

*et non m'ancide Amore, et non mi sferra,  
né mi vuol vivo, né mi trae d'impaccio.*

*Veggio senza occhi, et non ò lingua et grido;  
et bramo di perir, et cheggio aita;  
et ò in odio me stesso, et amo altrui.*

*Pascomi di dolor, piangendo rido;  
egualmente mi spiace morte et vita:  
in questo stato son, donna, per voi.*

**Sonnet 123 by F. Petrarca**

*I' vidi in terra angelici costumi,  
E celesti bellezze al mondo sole;  
Tal che di rimembrar mi giova, e dole:  
Che quant'io miro, par sogni, ombre, e fumi.*

*E vidi lagrimar que' duo bei lumi  
Ch'han fatto mille volte invidia al sole;  
Ed udi' sospirando dir parole  
Che farian gir i monti, e stare i fiumi.*

*Amor! senno! valor, pietate, e doglia  
Facean piangendo un più dolce concerto  
D'ogni altro, che nel mondo udir si soglia.*

*Ed era 'l cielo all'armonia s'intento  
Che non si vedea in ramo mover foglia.  
Tanta dolcezza avea pien l'aer e 'l vento.*

*and Love does not destroy me, and does not loose me,  
wishes me not to live, but does not remove my bar.*

*I see without eyes, and have no tongue, but cry:  
and long to perish, yet I beg for aid:  
and hold myself in hate, and love another.*

*I feed on sadness, laughing weep:  
death and life displease me equally:  
and I am in this state, lady, because of you.*

*I saw angelic virtue on earth  
and heavenly beauty on terrestrial soil,  
so I am sad and joyful at the memory,  
and what I see seems dream, shadows, smoke:*

*and I saw two lovely eyes that wept,  
that made the sun a thousand times jealous:  
and I heard words emerge among sighs  
that made the mountains move, and halted rivers.*

*Love, Judgement, Pity, Worth and Grief,  
made a sweeter chorus of weeping  
than any other heard beneath the moon:*

*and heaven so intent upon the harmony  
no leaf was seen to move on the boughs,  
so filled with sweetness were the wind and air.*

---

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UNIVERSITY OF  
OREGON

SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE

## Songs and Transcriptions Liszt's Birthday Celebration

*Organized by the Oregon Chapter of  
the American Liszt Society*

Beall Concert Hall  
Monday, Oct. 22, 2018 | 7:30 p.m.





On behalf of the American Liszt Society and its Oregon Chapter, I would like to welcome you to this evening's performance, celebrating Franz Liszt's 207th birthday.

Pianists are by definition conflicted musicians: our instrument belongs to the family of "percussion" instruments, yet we are constantly working on making it "sing." Voice is the most natural of instruments, and this evening we all will have a chance to experience the human voice, followed by transcriptions of those same songs for solo piano.

We hope you will enjoy this performance, and look forward to meeting you in person during our post-concert reception. If you did not receive an email about this performance, and would like to be included in future mailings, please contact me (adossin@uoregon.edu) and I will be happy to include your info about future chapter performances.

Sincerely,

**Alexandre Dossin**

President, Oregon Chapter of the American Liszt Society  
Vice-President, American Liszt Society  
UO Professor of Piano

