

**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 19<sup>th</sup> 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 Reichardt'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)

*Più liete imagine  
Nell' alma sà una,  
Già la fortuna  
Ti porge il crine  
E tempo al fin di respirar.  
Avezzo a vivere  
Senza conforto ancor  
Nel porto paventi il mar.*

**Semplicetta tortorella**

Pietro Metastasio (1698 - 1782)

*Semplicetta tortorella,  
Che non vede il suo periglio,  
Per fuggir da crudo artiglio,  
Vola in grembo al cacciator.*

*Voglio anch'io fuggir  
La pena d'un amor fin or taciuto  
E m'espongo d'un rifiuto,  
All' oltraggio ed al rossor.*

**Fra un dolce deliro**

Pietro Metastasio (1698 - 1782)

*Fra un dolce deliro  
Son lieto e sospiro  
Quel volto me piace,  
Ma pace non ò,  
Di belle speranze  
Ò pieno il pensiero  
E pur quel ch'io spero  
Conoscer non' so.*

**Gather more cheerful images**

Translated by Amy Pfrimmer

Gather more cheerful images  
In your soul  
Fortune already offers you  
Its head and time  
At last, to breathe  
Accustomed as you are to living  
Without comfort  
You fear the sea even in the harbor.

**Simple little turtle dove**

Simple little turtle dove,  
Who does not see its danger,  
Flee from (predator's) cruel claw,  
Fly into the hunter's lap.

I too want to escape  
The pain of an unspoken love  
And expose myself to rejection,  
To outrage and shame.

**In a sweet delight**

In a sweet delight  
I am happy and sigh.  
That face pleases me,  
But I have no peace.  
Of beautiful hopes  
My thoughts are full.  
And yet what I hope I know  
I do not know.

**Non turbar quand io mi lagno**

Pietro Metastasio (1698 - 1782)

*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**

Translated by Amy Pfrimmer

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 19<sup>th</sup> 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)

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

**Love's complaints**

Translated by David Fetter

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.*

Meteor of destiny,  
It shines, it shines with the morning.  
Only to expire at dusk.

*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.*

Love, love, pure crimson ray  
It is the season of the sun.  
But quickly it abandons us  
Fragile toy of time  
It is born, it is born in spring  
To die in autumn.

*L'amour, l'amour, lyre au chant vainqueur  
Fait gaîment vibrer le coeur.  
Mais qu'il nous cause d'alarmes!  
Capricieux et changeant  
Il commence en souriant,  
Pour finir avec des larmes!*

Love, love, lyre of victorious song  
Makes the heart vibrate gaily!  
But what alarms it causes us!  
Capricious and changeable  
It begins smiling,  
To end in tears.

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

**Come, my beloved!**

*Les beaux jours vont enfin renaître,  
Le voici, l'avril embaumé!  
Un frisson d'amour me pénètre,  
Viens! mon bien-aimé!*

The beautiful days are finally here again,  
Here it is, the fragrant April!  
An amorous frisson penetrates me,  
Come! My beloved!

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

The long, gloomy evenings have fled  
Already the fragrant garden  
Fills with birds and roses  
Come! My beloved!

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

Sun, of your burning intoxication  
I feel my heart inflamed,  
More passionate is your caress  
Come! My beloved!

*Tout se tait, de millions d'étoiles*

All is silent, the millions of stars,

*Le ciel profond est parsemé,  
Quand sur nous la nuit met ses voiles:  
Viens! mon bien-aimé!*

Are scattered in the deep sky  
When night casts her veil:  
Come! My beloved!

### **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!*

### **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 lightning may be,  
When my eyes, my betrothed,  
See you no more, my thought  
Fly faster towards you!

*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  
Entoure 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!*

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!

### **Villanelle (1894)**

Édouard Guinand (1838-1909)

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

### **Villanelle**

The superb wheat is in,  
Celebrations in the fields and the village!  
Every girl, in her bodice,

*Porte un bleuet azuré,  
Fête aux champs, fête au village!*

Wear a blue cornflower,  
Celebrations in the fields and the village!

*Les jeunes gens danseront  
Ce soir, dans la grande allée:  
Et sous la nuit étoilée,  
Que de mains se chercheront  
Ce soir, dans la grande allée!*

Young people will dance  
Tonight, in the big alley:  
And beneath the starry night,  
How many hands will seek one another  
Tonight, in the big alley!

*Ce soir, dansez jusqu'au jour,  
Aux gais sons de vos musettes!  
Jeunes garçons et fillettes,  
Chantez vos refrains d'amour,  
Aux gais sons de vos musettes!*

Tonight, dance till the break of day,  
To the merry sounds of your accordion!  
Young boys and girls,  
Sing your refrains of love,  
To the merry sounds of your accordion!

*Sans contrainte et sans remords  
Enivrez-vous de jeunesse:  
La tristesse est pour les morts,  
Pour les vivants l'allégresse,  
Enivrez-vous de jeunesse!*

Without constraint or remorse  
Become drunk with youth:  
The gloominess is for the dead,  
For the living is joy,  
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.

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.

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.

**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.

'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.

I'll seek this home in the golden West  
That lures me on in my joyful quest,  
And find new life in that golden town  
That beckons me when the sun goes down

**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,  
Sing no sad songs for me;  
Plant thou no roses at my head,  
Nor shady cypress tree:  
Be the green grass above me  
With showers and dewdrops wet;  
And if thou wilt, remember,  
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,  
I shall not feel the rain;  
I shall not hear the nightingale  
Sing on, as if in pain:  
And dreaming through the twilight  
That doth not rise nor set,  
Haply I may remember,  
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 schlafe still im Zwielflightschein  
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.*

### **歌 (1997)**

Chinese Text by Xu Zhimo (1897-1931)

当我死了的时候，  
亲爱的，别为我唱悲伤的歌  
我坟上不必安插蔷薇  
也无需浓荫的柏树  
让盖着我的青青的草  
霖着雨，也沾着露珠

假如你愿意，请记着我  
要是你甘心，忘了我  
我再不见地面的青藤  
觉不到雨露的甜蜜  
再听不到夜莺的歌喉  
在黑夜中倾吐悲啼  
在悠久的昏暮中  
阳光不升起  
我也许，也许记得你  
为我唱悲伤的歌

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 generation, 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.