LI WEI WEI
SENIOR RECITAL
2 MAY 2018 | 5 PM
CONSERVATORY CONCERT HALL
2 MAY 2018, WEDNESDAY 5PM, CONSERVATORY CONCERT HALL

Senior Recital:
Li Wei Wei, Soprano

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862-1918)
Fêtes Galantes
I. En sourdine
II. Fantoches
III. Clair de lune

GUSTAV MAHLER (1860-1911)
Rückert Lieder
I. Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder
II. Ich atmet einen linden Duft
III. Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen
IV. Liebst du um Schönheit

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756-1791)
from Non temer, amato bene
Aria, “Non temer, amato bene”

from Così fan tutte
Duet, “Ah Guarda, Sorella”
Duet, “Prenderò, Quel Brunettino”

GIAN CARLO MENOTTI (1911-2007)
from The Old Maid and the Thief
Aria, “Steal me, sweet thief”

from The Telephone
Aria, “Hello, Margaret, It’s You?”

LU PEI YUN (B. MUS3) mezzo-soprano
APRIL FOO (B. MUS4) piano
PROGRAMME NOTES

Debussy - Fêtes Galantes

The importance of Debussy as a composer of songs can hardly be overestimated. Fêtes Galantes, with a setting of text by Paul Verlaine in 1882, contains 3 pieces: En sourdine, Fantachos and Clair de lune. Debussy originally fashioned an impressive 18 settings of Verlaine's text, with two sets of Fêtes Galantes standing out as his better efforts. The other similarly titled work, Fêtes Galante, with text by Théodore de Banville, is not related to this cycle.

En sourdine is a love song that captures the dreamy mood of a pair of lovers. Clair de lune, not to be confused with the one in Suite bergamasque, has a hauntingly beautiful quality, with the soprano floating above an atmospheric-like accompaniment. Debussy was most satisfied with the Fantachos, preserving much of the original composition whereas both En Sourdine and Clair de lune underwent heavy revision. Fantoches is a delightful and charming fantasy. A busy piano introduction soon paves way for the soprano, who then intones hurried words in a playful style and bringing the characters of commedia de’larte to life.

Mahler - Rückert Lieder

Most of them involve expressing deep consideration, filling with tension and excitement. The lyrics of Rückert Lieder were set by Friedrich Rückert, who was incidentally one of Mahler’s favourite poets. Any singer tackling the Rückert-Lieder should be attuned to its tenderness and intimacy, and also have a good ear for instrumental balance and pacing. Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder warns its listeners not to be too curious about the process of artistic creativity but rather the finished product. The title of Ich atmet’ einen linden Duft is a play of words; Linde is the German word for a lime tree as well as the adjective “gentle”. It is a love song filled with sweetness and affirmative love. Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen, according to Bauer-Lechner who was a close friend of Mahler, represented Mahler himself achieving inner peace from the turmoil of the world and his absorption in the most meaningful and central aspects of his life: his heaven, his life, and his song. Liebst du um Schönheit was the last work in this cycle. However, it was left unorchestrated. It is in a strophic form of four stanzas, the first three are mostly similar and related whereas the fourth begins with similar pattern but with an expanded melodic line to emphasize the words Liebe and immer (Love and Always in German).
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart - Non temer, amato bene

*Non temer, amato bene* is a concert aria from the heroic opera Idomeneo, and is centered around the renowned tale of the King of Crete. It was set to music in 1712 by Andre Campra and reworked in 1780 by Abbe Giambattista Varesco for Mozart’s use.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart - Ah Guarda, Sorella/Prenderò, Quel Brunettino

Both *Ah Guarda, Sorella* and *Prenderò, Quel Brunettino* were taken from one of Mozart’s famous opera, the Così fan tutte. In *Ah Guarda, Sorella*, two sisters Fiordiligi and Dorabella admire the portraits of their lovers. They ask of Cupid to punish them with a life of torture should they ever change their mind to love other men. However, in *Prenderò, Quel Brunettino*, both sisters were convinced by their maid, Despina, to consider two other men while their lovers were away. Little did they know, Despina had previously wagered with the two lovers that she could make Fiodiligi and Dorabella change their minds despite their strong love. The men would later take part in this outrageous wager by disguising themselves as the two new lovers.

