I could have spread my wings and done a thousand things I’ve never done before.  
I’ll never know what made it so exciting: why all at once my heart took flight.  
I only know when he began to dance with me, I could have danced all night!

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791) was one of the most influential composers of the Classical period. He composed 22 operas across various genres, including *opera seria* (serious opera), *opera buffa* (comic opera), and *Singspiel* (opera with German spoken dialogue). In 1786, Mozart composed the opera buffa *Le nozze di Figaro* (The Marriage of Figaro), his first collaboration with librettist Lorenzo da Ponte (1749–1838). This opera is one of his most frequently performed operas and is based on Pierre-Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais’ (1732–1799) play *La folle journée, ou Le mariage de Figaro*. Later, Rossini also adapted this play into his opera *The Barber of Seville*.

The opera follows the wedding of Figaro and Susanna, servants to the Count and Countess. Tensions rise as the Count attempts to seduce Susanna, weaving a complex web of emotions. In the recitative “**Giunse alfin il momento**” and aria “**Deh vieni, non tardar,**” which appear in Act 4’s garden scene, Susanna, disguised as the Countess, pretends to await the Count as part of a scheme to expose his intentions. Meanwhile, the Countess, disguised as Susanna, and Susanna’s fiancé, Figaro, are hidden on stage, watching the scene unfold. Susanna sings of her longing for love, expressing her tender feelings by describing the beautiful night and the joy of being with her true love. She knows that Figaro misunderstands her intentions, thinking she lures the Count, but her sincere heart is directed toward Figaro.

*(Recitative)*

Giunse alfin il momento  
che godrò senza affanno  
in braccio all’idol mio.  
Timide cure! Uscite dal mio petto;  
a turbar non venite il mio diletto!  
O come par che all’amoroso foco  
l’amenità del loco,  
la terra e il ciel risponda,  
come la notte i furti miei seconda!

The moment finally arrived  
That I will enjoy without worry  
In the arms of my beloved.  
Timid anxieties! Leave my heart;  
Do not come to disturb my delight.  
Oh, as the loving fire seems to  
Comfort the place,  
The earth and the sky respond,  
As the night aids my plans!

*(Aria)*

Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella.  
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella  
Finchè non splende in ciel notturna face  
Finchè l'aria è ancor bruna, e il mondo tace.  
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l'aura,  
Che col dolce susurro il cor ristaura,  
Qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è fresca.

Ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adescia.  
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascose,  
Vieni! Vieni!

Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

*(Text by Lorenzo da Ponte)*

Oh, come, don't delay, oh beautiful joy.  
Come where love calls you to enjoy  
Until the night sky does not shine,  
Until the air is still dark, and the world is silent.  
Here the stream murmurs, here the breeze plays,  
Which with sweet whisper restores the heart,  
Here, the little flowers laugh and the grass is fresh.

Here, everything lures to the love's pleasures.  
Come, my dear, among these hidden plants,  
Come! Come!

I want to crown your forehead with roses.

*(Translation by Youngmi Kim)*

John Duke (1899–1984) was an American composer and pianist, best known for his extensive work in art songs. He studied piano at the Peabody Conservatory and further honed his compositional skills under Nadia Boulanger in Europe from 1929 to 1930. Over the course of his 44-year teaching career at Smith College in Massachusetts, Duke composed 265 songs for voice and piano. He often drew inspiration from American poets, setting the words of including e. e. cummings, Emily Dickinson, Mark Van Doren, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Sara Teasdale to music.

One of his notable works, “**i carry your heart**” is set to a poem by e.e. cummings (1894–1962) and composed in 1960. Cummings is renowned for unconventional use of punctuation and parentheses and lack of capitalization. The poem explores themes of intimacy, connection, and the idea of carrying a loved one's heart. To reflect the natural rhythms of cummings' text, Duke alternates between duple and triple rhythms in the vocal line and uses unexpected harmonic modulations to convey the complex emotions of love in this piece.

Duke's “**Little Elegy**,” composed in 1946, is set a poem by Elinor Wylie (1885–1928), an American poet and novelist. This piece reflects Wylie's themes of melancholic loss and natural imagery—roses, leaves, and bird—to symbolize beauty and life. Duke enhances the feeling of lover's absence through the sparse texture of the delicate piano accompaniment, creating a haunting and poignant atmosphere.

In 1978, Duke composed “**Nobody Knows This Little Rose**,” inspired by a poem from Emily Dickinson (1830–1886), one of America's greatest poets. Dickinson's poem highlights the unnoticed beauty of a little rose and appreciates the value of tiniest creations of nature. Reflecting the poem's concise phrases, Duke crafted short musical phrases for the song. Although the voice and piano parts feature simple melodic lines, Duke incorporates occasional harmonic modulations to add depth.