## PROGRAM

### F. SCHUBERT

Gretchen am Spinnrade, D. 118  
*Sonia Cummings, soprano*  
*Joan Tay, piano*

### F.SCHUBERT/F. LISZT

Gretchen am Spinnrade S. 558/8  
*Jorge Briceño, piano*

### F. SCHUBERT

Frühlingsglaube, D. 686  
*Cera Babb, soprano*  
*Milton Fernandez, piano*

### F.SCHUBERT/F. LISZT

Frühlingsglaube, S. 558/7  
*Veronica Soo Jung Lee, piano*

### F. SCHUBERT

Die Stadt, D. 957/11  
*Bethany Battafarano, soprano*  
*Grant Mack, piano*

### F.SCHUBERT/F. LISZT

Die Stadt, S. 560/1  
*Alessandro Fonseca, piano*

### F. SCHUBERT

Wohin, D. 795/2  
*Carson Lott, tenor*  
*Yunhan Xu, piano*

### F.SCHUBERT/F. LISZT

Wohin, S. 565  
*Jorge Briceño*

### F. SCHUBERT

Die Forelle, D. 550  
*Matthew McConnell, baritone*  
*Nathalie Fortin, piano*

### F.SCHUBERT/F. LISZT

Die Forelle, S. 564 (2<sup>nd</sup> version)  
*Marina Bengoa, piano*

### R. SCHUMANN

Widmung (Myrthen, Op. 25/1)  
*Claire Buchanan, mezzo-soprano*  
*Andrew Pham, piano*

### R. SCHUMANN/F. LISZT

Widmung, S. 566  
*Veronica Soo Jung Lee, piano*

### R. SCHUMANN

Frühlingsnacht  
(Liederkreis, Op. 39/12)  
*Nadia Medeiros, soprano*  
*Nathalie Fortin, piano*

### R. SCHUMANN/F. LISZT

Frühlingsnacht, S. 568  
*Ting-Yu Liu, piano*

### - INTERMISSION -

### F. LISZT

O Lieb, S. 298  
*Sonia Cummings, soprano*  
*Joan Tay, piano*

Liebestraum, S. 541/3  
*Jane Lim, piano*

Lorelei, S. 273  
*Ashleigh Sizemore, soprano*  
*Andrew Pham, piano*

Lorelei, S. 532  
*Alessandro Fonseca, piano*

Benedetto sia 'giorno, S. 270b  
*Lawrence Barasa, tenor*  
*Nathalie Fortin, piano*

Petrarch Sonnet 47, S. 161/4  
*Grant Mack, piano*

Pace non trovo, S. 270b  
*Trevor Cook, baritone*  
*Alessandro Fonseca, piano*

Petrarch Sonnet 104, S. 161/5  
*Zaira Castillo, piano*

I vidi in terra, S. 270b  
*Trevor Cook*  
*Alessandro Fonseca, piano*

Petrarch Sonnet 123, S. 161/6  
*Marina Bengoa, piano*

### Die Lorelei by H. Heine

*Ich weiß nicht, was [soll es]<sup>1</sup> bedeuten  
Daß ich so traurig bin;  
Ein Märchen aus [alten]<sup>2</sup> Zeiten  
Das [kommt]<sup>3</sup> mir nicht aus dem Sinn.  
Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,  
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;  
[Der Gipfel des Berges]<sup>4</sup> funkelt  
Im Abendsonnenschein.*

*Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet  
Dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet  
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.*

*Sie kämmt es mit [goldenem]<sup>5</sup> Kamme  
Und singt ein Lied dabei;  
Das hat eine wundersame  
Gewaltige Melodei.*

*Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe  
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh,  
Er [schaut]<sup>6</sup> nicht die Felsenriffe,  
Er [schaut nur hinauf]<sup>7</sup> in die Höh.*

*Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;  
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen  
Die Lorelei getan.*

### Sonnet 47 by F. Petrarca

*Benedetto sia 'l giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno,  
E la stagione, e 'l tempo, e l'ora, e 'l punto  
E 'l bel paese e 'l loco, ov'io fui giunto  
Da' duo begli occhi che legato m'anno;*

*E benedetto il primo dolce affanno  
Ch'i' ebbi ad esser con Amor congiunto,  
E l'arco e la saette ond' i' fui punto,  
E le piaghe, ch'infinò al cor mi vanno.  
Benedette le voci tante, ch'io  
Chiamando il nome di Laura ho sparte,  
E i sospiri e le lagrime e 'l desio.*

*E benedette sian tutte le carte  
Ov'io fama le acquisto, e il pensier mio,  
Ch'è sol di lei, si ch'altra non v'ha parte.*