Gian Carlo Menotti - Steal Me, Sweet Thief

Menotti is perhaps one of the most prominent libretti and composer in 20th century whose operas are popular and represent the traditional form of Italian opera.

*Steal Me, Sweet Thief* depicts a scene in the radio opera The Old Maid and the Thief. The work uses an English libretto and tells a twisted tale of morals and nasty womanly powers. A young Laetitia, who serves as Miss Todd’s maid, dreams of leaving her small town. She simply doesn’t want to waste her youth and end up like her old and lonely employer someday. The scene begins with Laetitia’s irritated monologue: “What a curse for a woman is a timid man!”. She shows her affection for Bob, a wanderer, whom she hopes to elope with.

Gian Carlo Menotti - Hello, Margaret, It’s You

Hello, Margaret, It’s You is a one-act opera. Ben, whose train leaves in an hour, tries his luck to ask Lucy to marry him when he returns. However, the moment is continually interrupted when Lucy’s telephone rings. An oblivious Lucy proceeds to engage the different callers in animated joy, leaving poor Ben no choice but to wait for her to end the call.

*Programme notes by Li Wei Wei*
**En sourdine**

Calmes dans le demi jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Fondons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient à tes pieds rider
Les ondes de gazon roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

**Fantoches**

Scaramouche et Pulcinella
Qu’un mauvais dessein rassembla
Gesticulent, noir sous la lune.

Cependant l’exellent docteur
Bolonais cueille avec lenteur
Des simples parmi l’herbe brune.

Lors sa fille, piquant minois,

**Muted**

Peaceful in the half-light
that the high branches cast,
let us imbue our love
with this deep silence.

Let us fuse our souls, our hearts
and our enraptured senses,
amidst the vague languors
of the pines and the arbutus.

Half close your eyes,
fold your arms on your breast,
and from your sleeping heart
banish all purpose for ever.

Let us be enticed
by the gentle rocking breath
which comes to your feet, to ripple
the waves of russet grass.

And when, solemn, the evening
falls from the black oaks,
voice of our despair,
the nightingale will sing.

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
whom some evil design brought to-
gether,
gesticulate, black under the moon.

Meanwhile the excellent doctor
from Bologna sluggishly gathers
medicinal herbs amid the brown grass.
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,
Se glisse, demi-nue, en quête

De son beau pirate espagnol,
Dont un amoureux rossignol
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantastiques.

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 claire 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.

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag’ ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat.
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen.
Deine Neugier ist Verrat!

Then his daughter, pretty minx, clandestinely slips, half-naked, under the hedge, in quest

of her handsome Spanish pirate, for whom an amorous nightingale is calling the distress at the top of its voice.

Moonlight

Your soul is a choice landscape where charming masks and bergamasques pass by, playing the lute and singing and quasi sad beneath their fantastical disguises.

Even as they sing in the minor mode of victorious love and timely life, they do not seem to believe their good fortune and their song mingles with the moonlight,

with the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful, which makes the birds in the trees dream and makes the water fountains sob with ecstasy, the tall slender water fountains amidst the marble statues.

Don’t try to find me out through my songs!
I cast my eyes down, As if found out doing something wrong. I don’t even dare,
Then his daughter, pretty minx,
clandestinely slips, half-naked,
under the hedge, in quest
of her handsome Spanish pirate,
for whom an amorous nightingale
is calling the distress at the top of its
voice.

Moonlight
Your soul is a choice landscape
where charming masks and bergam-
asks pass by,
playing the lute and singing and quasi
sad beneath their fantastical disguises.
Even as they sing in the minor mode
of victorious love and timely life,
they do not seem to believe their good
fortune
and their song mingles with the moon-
light,
with the calm moonlight, sad and beau-
tiful,
which makes the birds in the trees
dream
and makes the water fountains sob
with ecstasy,
the tall slender water fountains amidst
the marble statues.

Don’t try to find me out through my
songs!
I cast my eyes down,
As if found out doing something
wrong.
I don’t even dare,
Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
Schauen selber auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
Dann vor allen nasche du!