“**A Piper**” has been set to music by several composers, including Michael Head, Ivor Gurney, and Ralph Vaughan Williams, and John Duke, using a poem by the Irish poet Seumas O'Sullivan (1879–1958). Duke composed his version in 1946. In this piece, a piper plays an enchanting tune that spreads everywhere, bringing joy to all who gather to listen and dance. Duke captures this magical atmosphere by adding staccato vocalise at the beginning and end, imitating the piper's captivating melody.

### **i carry your heart**

i carry your heart with me (i carry it in my heart)  
i am never without it (anywhere i go you go,  
my dear; and whatever is done by only me is  
your doing, my darling)  
i fear no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet)  
i want no world (for beautiful you are my world,  
my true)  
and it's you are whatever a moon has always  
meant and whatever a sun will always sing is  
you here is the deepest secret nobody knows  
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the  
bud and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;  
which grows higher than soul can hope or mind  
can hide)  
and this is the wonder that's keeping the starts  
apart  
i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)  
*(Text by e.e. cummings)*

### **A Piper**

Ah. A piper in the streets today set up,  
And tuned, and started to play,  
And away on the tide of his music we started;  
On ev'ry side doors and windows were opened  
wide,

### **Little Elegy**

Withouten you no rose can grow;  
No leaf be green if never seen  
Your sweetest face;  
No bird have grace  
Or pow'r to sing;  
Or anything be kind, or fair,  
And you nowhere.  
*(Text by Elinor Wylie)*

### **Nobody Knows this Little Rose**

Nobody know this little rose,  
It might a pilgrim be.  
Did I not take it from the ways  
And lift it up to thee.  
Only a bee will miss it, only a butterfly,  
Hastening from far journey on its breast to lie.  
Only a bird will wonder, only a breeze will sigh,  
Ah, little rose, how easy for such as thee to die!  
*(Text by Emily Dickinson)*

And men left down their work and came,  
And women with petticoats coloured like flame.  
And little bare feet that were blue with cold  
Went dancing back to the age of gold,  
And all the world went gay  
for half an hour in the street today. Ah.  
*(Text by Seumas O'Sullivan)*

Adolphe Adam (1803–1856) was a prolific French composer known for his extensive contributions to the stage, having composed 72 operas and 16 ballet music. One of his notable adaptations is the familiar 18<sup>th</sup>-century French children's song "**Ah! vous dirai-je, maman**" (**Ah! Mother Let Me Tell You**), Adam used this melody in an aria from his two-act opéra comique, *Le toréador, ou L'accord parfait* (The Toreador, or The Perfect Agreement), with a libretto by Thomas-Marie-François Sauvage (1794–1877). The opera premiered at the Opéra-Comique in Paris in 1849. Adam creatively transformed the familiar tune into an expressive variation. In Act 1, the aria is performed as a trio by Don Belflor, a retired bullfighter, Coraline, his wife and a former opera singer, and Tracolin, a flute player and Coraline's former lover. When Caroline sings the tune, Tracolin is captivated and falls in love with her again. The concert version of this aria was originally written as a duet for coloratura soprano and obligato flute; however, for this concert, the flute part has been arranged for the violin. In this piece, the narrator is captivated by of Clitandre's tender gaze and feels tormented by love. A charming song mirrors these feelings, with its gentle and elegant melody. This piece highlights the agility of a coloratura soprano voice through melodic variations, accompanied by an extended cadenza with violin obligato.

Ah! vous dirai-je, maman,  
ce qui cause mon tourment:  
depuis que j'ai vu Clitandre,  
me regarder d'un air tendre,  
mon cœur dit à chaque instant  
peut-on vivre sans amant?

Cet air me semble charmant,  
je veux le dire souvent,  
ouï cet air est charmant,  
son motif entraînant produit  
le sentiment le plus tendre.  
j'aime son mouvement vous berçant mollement  
Il est également, expressif, élégant,  
le cœur bat seulement à l'entendre.  
*(Text by Thomas-Marie-François Sauvage)*

Ah! Mother let me tell you  
what causes my torment:  
Ever since I saw Clitandre  
looking at me tenderly  
my heart says every moment  
Can we live without a lover?

This song seems charming to me,  
I would like to say it often,  
Yes, this song is charming,  
Its captivating theme gives  
the most tender feeling.  
I love its movement gently rocking you  
it is also expressive and elegant  
The heart beats just from hearing it.  
*(Translation by Youngmi Kim)*

- *Notes and translations by Youngmi Kim*