



THE UNIVERSITY OF  
**MEMPHIS**

Rudi E. Scheidt  
School of Music

# **XUEYING YE**

# **SOPRANO**

Dr. Alex Benford, pianist  
Jingyi Bai, pianist

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MAY 5 | 7:30 PM

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HARRIS CONCERT HALL

Rudi E. Scheidt School of Music  
Albert Nguyen, Interim Director  
College of Communication and Fine Arts  
Debra Burns, Dean

## PROGRAM

**Selections from *Zigeunermelodien*  
(*Gypsy Songs*), Op. 55**

Antonín Dvořák  
1841–1904

Mein Lied ertönt  
Ei! Ei, wie mein Triangel wunderherrlich läutet!  
Rings ist der Wald so stumm und still  
Als die alte Mutter  
Reingestimmt die Saiten  
In dem weiten, breiten, luft' gen Leinenkleide

**Two *Méodies* from *Trois Méodies*, Op. 23**

Gabriel Fauré  
1845–1924

Les berceaux  
Le secret

***Three Songs from the Yuan Dynasty***

Weijie Gao  
b. 1962

Lovesickness  
Amour  
Dews on the Rose

Intermission

**Selections from *A Cycle of Life***

Landon Ronald  
1872–1938

Down in the Forest  
Love I Have Won You  
The Winds are Calling  
Drift Down, Drift Down

**Selections from *Hermit Songs*, Op. 29**

Samuel Barber  
1910–1981

The Crucifixion  
The Monk and His Cat

***Sure on this Shining Night***

Samuel Barber  
1910–1981

## TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

*Selections from Zigeunermelodien  
(Gypsy Songs), Op. 55*

Antonín Dvořák  
1841–1904

### Mein Lied ertönt

### My song resounds

Mein Lied ertönt, ein Liebespsalm,  
beginnt der Tag zu sinken,  
und wenn das Moos, der welke  
Halm  
Tauperlen heimlich trinken.

My song resounds, a psalm of love,  
When day begins to fade,  
And when the moss and withered  
grass  
Secretly drink in pearls of dew.

Mein Lied ertönt voll Wanderlust,  
in grünen Waldes hallen,  
und auf der Pussta weitem Plan  
lass' frohen Sang' ich Schallen.

My song resounds full of wanderlust,  
As we journey through the world,  
Only on my wide native plains  
Can my song ring out happily.

Mein Lied ertönt voll Liebe auch,  
wenn Haide Stürme toben;  
wenn sich zum letzten Le bens  
Hauch  
des Bruders Brust gehoben!

My song is also full of love,  
As storms rage across the heath,  
And my friend breathes his last  
And frees himself from pain!

### Ei! Ei, wie mein Triangel wunderherrlich läutet!

### Hey! How my triangle rings out!

Leicht bei solchen klängen.  
in den Tod man schreitet!  
beim Triangel schallen!  
Lieder, Reigen, Liebe,  
Lebewohl dem allen!

Hey! How my triangle rings out in  
splendour!  
Like gypsy songs when we approach  
death!  
When the triangle's song  
accompanies me to the grave,  
There will be no more singing and  
dancing!

Rings ist der Wald so stumm und still   All around the woods are so still and  
silent

Rings ist der Wald so stumm und still, das Herz schlägt mir so bange; der schwarze Rauch sinkt tiefer stets, und trocknet meine Wange.	All around the woods are so still and silent, My heart beats so fearfully; The black smoke sinks ever deeper Drying the tears on my cheek.
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Ei meine Thränen trocknen nicht, musst andre wangen suchen! Wer nur den Schmerz besingen kann, wird nicht dem tode fluchen.	But do not dry my tears, You shall blow in other places! He who can sing while grieving, Still lives, and his song will not fade!
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Als die alte Mutter

Songs My Mother Taught Me

Als die alte Mutter mich noch lehrte singen, Tränen in den Wimpern gar so oft ihr hingen. Jetzt wo ich die kleinen selber üb'im Sange, rieselt's in den Bart oft, rieselt's oft von der braunen Wange!	When my old mother taught me songs to sing, Tears would well strangely in her eyes. Now my brown cheeks are wet with tears, When I teach the children how to sing and play!
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Reingestimmt die Saiten!

Take your bow and strike up!

Reingestimmt die Saiten! Bursche tanz' im Kreise! Heute froh, heute froh, und morgen? trüb', trüb', trüb' nach alter Weise!	Take your bow and strike up! Come and join the round dance, my lad! Be happy today, abundantly so, And sad tomorrow – it was ever thus!
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Nächster Tag' am Nile,  
an der Väter Tische  
reingestimmt, reingestimmt die  
Saiten,  
in den Tanz, in den Tanz dich  
mische!

Next day on the banks of the Nile,  
Sacred to our fathers.  
Take your bow and strike up,  
Hasten to the dance!

In dem weiten, breiten, luft'gen  
Leinenkleide

In dem weiten, breiten, luft'gen  
Leinenkleide  
freier der Zigeuner als in Gold und  
Seide!  
Ja! der gold'ne Dolman schnürt die  
Brust zu enge,  
hemmt des freien Liedes  
wanderfrohe Klänge.  
Und wer Freude findet an der Lieder  
Schallen,  
lasst das Gold, das schnöde,  
in die Hölle fallen!

In his loose-fitting and airy linen  
clothes

In his loose-fitting and airy linen  
clothes  
The gypsy feels freer than when  
dressed in silk and gold!  
Yes! The golden dolman constricts  
his breast,  
Smothers the happily wandering  
strains of his free song.  
He who feels true joy when these  
songs resound,  
Wishes that all gold should vanish  
from the face of the earth.

