

Nini's empathy VI - Longing

DMA Graduation Recital

Nini Qiao, Soprano

Edward Bak, Piano

GRADUATE STUDENT RECITAL
Sat, Feb 03rd, 2024
6:00 p.m EST

The Ohio State University
Timashev Recital Hall
1900 College Rd N, Columbus, Ohio

PROGRAM

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree of Doctor of Music Arts in Voice Performance for Ms. Qiao.

Giulio Cesare: V'adoro Pupille

George Frideric Handel (1685 - 1759)

Poulenc Three Selections

Francis Poulenc (1899 - 1963)

- I. C
- II. Fiançailles Pour Rire: Violon
- III. Le disparu

Despite and Still

Samuel Barber (1910 - 1981)

- I. A Last Song
- II. My Lizard (Wish For a Young Love)
- III. In The Wilderness
- IV. Solitary Hotel
- V. Despite and Still

INTERMISSION

Frauenliebe und Leben

Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856)

- I. Seit ich ihn gesehen
- II. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
- III. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
- IV. Du Ring an meinem Finger
- V. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
- VI. Süßer Freund, du blickest
- VII. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
- VIII. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Song of the Yue Boatman 越人歌

Qing Liu (1974 -)

SCHOOL OF MUSIC



THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

About Artists :



Nini Qiao, soprano, voice instructor, and artistic consultant is a Doctor of Music Arts Candidate at Ohio State University under Dr. Katherine Rohrer's guidance.

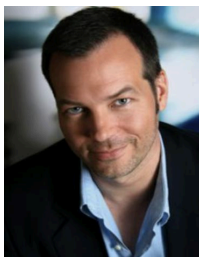
Ms. Qiao's previous singing experiences include the principal role Dafne in *Sour Angelica and Dafne* at Mannes School of Music Orchestra, Papagena in *Magic flute* with Miami Music Festival Orchestra. Her previous opera scenes include Susanne in *Le Nozze Di Figaro*, Alminda and Almirena in *Rinaldo*, Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, Amina in *La Sonnambula*, Leïla in *Les pêcheurs de Perles (The Pearl Fishers)*, Micaela in *Carmen*, Musetta and Mimi in *La bohème*, Zan in Belistein's *Regina*, and etc.

As a voice instructor and artistic consultant, Ms. Qiao currently works as a Music department manager in Hence Education, Vancouver. In her role, she helped many students apply for world-famous music conservatories such as Manhattan School of Music, New York University Steinhardt, Royal Northern College of Music, etc. She also worked for the Consulate General of China in New York Metropolitan Area as a voice instructor before the pandemic, as a director assistant of the iSING International Music Festival with Katherine Chu who is also the academic president of Tianjin Juilliard.

Ms. Qiao conducted significant research on the synesthesia between art songs and visual arts during her doctoral studies, in addition to her research on the diction of Ancient Chinese and stylistic interpretation of Chinese art songs. Ms. Qiao studied for the Higher Education Certification, and received instruction in vocal anatomy and science study when she was pursuing her doctorate. Ms. Qiao also has special education expertise teaching autistic pupils.

Ms. Qiao pursued her Singing Professional Study Diploma and holds a Voice and Opera Performance master's degree from Mannes School of Music. She has worked with Ms. Diana Soviero (the recipient of the Richard Tucker Award, and the instructor of Metropolitan Opera Lindemann Young Artist Program) at Mannes. Vocal coaches and voice teachers Ms. Qiao worked with include Kenneth Merrill, Justin Williams, Diego Tornelli, Edward Bak, Susan Nelson Caldwell, Ming-fang Lo, etc. Ms. Qiao holds a bachelor of Music Education from Nanjing Normal University and was an exchange student at National Taiwan Normal University with a composition major and a piano minor.

Besides music, Ms. Qiao enjoys designing jewelry and cooking. After finishing her DMA study, she wants to launch her own jewelry brand in New York.



Pianist **Edward Bak** enjoys an active career as a vocal coach and collaborative pianist. The international press has hailed him as “a pianist who knows how to combine fury and restraint, elegance and lyrical effusion” and praised him for playing of “fire, excitement, and a real sense of grandeur,” as well as being a collaborator of “great sensitivity and refinement.”