Ich atmet’ einen linden Duft!
Im Zimmer stand
Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!
Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis
Brachst du gelinde!
Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde
Der Liebe linden Duft.

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekom-
men,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir ver-
nommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestor-
ben!
Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran ge-
gen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dage-
gen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der
Welt.
Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,
Und ruh’ in einem stillen Gebiet!

To look at their growing myself. Your
inquisitiveness is betrayal!
Bees, building cells,
Don’t let themselves be looked at
either, They don’t even look at them-
selves. When they’ve revealed
The bountiful honeycombs,
You’ll be first to feast on them!

I breathed a gentle fragrance in!
In my room
Was a sprig of linden,
A present
From a dear hand.
How lovely the linden fragrance was!
How lovely linden fragrance is!
You plucked the linden shoot So gen-
tly!
Softly I breath
Amidst the linden fragrance Love’s
gentle fragrance.

I’ve gotten lost to the world
With it I ever wasted so much time,
So long has it heard nothing of me,
It might well believe I were dead!
It didn’t matter to me a bit,
If it took me for dead,
Far be it from me to contradict,
Since I really am dead to the world.
I have died to the hurly-burly,
And I repose in a silent realm!
I live alone in my own Heaven.
In my love, in my song!
Ich leb’ allein in meinem Himmel, 
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied!

Liebst du um Schönheit, 
O nicht mich liebe! 
Liebe die Sonne, 
Sie trägt ein gold’nes Haar! 
Liebst du um Jugend, O nicht mich liebe! 
Liebe der Frühling, 
Der jung ist jedes Jahr! 
Liebst du um Schätze, O nicht mich liebe. 
Liebe die Meerfrau, 
Sie hat viel Perlen klar. 
Liebst du um Liebe, 
O ja, mich liebe! 
Liebe mich immer, 
Dich lieb’ ich immerdar.

Non temer, amato bene, 
Per te sempre il cor sarà. 
Più non reggo a tante pene, 
L’alma mia mancando va. 
Tu sospiri? o duol funesto! 
Pensa almen, che istante è questo!

Non mi posso, oh Dio! spiegare. 
Stelle barbare, stelle spieiate, 
Perché mai tanto rigor? 
Alme belle, che vedete 
Le mie pene in tal momento, 
Dite voi, s’egual tormento 
Può soffrir un fido cor!

If you love for beauty’s sake, 
Oh, don’t love me! 
Love the sun, 
It has the blondest hair! 
If you love for youth’s sake Oh, don’t love me! 
Love springtime, 
It’s young each year. 
If you love for treasure’s sake, Oh, don’t love me! 
Love the mermaid, 
She has lots of limpid pearls. 
If you love for love’s sake, 
Oh, do love me! 
Love me always, 
I’ll love you back forevermore.

Do not fear, my love, 
My heart shall be yours forever. 
I can no longer bear such pain; 
my spirit fails me. 

Do you sigh? O bitter sorrow! 
But think at least of my predicament! 
Oh heaven! I cannot explain. 

Cruel stars, pitiless stars, 
why so harsh? 

Kind souls who see 
my anguish at this moment, 
say if a faithful heart 
can suffer such tornament as this.
If you love for beauty's sake
Oh, don't love me!
Love the sun,
It has the blondest hair!
If you love for youth's sake
Oh, don't love me!
Love springtime,
It's young each year.
If you love for treasure's sake,
Oh, don't love me!
Love the mermaid,
She has lots of limpid pearls.
If you love for love's sake,
Oh, do love me!
Love me always,
I'll love you back forevermore.

Do not fear, my love,
My heart shall be yours forever.
I can no longer bear such pain;
My spirit fails me.
Do you sigh? O bitter sorrow!
But think at least of my predicament!
Oh heaven! I cannot explain.
Cruel stars, pitiless stars,
Why so harsh?
Kind souls who see
My anguish at this moment,
Say if a faithful heart
Can suffer such torment as this.

N. 4 - Duetto

Fiordiligi
Ah, guarda, sorella,
Se bocca più bella,
Se petto più nobile
Si può ritrovar.

