



School of Music  
University of Missouri

2021-2022 Series | Student Recital

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# Songs with Fortepiano A Collaborative Recital

October 17, 2021 | 3:00pm  
Whitmore Recital Hall

## Program

**Lachen und Weinen** ..... **Franz Schubert**  
(1797-1828)

Rebekah Beebe, soprano  
Nobuko Oba, fortepiano

**Bind auf dein Haar, die Mutter spricht** ..... **Franz Joseph Haydn**  
(1732-1809)

Morgan Jennings, mezzo-soprano  
Nobuko Oba, fortepiano

**An die Geliebte** ..... **Ludwig van Beethoven**  
(1770-1827)

Jourdan Flores, tenor  
Jessalyn Caple, fortepiano

**Nähe des Geliebten** ..... **Franz Schubert**

Sophie Heimerl, soprano  
Danny Singh, fortepiano

**Mein (from Die schöne Mülllerin)** ..... **Franz Schubert**

Sam Varnon, tenor  
Bomi Kim, fortepiano

**Wanderlied** ..... **Felix Mendelssohn**  
(1809-1847)

Chloe Prewett, soprano  
Bomi Kim, fortepiano

**Bergeslust** ..... **Fanny Mendelssohn**  
(1805-1847)

Caitlin Kenney, soprano  
Christian Martin, fortepiano

**An den Mond ("Geuss, lieber Mond")** ..... **Franz Schubert**

Trey Ringgold, tenor  
Nobuko Oba, fortepiano

**Der Doppelgänger** ..... **Franz Schubert**

Ethan Miller, bass-baritone  
Bomi Kim, fortepiano

**Gretchen am Spinnrade** ..... **Franz Schubert**

Haley Mesz, soprano  
Nobuko Oba, fortepiano

**Rastlose Liebe** ..... **Franz Schubert**

Jonathan Crader, bass-baritone  
Nobuko Oba, fortepiano

**Die Forelle** ..... **Franz Schubert**

Zachary Reinert, tenor  
Zach Kierstead, fortepiano

**Ganymed** ..... **Franz Schubert**

Amelia Lufkin, soprano  
Zach Kierstead, fortepiano

The fortepiano used for this program is a reproduction of a Viennese instrument built by Anton Walter circa 1802.  
It was created by Paul McNulty, an American working in the Czech Republic.

## Translations

### **Schubert: Lachen und Weinen/ Laughter and Crying**

*Poem: Friedrich Rückert*

Laughter and crying, at different hours,  
Have such different reasons, when one is in love.  
In the morning I laugh for joy;  
and why do I cry now,  
in the evening light?  
I myself don't know.

Crying and laughter, at different hours  
have such different reasons, when one is in love,  
In the evening I cried for grief;  
then how can you wake up  
laughing in the morning?—  
I must ask you, my heart.

Translation: Phillip Miller

### **Haydn: Bind auf dein Haar, die Mutter spricht/ My Mother Bids Me Bind my Hair**

*German text: unknown*

My mother bids me bind my hair  
With bands of rosy hue,  
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,  
And lace my bodice blue.  
For why, she cries, sit still and weep,  
While others dance and play?  
Alas! I scarce can go or creep,  
While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone,  
When those we love were near;  
I sit upon this mossy stone,  
And sigh when none can hear.  
And while I spin my flaxen thread,  
And sing my simple lay,  
The village seems asleep, or dead,  
Now Lubin is away.

English: Anne Hunter

### **Beethoven: An die Geliebte/To the Beloved**

*Poem: Josef Stoll*

Oh that from your silent eyes,  
in their loving radiance,

I might drink the tears from your cheek  
before the earth absorbs them!

They remain hesitantly on your cheek,  
which they dedicate warmly to constancy.  
Now, as I receive them in my kiss,  
your sorrows, too, are mine.

Translation by: Richard Wigmore

**Nähe des Geliebten/Near the Beloved**

*Poem: Wolfgang von Goethe*

I think of you when sunlight  
glints from the sea;  
I think of you when the moon's glimmer  
is reflected in streams.

I see you when, on distant roads,  
dust rises;  
in the depths of night, when on the narrow bridge  
the traveller trembles.

I hear you when, with a dull roar,  
the waves surge up.  
I often go to listen in the tranquil grove  
when all is silent.

I am with you, however far away you are.  
You are close to me!  
The sun sets, soon the stars will shine for me.  
Would that you were here!

Translation: Richard Wigmore

**Schubert: Mein/Mine from Die schöne Müllerin**

*Poem: Wilhelm Müller*

Brook, cease your babbling!  
Wheels, stop your roaring!  
All you merry wood-birds  
great and small,  
end your warbling!  
Throughout the wood,  
within it and beyond,  
let one rhyme alone ring out today:  
my beloved, the maid of the mill, is mine!  
Mine!  
Spring, are these all of your flowers?  
Sun, do you have no brighter light?