### Sonnet 104 by F. Petrarca

*Pace non trovo, et non ò da far guerra;  
e temo, et spero; et ardo, et son un ghiaccio;  
et volo sopra 'l cielo, et giaccio in terra;  
et nulla stringo, et tutto 'l mondo abbraccio.  
Tal m'à in pregion, che non m'apre né serra,  
né per suo mi riten né scioglie il laccio;*

*I know not what spell is o'er me,  
That I am so sad today;  
An old myth floats before me --  
I cannot chase it away.  
The cool air darkens, and listen,  
How softly flows the Rhine!  
The mountain peaks still glisten  
Where the evening sunbeams shine.*

*The fairest maid sits dreaming  
In radiant beauty there.  
Her gold and her jewels are gleaming,  
She combeth her golden hair.*

*With a golden comb she is combing;  
A wondrous song sings she.  
The music quaint in the gloaming,  
Hath a powerful melody.*

*It thrills with a passionate yearning  
The boatman below in the night.  
He heeds not the rocky reef's warning,  
He gazes alone in the height.*

*I think that the waters swallowed  
The boat and the boatman anon.  
And this, with her singing unhallowed,  
The Lorelei hath done.*

*Blessed be the day, and the month, and the year,  
and the season, and the time, and the hour, and the moment,  
and the beautiful country, and the place where I was joined  
to the two beautiful eyes that have bound me:*

*and blessed be the first sweet suffering  
that I felt in being conjoined with Love,  
and the bow, and the shafts with which I was pierced,  
and the wounds that run to the depths of my heart.  
Blessed be all those verses I scattered  
calling out the name of my lady,  
and the sighs, and the tears, and the passion:*

*and blessed be all the sheets  
where I acquire fame, and my thoughts,  
that are only of her, that no one else has part of.*

*I find no peace, and yet I make no war:  
and fear, and hope: and burn, and I am ice:  
and fly above the sky, and fall to earth,  
and clutch at nothing, and embrace the world.  
One imprisons me, who neither frees nor jails me,  
nor keeps me to herself nor slips the noose:*

Mit dem Mondesglanz herein,  
Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,  
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain,  
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:  
Sie ist deine, sie ist dein!

**O lieb, solange du lieben kannst! (Liebestraum) by F. Freiligrath**

O lieb, solange du lieben kannst!  
O lieb, so lang du lieben magst!  
Die Stunde kommt, die Stunde kommt,  
Wo du an Gräbern stehst und klagst.

Und Sorge, daß dein Herze glüht  
Und Liebe hegt und Liebe trägt,  
So lang ihm noch ein ander Herz  
In Liebe warm entgegenschlägt.

Und wer dir seine Brust erschließt,  
O tu ihm, was du kannst, zulieb!  
Und mach ihm jede Stunde froh,  
Und mach ihm keine Stunde trüb.

Und hüte deine Zunge wohl,  
Bald ist ein böses Wort gesagt!  
O Gott, es war nicht böse gemeint, -  
Der andre aber geht und klagt.

O lieb, solange du lieben kannst!  
O lieb, solange du lieben magst!  
Die Stunde kommt, die Stunde kommt,  
Wo du an Gräbern stehst und klagst!

Dann kniest du nieder an der Gruft  
Und birgst die Augen, trüb und naß,  
- Sie sehn den andern nimmermehr -  
Ins lange, feuchte Kirchhofsgras.

Und sprichst: O schau auf mich herab,  
Der hier an deinem Grabe weint!  
Vergib, daß ich gekränkt dich hab!  
O Gott, es war nicht böse gemeint!

Er aber sieht und hört dich nicht,  
Kommt nicht, daß du ihn froh umfängst;  
Der Mund, der oft dich küßte, spricht  
Nie wieder: Ich vergab dir längst!

Er tat's, vergab dir lange schon,  
Doch manche heiße Träne fiel  
Um dich und um dein herbes Wort -  
Doch still - er ruht, er ist am Ziel!

O lieb, solange du lieben kannst!  
O lieb, solange du lieben magst!  
Die Stunde kommt, die Stunde kommt,  
Wo du an Gräbern stehst und klagst

Out in the moonlight.  
And the moon, the stars say it,  
And the grove murmurs it in dreams,  
And the nightingales sing it:  
She is yours, she is yours!