He served as assistant musical staff to Seiji Ozawa at the Tanglewood Music Center and has performed in concert with such leading artists as Carol Wincenc, Richard Stoltzman, Vitya Vronsky, Anthony Dean Griffey, and Giuseppe Filianoti. He has been chosen as recital partner by artists from The Cleveland Orchestra, The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, The Montreal Symphony Orchestra, The Philadelphia Orchestra, among others. Bak has performed in such venues as the Festival Lanaudière, Severance Hall, The Phillips Collection, Kolarac Hall, The Monnaie, and the National Recital Hall in Taipei.

Mr. Bak’s involvement with the opera has included appointments as coach/accompanist with The Cleveland Lyric Opera, Dayton Opera, Opera Columbus, and the Nevada Opera. He was music director for the Wendy Taucher Dance Opera Theater for performances in Boston, Martha’s Vineyard, and Key West. He served as Artistic Administrator for Opera Project Columbus for whom he initiated the VIVA online opera academy and the video series celebrating works by African-American composers, “I, too, sing America.” Outside of the USA Bak was appointed principal coach for a production at the National Theater in Taipei, and he lectured and presented a master class at the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires.

Edward has worked with the Martina Arroyo Foundation in New York City, The American Institute of Musical Studies in Graz, Austria and The Sankt Goar International Music Festival Academy in Germany, as well as the Institute for Young Dramatic Voices.

Mr. Bak is currently a professor at The Ohio State University School of Music. Previous teaching appointments include the Longy School, the Cleveland Institute of Music, and The Peabody Institute.

Translation:

V'adoro, pupille - Aria Cleopatra

V'adoro, pupille, saette d'amore,
le vostre faville son grate nel sen.
Pietose vi brama il mesto mio core,
Ch'ognora vi chiama l'amato suo ben.

I adore you, eyes, missiles of love,
Your spark is welcome to my breast.
My sad heart desires you, who inspires pity.
And whom it always calls its best beloved

C

J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé
C'est là que tout a commencé

Une chanson des temps passés
Parle d'un chevalier blessé

D'une rose sur la chaussée
Et d'un corsage délacé

Du château d'un duc insensé
Et des cignes dans les fossés

De la prairie où vient danser
Une éternelle fiancée

Et j'ai bu comme un lait glacé
Le long lai des gloires faussées

La Loire emporte mes pensées
Avec les voitures versées

Et les armes désamorçées
Et les larmes mal effacées

Ô ma France ô ma délaissée
J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé

C

I have crossed the bridges of Cé
It is there that everything began

A song of bygone days
Tells of a knight who injured lay

Of a rose upon the carriage-way
And a bodice with an unlaced stay

And the castle of an insane duke
And swans in castle moats

And of the meadow where
An eternal fiancée comes to dance

And I have drunk the long lay
Of false glories like icy milk

The Loire bears my thoughts away
With the overturned jeeps

And the unprimed arms
And the ill-dried tears

O my France O my forsaken one
I have crossed the bridges of Cé

*Translation by Richard Stokes, from A French Song Companion
(Oxford, 2000)*

Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus

Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
À l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le cœur, en forme de fraise,
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.

Violin

Loving couple of misapprehended sounds
Violin and player please me.
Ah! I love these long wailings

Stretched on the string of disquiet,
To the sound of strung-up chords
At the hour when Justice is silent
The heart, shaped like a strawberry,
Gives itself to love like an unknown fruit.

*Translation by Richard Stokes, from A French Song Companion
(Oxford, 2000)*

Le disparu

Je n'aime plus la rue Saint-Martin
Depuis qu'André Platard l'a quittée.
Je n'aime plus la rue Saint-Martin,
Je n'aime rien, pas même le vin.

Je n'aime plus la rue Saint-Martin
Depuis qu'André Platard l'a quittée.
C'est mon ami, c'est mon copain.
Nous partagions la chambre et le pain.
Je n'aime plus la rue Saint-Martin.

C'est mon ami, c'est mon copain.
Il a disparu un matin,
Ils l'ont emmené, on ne sait plus rien.
On ne l'a plus revu dans la rue Saint-Martin.

Pas la peine d'implorer les saints,
Saints Merri, Jaques, Gervais et Martin,
Pas même Valérien, qui se cache sur la colline.1
Le temps passe, on ne sait rien,
André Platard a quitté la rue St Martin.

He one Who Disappeared

I no longer like the rue Saint-Martin
since André Platard left it.
I no longer like the rue Saint-Martin,
I like nothing, not even wine.

I no longer like the rue Saint-Martin
since André Platard left it.
He is my friend, he is my mate.
We shared both room and bread.
I no longer like the rue Saint-Martin.

