DMA RECITAL

ZIWEI CEN, SOPRANO
DR. SCOTT SANTORO, PIANO

April 14, 3:30 p.m. 2024
Recital Hall

PROGRAM NOTES
Continuing from my first DMA recital celebrating the works of 19th century female composers, this performance represents a further exploration on the subject while broadening my scope to encompass other underappreciated yet valuable repertoire. In the first half of the recital, I will perform art songs by three distinguished female composers hailing from diverse cultural backgrounds: Louise Reichardt, Cécile Chaminade, and Florence Price. The second half features a comparative interpretation of five art songs set to Christina Rossetti’s poem, “Song,” each composed by composers from distinct nations and in various languages. This recital will culminate with a selection of three Chinese art songs. Through this program, I aim to continue illuminating the rich tapestry of music awaiting discovery beyond the confines of the conventional canon.

Louise Reichardt (1779-1826) was a German composer, choral conductor, and voice teacher. She was born into a musical family. Her grandfather Franz Benda (1709-1786) was a notable Bohemian violinist and composer, who served at the court of Frederick the Great. Her mother Juliane Reichardt (1752-1783) was a pianist, singer, and composer. Her father, Johann Friedrich Reichardt (1752-1814) was a German composer, writer, and music critic. Many prominent figures, including Goethe, Ludwig Tieck, Novalis, Joseph von Eichendorff and Achim von Arnim, were frequent guests at the Reichard’s residence.

Reichardt received some informal music education from her parents but was primarily self-taught. She composed approximately one hundred songs to both German and Italian language texts. Her compositions gained attention because of her active participation in the German choral society. Most of her output was published and performed during her lifetime. Reichardt’s music, characterized by its simplicity and folk-like qualities, featured enchanting melodies and unassuming piano accompaniments. The four songs included in the program are drawn from Reichardt’s Sei Canzoni di Metastasio, op. 4 (1811), based on the poetry of Pietro Antonio Domenico Trapassi (1698-1782), the celebrated Italian poet and librettist known by his pseudonym of Pietro Metastasio.
Più liete imagine nell’ alma sà una
Pietro Metastasio (1698 - 1782)

Gather more cheerful images
Translated by Amy Pfrimmer

Semplicetta tortorella
Pietro Metastasio (1698 - 1782)

Simple little turtle dove

Fra un dolce deliro
Pietro Metastasio (1698 - 1782)

In a sweet delight
Non turbar quand io mi lagno
Pietro Metastasio (1698 - 1782)  
Do not worry when I cry
Translated by Amy Pfrimmer

Non turbar quand io mi lagno,
Caro amico, il mio cordoglio,
Io non voglio altro compagno
Che il mio barbaro dolor
Quel conforto in questo arena
Un amico a me saria!
Ah la mia nella sua pena,
Renderebbe si maggior.

Do not worry when I cry,
My dear friend, my sorrow,
I do not want any other companion
Than my barbaric pain
That comforts me in this arena,
It will be a friend to me!
Ah, my own pain
Renders itself greatest.

Cécile Louise Stéphanie Chaminade (1857-1944) stands out as one of the most accomplished female musicians of the 19th century. She was raised in a musical family and her exceptional talent for piano and composition manifested early in her life. Despite her father’s resistance to her formal education at the Conservatoire de Paris, Chaminade was allowed to study piano, counterpoint, harmony, and composition privately with the faculty of the conservatory. In 1878, Chaminade performed a recital consisting entirely of her own compositions. This event marked the genesis of her career as a composer and set the precedent for her future concerts, where she exclusively performed her own works.

Chaminade published over four hundred pieces. Her affinity for piano miniatures yielded nearly 200 compositions in this genre, alongside symphonies, chamber music, over a hundred melodies, and an opéra comique. Her songs were rooted in both Romanticism and French musical tradition.

Plaintes d’amour (1891)
Eugène Adénis-Colombeau (1854-1923)  
Love’s complaints
Translated by David Fetter

L’amour, l’amour; fleur que Dieu bénit,
Quelque temps s’épanouit,
Mais il ressemble à la rose;

Love, love, flower blessed by God
For a while it blooms,
But it resembles the rose,
Météore du destin
Il brille, il brille avec le matin
Pour s’éteindre à la nuit close.