O love, love as long as you can!  
O love, love as long as you will!  
The time will come, the time will come,  
When you will stand grieving at the grave.

And let it be that your heart glows  
And nurtures and carries love,  
As long as another heart is still  
Warmly bestruck by love for you!

And to one who spills his breast to you,  
O to him, do what you can, in Love!  
And make him happy for each moment,  
And never let him be sad for one!

And guard your tongue tightly,  
In case any slight escapes your mouth!  
O God, it was not meant that way, -  
But the other recoils, hurt and sighing.

O love, love as long as you can!  
O love, love as long as you will!  
The time will come, the time will come,  
When you will stand grieving at the grave.

Then you will kneel down at the grave  
And your eyes will be cloudy and wet,  
- You will never see the other again, -  
In the church graveyard's long, damp grass.

You say: O look at me below,  
I who cry here at your grave!  
Forgive me that I insulted you!  
O God, it was not meant that way!

Yet he sees and hears you not,  
You cannot comfort him again;  
The lips which kissed you often speak  
Not again: I forgave you long ago!

Indeed, forgive you he did,  
But tears he would freely spend,  
Over you and on your harsh word -  
Hush, still! - he rests, he is past.

O love, love as long as you can!  
O love, love as long as you will!  
The time will come, the time will come,  
When you will stand grieving at the grave.

**Gretchen am Spinnrade by J.W. von Goethe**

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer;  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt,  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer;  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh' ich  
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluß,  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach sein Kuß!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt  
Sich nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft ich fassen  
Und halten ihn!

Und küssen ihn  
So wie ich wollt',  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt'!

**Frühlingsglaube by J.L. Uhland**

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,  
Sie säuseln und wehen  
Tag und Nacht,

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

Where I do not have him,  
That is the grave,  
The whole world  
Is bitter to me.

My poor head  
Is crazy to me,  
My poor mind  
Is torn apart.

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

For him only, I look  
Out the window  
Only for him do I go  
Out of the house.

His tall walk,  
His noble figure,  
His mouth's smile,  
His eyes' power,

And his mouth's  
Magic flow,  
His handclasp,  
and ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

My bosom urges itself  
toward him.  
Ah, might I grasp  
And hold him!

And kiss him,  
As I would wish,  
At his kisses  
I should die!

The gentle winds are awakened,  
They murmur and waft  
day and night,

*Sie schaffen an allen Enden.  
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!  
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!  
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.*

*Die Welt wird schöner  
mit jedem Tag,  
Man weiß nicht,  
was noch werden mag,  
Das Blühen will nicht enden.  
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:  
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual!  
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.*

#### **Die Stadt by H. Heine**

*Am fernen Horizonte  
Erscheint, wie ein Nebelbild,  
Die Stadt mit ihren Thürmen,  
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt.*

*Ein feuchter Windzug kräuselt  
Die graue Wasserbahn;  
Mit traurigem Tacte rudert  
Der Schiffer in meinem Kahn.*

*Die Sonne hebt sich noch einmal  
Leuchtend vom Boden empor,  
Und zeigt mir jene Stelle,  
Wo ich das Liebste verlor.*

#### **Wohin by W. Müller**

*Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen  
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,  
Hinab zum Thale rauschen  
So frisch und wunderhell.*

*Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,  
Nicht, wer den Rath mir gab,  
Ich mußte auch hinunter  
Mit meinem Wanderstab.  
Hinunter und immer weiter,  
Und immer dem Bache nach,  
Und immer frischer rauschte,  
Und immer heller der Bach.*

*Ist das denn meine Straße?  
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?  
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen  
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.*

*Was sag ich denn von Rauschen?  
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:  
Es singen wohl die Nixen  
Tief unten ihren Reihn.*

*They create in every corner.  
Oh fresh scent, oh new sound!  
Now, poor dear [heart], fear not!  
Now everything, everything must change.*