He is my friend, he is my mate.
he disappeared one morning,
they took him away, we know no more.
He has not been seen again in the rue Saint-Martin.

Not worth imploring the saints;
Saints Merri, Jaques, Gervais and Martin,
not even Valérien, who hides on the hill.
Time passes by, we know nothing,
André Platard has left the rue St Martin.

Translated by Christopher Goldsack

Despite and Still, Op. 41

Samuel Barber

Text by Robert Graves, Theodore Roethke, James Joyce

A Last Song

Robert Graves

A last song, and a very last, and yet another
O, when can I give over?
Must I drive the pen until blood bursts from my nails
And my breath fails and I shake with fever,
Or sit well wrapped in a many colored cloak
Where the moon shines new through Castle Crystal?
Shall I never hear her whisper softly:
“But this is truth written by you only,
And for me only;
Therefor, love, have done?” (1969)

My Lizard (Wish for a Young Love)

Theodore Roethke

My lizard, my lively writher,
May your limbs never wither,
May the eyes in your face

Survive the green ice
Of envy's mean gaze;
May you live out your life
Without hate, without grief,
And your hair ever blaze,
In the sun, in the sun,
When I am undone,
When I am no one. (1969)

In the Wilderness

Robert Graves

He, of his gentleness,
Thirsting and hungering
Walked in the Wilderness;
Soft words of grace he spoke
Unto lost desert-folk
That listned wondering.
He heard the bittern call
From ruined palace-wall,
Answered him brotherly;
He held communion
With the she-pelican
Of lonely piety.
Basilisk, cockatrice,
Flocked to his homilies,
With mail of dread device,
With monstrous barbed stings,
With eager dragon-eyes;
Great bats on leathern wings
And old, blind, broken things
Mean in their miseries.
Then ever with him went,
Of all his wanderings
Comrade, with ragged coat,
Gaunt ribs — poor innocent —
Bleeding foot, burning throat,
The guileless young scapegoat;
For forty nights and days
Followed in Jesus' ways,
Sure guard behind him kept,
Tears like a lover wept. (1968)

Solitary Hotel

James Joyce from Ulysses

Solitary hotel in a mountain pass.
Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit.
In dark corner young man seated.
Young woman enters.
Restless. Solitary. She sits.

She goes to window. She stands.
She sits. Twilight. She thinks.
On solitary hotel paper she writes.
She thinks. She writes. She sighs.
Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out.
He comes from his dark corner.
He seizes solitary paper.
He holds it towards fire. Twilight.
He reads. Solitary. What?
In sloping, upright and backhands:
Queen's hotel, Queen's hotel, Queen's ho . . . (1968)

Despite and Still

Robert Graves

Have you not read
The words in my head,
And I made part
Of your own heart?
We have been such as draw
The losing straw —
You of your gentleness,
I of my rashness,
Both of despair —
Yet still might share
This happy will:
To love despite and still.
Never let us deny
The thing's necessity,
But, O, refuse
To choose,
Where chance may seem to give
Love in alternative. (1969)

Frauenliebe und leben, Op. 42 (A Woman's Love and Life)

Robert Schumann

Text by Adelbert von Chamisso

Translate by Richard Stokes

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh' ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.
Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,

Since I Saw Him

Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind,
Wherever I look
I only see him alone.
As if I'm daydreaming,
His image hovers before me,
Rising out of deepest darkness,
Ever more brightly.
All else is dark and pale
Around me,

Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.

My sister's games
I no more long to share
I would rather weep
Quietly in my room;
Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.
So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also Er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.
Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen,
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!
Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!
Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausendmal.
Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?
Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

He, the Most Magnificent of All

He, the most wonderful of all,
How gentle and loving he is!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
A clear mind and firm resolve!
Just as there in the deep blue distance
That star gleams bright and brilliant
So does he shine in my sky
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime!
Wander, wander on your way,
Just to gaze upon your radiance,
Just to gaze upon on in humility,
To be but blissful and melancholy.
Don not hear my silent prayer,
Uttered for your happiness alone,
You shall never know my lowly self,
You noble star of splendour!
Only the worthiest women of all
May your choice bliss,
And I will bless that exalted one
A thousand times over.
Then I shall rejoice and weep,
Blissful, I will be blissful then,
Even if then my heart breaks:
Break, O heart! Why does it matter?
He, the most wonderful of all,
How gentle and loving he is!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
An open mind, and strong courage!