L’amour, l’amour, pur rayon vermeil,
C’est la saison du soleil,
Mais vite il nous abandonne.
Jouet fragile du temps,
Il naît, il naît avec le printemps
Pour mourir avec l’automne.

Viens! mon bien-aimé (1892)
Armand Lafrique (1858-1911)

Les b’eaux jours vont enfin renaître,
Le voici, l’avril embaumé!
Un frisson d’amour me pénètre,
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

Ils ont fui, les longs soirs moroses,
Déjà le jardin parfumé
Se remplit d’oiseaux et de roses:
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

Soleil, de ta brûlante ivresse,
J’ai senti mon coeur enflammé,
Plus enivrante est ta caresse,
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

Tout se tait, de millions d’étoiles
Le ciel profond est parsemé,
Quand sur nous la nuit met ses voiles:
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

L’absente (1893)
Édouard Guinand (1838-1909)

Vois le vent chassant la nue;
Vois l’oiseau traversant l’air;
Vois l’étoile chevelue
Hâtant sa course inconnue;
Vois au ciel passer l’éclair;
Et cependant si pressée
Que l’aile ou la foudre soit,
Quand mes yeux, ma fiancée,
Ne te voient plus, ma pensée
Vole plus vite vers toi!

Vois l’enfant qui de sa mère
À tout instant suit les pas;
Vois là-bas le mur de pierre
Qu’à jamais ce beau lierre
Étourde de mille bras.
Et cependant si fixée
Qu’à tout objet l’ombre soit,
Quand mes yeux, ma fiancée,
Ne te voient plus, ma pensée
S’attache encor plus à toi!

Villanelle (1894)
Édouard Guinand (1838-1909)

Le blé superbe est rentré,
Fête aux champs, fête au village.
Chaque fillette, au corsage,

The absent

See the wind chasing the clouds;
See the bird crossing the air;
See the hairy star (the comet)
Hastening its course unknown;
See in the sky the lightening flash across.
And yet in such a hurry
As the wing or the lighting may be,
When my eyes, my betrothed,
See you no more, my thought
Fly faster towards you!

See the child who from his mother
At every moment follows the steps
See over there the stone wall
Forever this beautiful ivy
Embraces with a thousand arms.
And yet as fixed
As a shadow may be to an object
When my eyes, my betrothed,
See you no more, my thought
Cling even more to you!

The superb wheat is in,
Celebrations in the fields and the village!
Every girl, in her bodice,
Porte un bleuet azuré, Wear a blue cornflower,  
Fête aux champs, fête au village! Celebrations in the fields and the village!

Les jeunes gens danseront Young people will dance  
Ce soir, dans la grande allée: Tonight, in the big alley:  
Et sous la nuit étoilée, And beneath the starry night,  
Que de mains se chercheront How many hands will seek one another  
Ce soir, dans la grande allée! Tonight, in the big alley!

Ce soir, dansez jusqu’au jour; Tonight, dance till the break of day,  
Aux gais sons de vos musettes! To the merry sounds of your accordion!  
Jeunes garçons et fillettes, Young boys and girls,  
Chantez vos refrains d’amour, Sing your refrains of love,  
Aux gais sons de vos musettes! To the merry sounds of your accordion!

Sans contrainte et sans remords Without constraint or remorse  
Énivrez-vous de jeunesse: Become drunk with youth:  
La tristesse est pour les morts, The gloominess is for the dead,  
Pour les vivants l’allégresse, For the living is joy,  
Enivrez-vous de jeunesse! Get drunk on youth!

Florence Beatrice Price (1887-1953) was an African American composer, pianist, organist, and music teacher. After earning degrees in piano pedagogy and organ performance from the New England Conservatory, she briefly taught at Shorter College in Arkansas and Clark University in Atlanta before settling in the Chicago area. In 1932, Price’s Symphony in E minor won first prize in the Wanamaker Foundation Awards, leading to its groundbreaking premiere by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. This event marked the first time a symphonic work by an African American female composer was performed by a major orchestra.

Following her death in 1953, much of Price’s work was overshadowed due to limited publication and the rise of new musical trends. It was not until the twenty-first century when the contributions of African American and female composers gained greater recognition, Price’s legacy has been gradually unveiled. In 2009, a significant collection of her compositions
was discovered at her abandoned residence in St. Anne, Illinois, further illuminating her musical prowess. Price’s output includes over 300 compositions, spanning four symphonies, four concertos, choral works, art songs, chamber music, and solo instrumental pieces. While grounded in European tradition, her music is distinctly American, infused with influences from her deep religious faith.