*The world becomes more beautiful  
with each day,  
One does not know  
what may yet happen,  
The blooming doesn't want to end.  
The farthest, deepest valley blooms:  
Now, poor dear, forget the pain!  
Now everything, everything must change.*

*Upon the far Horizon  
Like a picture of the mist,  
Appears the towered city  
By the twilight shadows kissed.*

*The moist soft breezes ripple  
Our boat's wake grey and dark,  
With mournful measured cadence  
The boatman rows my bark.*

*The sun from clouds outshining,  
Lights up once more the coast;  
The very spot it shows me  
Where she I loved was lost.*

*I hear a brooklet rushing  
Right out of the rock's spring,  
Down there to the valley it rushes,  
So fresh and wondrously bright.*

*I know not, how I felt this,  
Nor did I know who gave me advice;  
I must go down  
With my wanderer's staff.  
Down and always farther,  
And always the brook follows after;  
And always rushing crisply,  
And always bright is the brook.*

*Is this then my road?  
O, brooklet, speak! where to?  
You have with your rushing  
Entirely intoxicated my senses.*

*But why do I speak of rushing?  
That can't really be rushing:  
Perhaps the water-nymphs  
are singing rounds down there in the deep.*

*Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen,  
Und wandre fröhlich nach!  
Es gehn ja Mühlenträder  
In jedem klaren Bach.*

#### **Die Forelle by C.F.Schubart**

*In einem Bächlein helle,  
Da schoss in froher Eil'  
Die launische Forelle  
Vorueber wie ein Pfeil.  
Ich stand an dem Gestade  
Und sah in süsser Ruh'  
Des muntern Fishleins Bade  
Im klaren Bächlein zu.*

*Ein Fischer mit der Rute  
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,  
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute  
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
So lang dem Wasser helle  
So dacht' ich, nicht gebricht,  
So fängt er die Forelle  
Mit seiner Angel nicht.*

*Doch endlich ward dem Diebe  
Die Zeit zu lang.  
Er macht das Bächlein tückisch trübe,  
Und eh' ich es gedacht  
So zuckte seine Rute  
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,  
Und ich mit regem Blute  
Sah die Betrog'ne an.*

#### **Widmung by F. Rückert**

*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 bess'res Ich!*

#### **Frühlingsnacht by J. Eichendorff**

*Über Garten durch die Lüfte  
Hört ich Wandervögel ziehn,  
Was bedeutet Frühlingsdufte,  
Unten fängt's schon an zu blüh'n.  
Jauchzen möcht ich, möchte weinen,  
Und mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!  
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen*

*Let it sing, my friend, let it rush,  
And wander joyously after!  
Mill-wheels turn  
In each clear brook.*

*In a clear little brook,  
There darted, about in happy haste,  
The moody trout  
Dashing everywhere like an arrow.  
I stood on the bank  
And watched, in sweet peace,  
The fish's bath  
In the clear little brook.*

*A fisherman with his gear  
Came to stand on the bank  
And watched with cold blood  
As the little fish weaved here and there.  
But as long as the water remains clear,  
I thought, no worry,  
He'll never catch the trout  
With his hook.*

*But finally, for the thief,  
Time seemed to pass too slowly.  
He made the little brook murky,  
And before I thought it could be,  
So his line twitched.  
There thrashed the fish,  
And I, with raging blood,  
Gazed on the betrayed one*

*You my soul, you my heart,  
You my rapture, O you my pain,  
You my world in which I live,  
My heaven you, to which I aspire,  
O you my grave, into which  
My grief forever I've consigned!  
You are repose, you are peace,  
You are bestowed on me from heaven.  
Your love for me gives me my worth,  
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,  
You raise me lovingly above myself,  
My guardian angel, my better self!*

*Over the garden in the air  
I heard migrating birds passing,  
That means spring is in the air  
Below, it has already started to bloom.  
I'd like to rejoice, I'd like to weep,  
And it seems it couldn't be true!  
Old wonders appear again*