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt' er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?
Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
"Ich bin auf ewig dein,"
Mir war's, ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.
O laß im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligsten Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

I Can't Grasp or Believe It

I cannot grasp, believe it,
A dream has beguiled me,
How, from all women, could be
Have exalted and favoured poor me?
I think he may have said:
"I am forever yours,"
I was, I thought, still dreaming!
After all, it can never be!
Oh let me die in this dream,
Cradled his breast,
Let me savour blissful death,
In tears of endless joy.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.
Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.
Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.
Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.
Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute, mir.
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.
Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit,
Daß ich mit klarem
Aug' ihn empfangen,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.
Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du mir, Sonne deinen Schein?
Laß mich in Andacht,
Laß mich in Demut,
Laß mich verneigen dem Herren mein.
Streuet ihm, Schwestern,

You Ring on My Finger

You ring on my finger,
My little golden ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips
Devoutly to my heart.
I had finished dreaming,
Childhood's peaceful dream,
I found myself alone and lost,
In boundless desolation..
You ring on my finger,
You first taught me,
Opened my eyes
To life's deep eternal worth.
I shall serve him, live for him,
Belong to him entire,
Yield to him and find
Myself transfigured in his light.
You ring on my finger,
My little golden ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips
Devoutly to my heart.

Help Me, My Sisters

Help me, my sisters,
Friendly, my bridal attire,
Serve me today in my joy,
Busily wind
About my brow
The wreath of blooming myrtle.
When with contentment
And joy in my heart,
I lay in my beloved's arms,
He still called,
With longing heart,
Impatient for this day.
Help me, my sisters,
Help me banish
A foolish anxiety,
So that I with clear eyes
Eyes receive him,
The source of my joy.
Have you, my love,
Really entered my life
Do you, O sun, give me your glow,
Let me in reverence,
Let me in humility,
Bow before my lord.
Scatter flowers, sisters,

Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grü. ich mit Wehmut
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Scatter flowers before him,
Bring him budding roses,
But you, sisters,
I greet with sadness,
As I joyfully take leave of you.

Süßer Freund, du blickest

Süßer Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Lass der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In den Auge mir.
Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüsst ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.
Weißt du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann?
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Daß ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.
Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

Sweet Friend, Thou Gazest

Sweet friend, thou gazest
At me in wonder,
You cannot understand,
How I can weep;
Let the unfamiliar beauty
Of these moist pearls
Tremble, joyful bright,
In my eyes.
How anxious my bosom,
How rapturous!
If I only knew, with words,
How to say it;
Come and hide your face
Here against my breast,
For me to whisper you
All my joy.
Do you now understand the tears,
That I can weep,
Should you not see them,
Beloved husband!
Stay by my heart,
Feel how its beat,
That I may, fast and faster,
Hold thee.
Here by my bed,
There is room for the cradle,
Silently hiding
My blissful dream;
The morning shall come
When the dream awakes,
And your likeness
Laughs up at me.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!
Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb' ist das Glück,
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.
Hab' überschwenglich mich geschätzt
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;
Nur eine Mutter weiß allein

At My Heart, at My Breast

On my heart, at my breast,
You may delight, my joy;
Happiness is love, love is happiness,
I've always said and say so still
I thought myself rapturous,
But now am delirious with joy
Only she who suckles, only she who loves
The child that she nourishes,
Only a mother knows

Was lieben heißt und glücklich sein.
 O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
 Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!
 Du lieber, lieber Engel, du,
 Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!
 An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
 Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

What it means to love and be happy
 Ah, how I pity the man
 Who cannot feel a mother's bliss.
 You dear, dear angel, you,
 You look at me and you smile!
 On my heart, at my breast,
 You my delight, my joy!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
 Der aber traf.
 Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,
 Den Todesschlaf.
 Es blicket die Verlaßne vor sich hin,
 Die Welt ist leer.
 Geliebet hab' ich und gelebt, ich bin
 Nicht lebend mehr.
 Ich zieh' mich in mein Innres still zurück,
 Der Schleier fällt,
 Da hab' ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,
 Du meine Welt!

Now Thou Hast Given Me, For the First

Now you have caused me my first pain,
 But it struck hard.
 You sleep, you harsh and pitiless man
 You sleep of death.
 The deserted one stares ahead,
 The world is void.
 I have loved and I have lived,
 And now my life is done
 Silently, I withdraw into myself
 The veil falls,
 There I have you and my lost happiness,
 You, my world!