Dorabella
Osserva tu un poco,
Che fuoco ha ne’ sguardi!
Se fiamma, se dardi
Non sembran scoccar.

Fiordiligi
Si vede un sembiante
Guerriero ed amante.

Dorabella
Si vede una faccia
Che alletta e minaccia.

Fiordiligi
Io sono felice.

Dorabella
Felice son io.

Fiordiligi e Dorabella
Se questo mio core
Mai cangia desio,
Amore mi faccia
Vivendo penar.

N. 4 - Duet

Fiordiligi
Ah tell me sister,
If one could ever find
A nobler face,
A sweeter mouth.

Dorabella
Just look,
See what fire is in his eye,
If flames and darts
Do not seem to flash forth!

Fiordiligi
This is the face
Of a soldier and a lover.

Dorabella
This is a face
Both charming and alarming.

Fiordiligi
Io sono felice.

Dorabella
How happy I am!

Fiordiligi and Dorabella
If ever my heart
Changes its affection,
May love make me
Live in pain.
N. 20 - Duetto

Dorabella
Prenderò quel brunettino,
Che più lepido mi par.

Fiordiligi
Ed intanto io col biondino
Vo’ un po’ ridere e burlar.

Dorabella
Scherzosetta ai dolci detti
Io di quel risponderò.

Fiordiligi
Sospirando i sospiretti
Io dell’altro imiterò.

Dorabella
Mi dirà:
Ben mio, mi moro.

Fiordiligi
Mi dirà:
Mio bel tesoro.

Fiordiligi e Dorabella
Ed intanto che diletto,
Che spassetto
Io proverò!
Steal Me, Sweet Thief

What a curse for a woman is a timid man!
A week has gone by,
he had plenty of chances,
but he made no advances.
Miss Todd schemes and labors to get him some money,
she robs friends and neighbors, the club and the church.
He takes all the money
with a smile that entrances,
but still makes no advances.
The old woman sighs and makes languid eyes.
All the drawers are wide open,
all the doors are unlocked!
He neither seems pleased nor shocked.
He eats and drinks and sleeps,
his talks of baseball and boxing,
but that is all!
What a curse for a woman is a timid man!

Steal me, oh steal me, sweet thief,
For time's flight is stealing my youth.
And the cares of life steal fleeting time.
Steal me, thief, for life is brief and full
of theft and strife.
And then, with furtive step,
death comes and steals time and life.
O sweet thief, I pray make me die,
before dark death steals her prey.

Steal my lips, before they crumble to dust,
Steal my heart, before death must,
Steal my cheeks, before they're sunk
and decayed,
Steal my breath, before it will fade.
Hello! Oh, Margaret, It’s you

Hello! Hello! Oh, Margaret, it's you.
I am so glad you called,
I was just thinking of you.
It's been a long time since you called me.
No, my dear, I'm not feeling very well.
When? Where? I wish I could be there!
I'm afraid I must not. Hello? Hello?
What did you say, my darling?
What did you say? Hello? Hello?
Please speak louder!
I heard the funniest thing!
Jane and Paul are going
to get married next July.
Don't you think it is the funniest thing
you ever heard? I know... of course...

And how are you?
And how is John?
And how is Jean?
You must tell them that I send them my love.
And how is Ursula,
and how is Natalie,
and how is Rosalie?
I hope she's got ten over her cold.
And how is your mother,
and how is your father,
and how is dear little granny?
Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

Oh, dear! Well then, good-bye.
I am so glad you called,
I was just think of you.
It's been a long time since you called me.

Yes, you already told me that.
No my darling, of course I won't forget!
Yes, goodbye, my dear, good-bye
Yes my darling, good-bye. Yes!
Ha, ha! Ha, ha!
That's the funniest thing I ever heard!

And how are you,
and Bets, and Bob,
and Sara, and Sam?
You must tell them that I send them my love.
And how is the pussycat, how is the dog?
Oh, I'm so glad! Goodbye!
Yes, Margaret!
All right, all right!, good-bye!
All right, all right!, good-bye!
Now, Margaret, goodbye! So long.

- Thank you for coming -
Good Night

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