Ah, then I must remain all alone  
with that blissful word of mine,  
understood nowhere in the whole of creation.

Translation: Richard Wigmore

**Felix Mendelssohn: Wanderlied/Traveling Song**

*Poem: Joseph Karl Benedikt*

Balmy airs approach, blue and flowing,  
Spring, spring it soon shall be!  
Toward the woods horn sounds are aimed,  
Proudly the lights of the eyes shimmer,  
And that confusion, festive and colorful,  
Becomes a magic wild river,  
Into the pretty world below  
The streams' greeting beckons you.

And I desire not my safety!  
The wind drives me far from you,  
I want to go on the stream,  
Blessedly blinded by the radiance.  
A thousand voices strongly beckoning,  
Highly Aurora's flames sway:  
Ever onward, I dare not ask  
Where the journey will come to an end.

Translation: Rachel O'Connell

**Fanny Mendelssohn: Bergeslust/Mountain Rapture**

*Poem: Joseph von Eichendorff*

Ah, the joy of gazing from the mountain  
Far over wood and stream,  
With the blue, pellucid vault of heaven  
Arching overhead!  
Little birds and clouds  
Fly swiftly from the mountain,  
Thoughts skim past  
The birds and the wind.  
The clouds drift down,  
The little bird plummets,  
Thoughts and songs go winging on  
Till they reach the kingdom of heaven.  
Till they reach the kingdom of heaven.

Translation by Richard Stokes

**Schubert: An den Mond/To the Moon**

*Poem: Ludwig Hölty*

Beloved moon, shed your silver radiance  
through these green beeches,  
where fancies and dreamlike images  
forever flit before me.

Unveil yourself, that I may find the spot  
where my beloved sat, where often,  
in the swaying branches of the beech and lime,  
she forgot the gilded town.

Unveil yourself, that I may delight in the whispering  
bushes that cooled her,  
and lay a wreath on that meadow  
where she listened to the brook.

Then, beloved moon, take your veil once more,  
and mourn for your friend.  
Weep down through the hazy clouds,  
as the one you have forsaken weeps.

Translation: Richard Wigmore

**Schubert: Der Doppelgänger/The Phantom Double from Schwanengesang**

*Poem: Heinrich Heine*

Still is the night  
o'er roof-tree and steeple;  
Within this dwelling  
lived my treasure rare.

Long since she left  
this town and people,  
But still stands the house  
on the selfsame square.

Here stands, too, a man  
toward heaven he gazes,  
His hands he wringeth  
in wildest despair;

I shudder!  
when now his face he raises  
The moonlight shows me mine  
own self is there

O pale, sad creature,  
My ghost and my double,

Why dost thou ape my passion's tears  
That haunted me with cruel trouble,

So many a night  
in olden years?

Translation: Arthur Westbrook

**Schubert: Gretchen am Spinnrade/Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel**

*Poem: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

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!  
My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy.

Translation: Aaron Green

**Schubert: Rastlose Liebe/Restless Love**

*Poem: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Into the snow, the rain,  
and the wind,  
through steamy ravines,  
through mists,  
onwards, ever onwards!  
Without respite!

I would sooner fight my way  
through suffering  
than endure so much  
of life's joy.  
This affection  
of one heart for another,  
ah, how strangely  
it creates pain!

How shall I flee?  
Into the forest?  
It is all in vain!  
Crown of life,  
happiness without peace –  
this, O love, is you!

Translation: Richard Wigmore

**Schubert: Die Forelle/The Trout**

*Poem: Christian Schubart*

In a limpid brook  
the capricious trout  
in joyous haste  
darted by like an arrow.  
I stood on the bank  
in blissful peace, watching  
the lively fish swim  
in the clear brook.  
An angler with his rod  
stood on the bank

cold-bloodedly watching  
the fish's contortions.  
As long as the water  
is clear, I thought,  
he won't catch the trout  
with his rod.  
But at length the thief  
grew impatient. Cunningly  
he made the brook cloudy,  
and in an instant  
his rod quivered,  
and the fish struggled on it.  
And I, my blood boiling,  
looked on at the cheated creature.

Translation: Richard Wigmore

**Schubert: Ganymed**

*Poem: Wolfgang von Goethe*

How your glow envelops me  
in the morning radiance,  
spring, my beloved!  
With love's thousandfold joy  
the hallowed sensation  
of your eternal warmth  
floods my heart,  
infinite beauty!  
O that I might clasp you  
in my arms!

Ah, on your breast  
I lie languishing,  
and your flowers, your grass  
press close to my heart.  
You cool the burning  
thirst within my breast,  
sweet morning breeze,  
as the nightingale calls  
tenderly to me from the misty valley.  
I come, I come!  
But whither? Ah, whither?

Upwards! Strive upwards!  
The clouds drift  
down, yielding  
to yearning love,  
to me, to me!  
In your lap,  
upwards,

embracing and embraced!  
Upwards to your bosom,  
all-loving Father!

Translation: Richard Wigmore

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