Program Notes:

V'adoro, pupille from Act II, Scene 1 of the Italian opera *Giulio Cesare* is the Queen of Egypt **Cleopatra's** aria, composed by George Frideric Handel for the Royal Academy of Music in 1724. Cleopatra sings this beautiful love song and tries to seduce the Roman general and statesman Caesar. The Libretto was written by Nicola Haym. The Setting of this aria is in the Palace of the Goddess of Virtue, Alexandria, Egypt in 48BC. The plot of this opera has been influenced by real-life events that happened in 49 – 45 BC during the Roman Civil War.

The Three Selections are composed by Francis Poulenc. The first repertoire **C** is the famous poem by French poet Louis Aragon. "C" is first song of the song cycle ***Deux Poèmes de Louis Aragon***, FP 122 and was composed in 1943. The poem is called "C" because each line of the poem finishes with the French "cé". It is the most enduring and profoundly touching composition of Francis Poulenc's chanson due to its windy-rising melody and the harmonic atmosphere. The tragic scenes during 1940, when a significant proportion of the French people escaped before the approaching army, are recalled by this repertory. The poet along with the bridges of Cé, near Angers, had crossed the Loire during the terrible migration. France had been abandoned, and this area was completely chaotic. The chanson sounds like an old ballad with so beautiful affecting and melancholic memories. ¹

¹ Pierre Bernac, *Francis Poulenc, the Man and his Songs*, trans. Winifred Radford (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1977), 187-8.

The second repertoire **Violon** is from the song cycle *Fiançailles Pour Rire FP 101*, No.5. The whole song cycle was composed in 1939. Poulenc was close friends with Louise de Vilmorin, the poet of *Fiançailles pour rire*. Her poetry is surrealist and enigmatic, and Poulenc's arrangement of the words accentuates her somewhat hazy poetic voice. It is easy to sense the ambiguity, intricacy, and enigmatic uncertainty of Poulenc's harmonic colors in this chanson. There's an air of ambiguity between lover's in each harmony and beat. The woman and violin in this poem serve as metaphors for its central concept of love. She relates the heart to a strawberry in order to convey it symbolically. It gives itself up to love as a new sensation. This Poem tells the story of a gorgeous woman who gets captivated by the violin performing at a restaurant. Poulenc composed the music with the intention of setting it in a Hungarian restaurant on the Champs-Élysées. Count Palffy, Vilmorin's husband, and she actually went to a restaurant and hired a Budapest Hungarian gypsy orchestra "tzigane". As the melody developed, the woman got more and more inebriated.²

The last repertoire **Le disparu** of these three selections from Francis Poulenc and it was composed by 1947. The poet of this art song Robert Desnos (1900 - 1945) wrote this poem in 1942 after his friend Platard disappeared. The Rue Saint-Martin is located in the heart of Paris, close to the Tour St-Jacques, St. Gervais, and St. Merri churches. However, Valéien, a fort located west of the city, is where more than a thousand Frenchmen were put to death between 1941 and 1944. Additionally, Poulenc was aware that the poet Desnos perished in a Nazi concentration camp.³ The entire song is a kind of melancholy and concealed helplessness that is imprisoned in memory. This song transitions from a lovely memory to "C'est mon ami, c'est mon copain, Il a disparu un matin" is about being worried and praying for the person you love to go missing. The poet feels helpless to seek emptiness at the end of this song. This repertoire describes a typical World War II French expression of melancholy.

Song cycle **Despite and Still, Op. 41** composed by Samuel Barber(1910 -1981) was published in 1969, and is dedicated to Barber's friend Leontyne Price. This song cycle includes poetry by English poet Robert Graves (1895–1985), American poet Theodore Roethke (1908–1963), and Irish poet James Joyce(1882–1941).

The cycle's opening piece, "**A Last Song**" (1969) conveys a sense of longing, lonely waiting, and puzzlement. "**My Lizard**"(1969) , the second song, uses a metaphor for a lover's desire. The third song "**In the Wilderness**" (1968) tells of Jesus's paradise, the dream of hell, and the harsh reality. The "**Solitary Hotel**"(1968) resembles a French love film in its strange encounter and waiting. The vocalist will like an aside and the accomplishment will play more like a movie. This setting makes the solitary hotel very different from the rest of other art songs. Finally, the last song "**Despite and Still**" (1969) is a synthesis of all the emotion for love, disappointment, still waiting, and puzzling.

² Ibid., 141-2.

³ Ibid.

This song cycle has challenging vocal and intellectual musical arrangements. Barber uses more chromatic and dissonant tones to highlight the texts' tragic themes. Furthermore, he intentionally utilized tritones, whole-tone scale segments, and several chord clusters to hide his tonal center.