**Out of the South Blew a Wind (1946)**  
Fannie Carter Woods (1882-1948)

Out of the South blew a soft sweet wind;  
And on its breath was a song  
Of fields and flowers and leafy bowers,  
And bees that hum all day long.

**Sunset (1938)**  
Odessa P. Elder

When the golden West reflects her beauty,  
Comes to me a happy duty;  
And I must write of that golden town  
That beckons me when the sun goes down.

Out of the South blew a soft low wind;  
On its wings was a joy of a dream,  
And it hovered so near I was sure I could hear  
The call of woodland and stream.

‘Tis a story from the golden sky  
As the clouds go sailing by.  
I sit and watch for that golden town  
That beckons me when the sun goes down.

Out of the South blew a soft sweet wind;  
And on its breath was a song

**Night (1946)**  
Louise C. Wallace (1902-1973)

Night comes,  
A Madonna clad in scented blue.  
Rose red her mouth and deep her eyes,  
She lights her stars, and turns to where,  
Beneath her silver lamp the moon,  
Upon a couch of shadow lies  
A dreamy child,  
The wearied Day.

**An April Day (1949)**  
Joseph Seamon Cotter, Jr. (1895-1919)

On such a day as this I think,  
On such a day as this,  
When earth and sky and nature’s world  
Are clad in April’s bliss;  
And balmy zephyrs gently waft  
Upon your cheek a kiss;  
Sufficient is it just to live  
On such a day as this.
**Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830-1894)** was the youngest child of the Italian poet Gabriele Rossetti, and the sister of the renowned poet and painter Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Christina continued the family legacy and established herself as a significant figure in Victorian poetry. Renowned for her ballads and mystical, religious lyrics, Rossetti’s poetry is characterized by symbolism and intense emotion. Among her most celebrated works are *Goblin Market and Other Poems* (1862), *The Prince’s Progress and Other Poems* (1866), *Sing-Song: a Nursery Rhyme Book* (1872), and *A Pageant and Other Poems* (1881).

Written in 1848 and published in 1862, Christina’s poem “Song” focused on the themes of death and mourning, with the narrator urging a loved one not to dwell excessively on grief after her passing. Christina’s poetry has served as inspiration for numerous composers, with “Song” being among the most frequently set to music, boasting over a hundred arrangements. This program features a selection of five settings of Christina’s “Song”, providing a glimpse into the extensive repertoire. Spanning three languages, English, German, and Chinese, these selections are composed by five composers from diverse cultural backgrounds, including English composer **Liza Lehmann (1862-1818)** and **Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912)**, German composer **Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)**, American composer **Oscar Rasbach (1888-1975)**, and Chinese composer **Zhang Rui (b.1971)**.

**Song**  
Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

When I am dead, my dearest, I shall not see the shadows,  
Sing no sad songs for me; I shall not feel the rain;  
Plant thou no roses at my head, I shall not hear the nightingale  
Nor shady cypress tree: Sing on, as if in pain:  
Be the green grass above me And dreaming through the twilight  
With showers and dewdrops wet; That doth not rise nor set,  
And if thou wilt, remember, Haply I may remember,  
And if thou wilt, forget. And haply may forget.
Sterbelied (1921)  
German Text by Alfred Kerr (1867-1948)  

Laß Liebster, wenn ich tot bin,  
laß du von Klagen ab.  
Statt Rosen und Cypressen  
wächst Gras auf meinem Grab.  

Ich schlaf' still im Zwielichtschein  
in schwerer Dämmernis -  
Und wenn du willst, gedenke mein  
und wenn du willst, vergiß.  

Ich fühle nicht den Regen,  
ich seh' nicht, ob es tagt,  
ich höre nicht die Nachtigall,  
die in den Büschen klagt.  

Vom Schlaf erweckt mich keiner;  
die Erdenwelt verblich.  
Vielleicht gedenk ich deiner,  
vielleicht vergaß ich dich.