Robert Schumann had a marriage engagement to Clara Wieck in 1837. Clara was the daughter of a well-known Leipzig prodigy pianist. Clara's father Wieck worked extremely hard to stop their romance. He believed that Schumann was nine years older than Clara and Schumann was not as promising a musician as his daughter. Furthermore, Clara's piano career would be cut short because of their relationship. After the couple filed their petition with the courts, they were allowed to get married in 1840. Schumann wrote more than 130 art songs during 1840, which was known as his "lieder year". Following his marriage to Clara, he wrote this song cycle **Frauenliebe und leben** (A Woman's Love and Life), The poems, by Adelbert von Chamisso.⁴

"Seit ich ihn gesehen," is the opening tune in this song cycle, begins with hesitant, trembling chords. The woman, who was almost blind but only seeing her beloved. The second song, **"Er, der Herrlichste von allen,"** honors the noble and handsome her beloved. This woman also harbors a self-conscious belief that she is unworthy of his affection. The third song, **"Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,"** is a piece that expresses mutual affection and longing. Schumann's introductory piano piece punctuates the scene with an incredible sense. The fourth song, **"Du Ring an meinem Finger,"** talks about the woman kissing her engagement ring, which is a symbol of their love.

The fifth song **"Helft mir, ihr Schwestern"** shows the bride with her sisters' hurried and frantic enthusiasm on her wedding day. The quiet, intimate song **"Süßer Freund, du blickst"** is an intimate conversation scene about the woman's pregnancy. The seventh song **"An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust"** shows a new mother playing with her kid and the piano accompaniment creating a vivid image of a mother rocking her child to sleep.

The ending song **"Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan"** of this song cycle, brings a sudden tragedy of the death of the woman's husband. The dissonant piano writing contrasts between the growth of children's life and the husband's eternal sleep. The ending accompaniment solo repeats the opening bars of the first song, evoking the time of the woman's first look at her beloved. In reality, Clara's marriage diary confided about the fearness of losing Robert. However, Robert Schumann passed away from both physical and mental illness after 16 years of their marriage. Clara Schumann never remarried even though their late relationship was filled with hysterical and acrimonious.

⁴ Hallmark R. Introduction. In: *Frauenliebe Und Leben: Chamisso's Poems and Schumann's Songs*. Music in Context. Cambridge University Press; 2014:1-5.

The **Song of the Yue Boatman** (越人歌) was originally a folk song from southern China, claimed to have been recorded in 528 BC in an unidentified ancient dialect. Since the ancient dialect and melody were completely different from what it is today, meaning that precise wording and tone was recorded. Five centuries later, in the Han Dynasty, Liu Xiang assembled a Garden of Stories that has both a Chinese rendition and a transcription in Chinese characters.

In response to the booming art songs and the pursuit of traditional Chinese ancient Chinese culture, young composer Qing Liu composed a contemporary art song that is melodious and rich in traditional oriental pentatonic aesthetics based on the deciphered poems of ancient Yue people (the people from South-West of China).

The idea of this song is highly contentious because of the various ways that the **Song of the Yue Boatman** are interpreted and understood. This song's message of love transcending social classes and harmonious cohabitation of people of all nations may be reflected in it. It might be the first poetry on LGBTQ love as well. This song mainly discusses a minister of Chu state, passionate about with the handsome nobleman, the Lord of Xiangcheng, tells him of an incident when prince Zixi (子皙), the Lord of È (鄂), on a state boat journey in the sixth century BC, became enchanted by his Yue boatman's singing . This song may express the feelings of love or secret delight that the boatman feels from knowing the prince.

Most scholar and singers said that the boatman was shy since he was wearing fine garments from the prince and that the word “被 (bèi)” in the lyrics was a fictitious phrase for “披 (pī)” However, some scholars of ancient Chinese language study have noted that the term “bèi” refers to a form of virtue bestowed upon the world in order to elicit love and gratitude from the populace. Therefore, different understandings of the lyrics will lead to changes in the pronunciation of this song.

There is no method to tell how this poem should be pronounced correctly. The analysis of Chinese art songs' ancient poetry's ancient dialect is the focus of my dissertation. Among these, I will primarily analyze the historical pronunciation of this song and contrast it with the pronunciation in modern Chinese. As a music scholar, I believe that is an ideal chance to investigate the enigmatic ancient pronunciation of the ancient century and the relationship between composition skills and vocal technique. As Mandarin singing has an excessive number of consonants that always compromise the song's coherence.

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