The last section of the recital showcases three Chinese art songs. “When will there be no more autumn noon and spring flowers” is inspired by the poem of Li Yu (937-978), the last emperor of the Southern Tang Dynasty. Following the dynasty’s fall and Li Yu’s capture during the Northern Song Dynasty, he rose to prominence as a prolific poet. In this poem, he reflected on the eternity of nature juxtaposed with the fleeting nature of life, conveying his sense of loss after the downfall of his kingdom. Award-winning Composer Wang Long is renowned for his compositions based on ancient Chinese poetry including this poignant art song. He also serves as the vocal coach at the China Conservatory of Music.

The poem “Phoenix Hairpin” was inscribed on the wall of the Shen Garden, where Lu You (1125-1210), a poet of Southern Song Dynasty, encountered his first wife, Tang Wan, after
years of separation enforced by Lu You’s mother. Although the lovers attempted to remain devoted to each other, Tang Wan’s family eventually arranged another marriage for her. The unexpected reunion at the Shen Garden stirred a flood of memories for Lu You, prompting him to inscribe the poem on the wall. A year later, Tang Wan returned to the garden, discovering Lu You’s verse. She composed another poem on the wall in response and passed away shortly afterward. Though the historical veracity of their love story remains uncertain, its enduring resonance has captivated hearts across generations, elevating “Phoenix hairpin” to one of Lu You’s most renowned works. Composer Zhou Yi, born in Shanghai in 1943 and relocating to the United States in 1984, shares a similar artistic vision with Wang Long, finding inspiration in revitalizing ancient Chinese poetry through musical composition.

“The Yue Folk’s song” is originally a song in an unknown language of southern China, dating back to approximately 528 BC. The song is documented within a narrative found in the Garden of Stories, compiled by Liu Xiang five centuries later, where it is transcribed using Chinese characters. The narrative recounts a tale of a boatman harboring a secret affection for a prince. No historical records or descriptions of the original melody exist. Composer Liu Qing composed this art song based on the love story. Liu Qing began composing at the age of twelve and has composed more than 900 works, spanning songs, instrumental music, as well as music for film and television dramas.

虞美人·春花秋月何时了
李煜 (唐 937–978)

春花秋月何时了，
往事知多少？
小楼昨夜又东风，
故国不堪回首月明中。

When will there be no more autumn moon and spring flowers
Translated by Xu Yuanchong (1921-2021)

When will there be no more autumn moon and spring flowers
For me who had so many memorable hours?
The east wind blew again in my garden last night.
How can I bear the cruel memory of bowers
And palaces steeped in moonlight!
雕栏玉砌应犹在，
只是朱颜改。
问君能有几多愁，
恰似一江春水向东流。

钗头凤
陆游（宋 1125-1210）

红酥手，
黄藤酒，
满城春色宫墙柳。
东风恶，
欢情薄，
一怀愁绪，
几年离索。
错，错，错！

春如旧，
人空瘦，
泪痕红浥鲛绡透。
桃花落，
闲池阁，
山盟虽在，
锦书难托。
莫，莫，莫！

Carved balustrades and marble steps must still be there,
But rosy faces cannot be as fair.
If you ask me how much my sorrow has increased,
Just see the over brimming river flowing east!

Phoenix hairpin
Translated by Xu Yuanchong (1921-2021)

Pink hands so fine,
Gold-branded wine,
Spring paints the willows green
palace walls can’t confine.
East wind unfair,
Happy times rare.
In my heart sad thoughts throng;
We severed for years long.
Wrong, wrong, wrong!

Spring is as green,
In vain she’s lean,
Her kerchief soaked with tears and red with stains unclean.
Peach blossoms fall
Near deserted hall.
Our oath is still there. Lo!
No word to her can go.
No, no, no!
越人歌

今夕何夕兮，
搴舟中流。
今日何日兮，
得与王子同舟。
蒙羞被好兮，
不訾诟耻。
心几顽而不绝兮，
得知王子。
山有木兮木有枝，
心说君兮君不知。

The Yue Folk’s Song

Translated by Zhao Yanchun (b.1962)

What night is tonight?
Upon the stream I float;
What day is today?
I share the prince’s boat.
How shy I am in plight!
I’m so loved, no spite, no slight!
How I am perturbed, how!
He’s a prince I know now.
There’re trees on the hill;
There’re twigs on the tree.
I would cling to him;
He clings not to me.