***Trois Mélodies Op. 23***

Gabriel Fauré  
1845–1924

Les berceaux

The cradles

Le long du quai les grands  
vaisseaux,  
Que la houle incline en silence,  
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux  
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,  
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,  
Et que les hommes curieux  
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,  
Fuyant le port qui diminue,  
Sentent leur masse retenue  
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Along the quay the great ships,  
Listing silently with the surge,  
Pay no heed to the cradles  
Rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will come,  
For it is decreed that women shall  
weep,  
And that men with questing spirits  
Shall seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great ships,  
Leaving the dwindling harbour  
behind,  
Shall feel their hulls held back  
By the soul of the distant cradles.

### Le secret

Je veux que le matin l'ignore  
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,  
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,  
Comme une larme il s'évapore.

Je veux que le jour le proclame  
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,  
Et, sur mon cœur ouvert penché,  
Comme un grain d'encens il  
l'enflamme.

Je veux que le couchant l'oublie  
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour  
Et l'emporte, avec mon amour,  
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!

### The secret

Would that the morn were unaware  
Of the name I told to the night,  
And that in the dawn breeze,  
silently,  
It would vanish like a tear.

Would that the day might proclaim it,  
The love I hid from the morn,  
And poised above my open heart,  
Like a grain of incense kindle it.

Would that the sunset might forget,  
The secret I told to the day,  
And would carry it and my love  
away  
In the folds of its faded robe!

### **Three Songs from the Yuan Dynasty**

Weijie Gao

Poetry: Zaisi Xu, Yunshi Guan, Zhiyuan Ma

#### 《折桂令·春情》徐再思 [元]

#### Lovesickness (Poetry by Zaisi Xu)

平生不会相思，才会相思，便害相  
思。

I never knew lovesickness in my  
entire life

身似浮云，心如飞絮，气若游丝。

Only as I start to experience it  
I am already deeply tormented by it.

空一缕余香在此，盼千金游子何之。

My body as floaty as the cloud  
My heart fluttering as the catkins  
My breath as thin as the thread

证候来时，正是何时？

灯半昏时，月半明时。

Only a trace of your scent remains  
here  
My precious one, where have you  
gone?

Lovesickness hits me,  
When does it feel the strongest?

When the lamp is half-dim,  
And the moon is half-covered.

《红绣鞋·欢情》贯石云 [元]

Amour (Poetry by Yunshi Guan)

挨着靠着云窗同坐，看着笑着月枕双  
歌，

Leaning on each other and sitting by  
the cloud windows;

听着数着愁着怕着早四更过。

Looking at each other, laughing, and  
singing on the moon pillows;

四更过，情未足；

Listening, counting, worrying, and  
fearing the night passing.

情未足，夜如梭。

Night passing, love lingering,

天哪，更闰一更儿妨甚么！

Love lingering, time flying.

O Heaven, can't you spare us two  
more hours!

《落梅风·蔷薇露》马致远[元]

Dews on the roses (Poetry by  
Zhiyuan Ma)

蔷薇露，荷叶雨，

Dews on the roses, raindrops on the  
lotus leaves,

菊花霜冷香庭户。

Cold frost on the chrysanthemum  
flowers, whose fragrance permeates  
the courtyard and the household.

梅梢月斜人影孤，

恨薄情，四时辜负。

Above the plum tree slantly hangs the  
moon, Casting my lonely shadow.

I resent your fickle love, for which I  
have squandered all four seasons.

Down in the Forest  
(SPRING)

Down in the forest something stirred,  
So faint that I scarcely heard:  
But the forest leapt at the sound,  
Like a good ship homeward bound.

Down in the forest something stirred:  
It was only the note of a bird.

Now in the morning of life I stand,  
And I long for the touch of your hand:  
I am here, I am here at your door,  
Oh, love, we will wait no more!

Down in the forest something stirred,  
It was only the note of a bird.

Love I have Won You  
(SUMMER)

Love, I have won you and held you  
In a life-long quickening dream,  
When the meadows sprang fair with flowers,  
And the river was all a-gleam.

Warm shone the sunlight around us,  
And clear were the skies above ;  
Till the stars peeped forth in the twilight,  
And the moon rose pale with love.

Love, I have won you and held you.  
Life has no more to give :  
Then come to me in the sunshine,  
It is summer. Ah, let us live!



The Winds are Calling  
(AUTUMN)

The winds are calling, calling,  
And the friendly voices die ;  
The rain is falling, falling,  
From out a frowning sky :  
Then let us say it quickly, you and I :  
Good-bye!

If aught that I have told you  
Should bring a moment's pain,  
Love, I will take and hold you  
Within my arms again :  
And press you closely to my heart  
Before we part:  
Then let us say it quickly, you and I :  
Good-bye '

Drift Down, Drift Down  
(WINTER)

Drift down, drift down from the skies,  
Little white snowflakes, falling fast:  
Like sleep that falls on tired eyes  
To bring us peace at last.  
Drift down, drift down from the skies,  
Little white snowflakes, falling fast.  
Fall soft, fall soft on my love,  
Little white snowflakes, drifting down :  
Messengers from the skies above  
On the winds of passion blown :  
Fall soft, fall soft on my love,  
Little white snowflakes, drifting down.  
Drift down, drift down from the skies,  
Little white snowflakes falling fast:  
Like sleep that falls on tired eyes  
To bring us peace at last.  
Drift down, drift down from the skies,  
Little white snowflakes, falling fast.

The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird  
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!  
Never shall lament cease because of that.  
It was like the parting of day from night.  
Ah, sore was the suffering borne  
By the body of Mary's Son,  
But sorer still to Him was the grief  
Which for His sake  
Came upon His Mother.

The monk and his cat

Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.  
Each has his own work to do daily;  
For you it is hunting, for me study.  
Your shining eye watches the wall;  
my feeble eye is fixed on a book.  
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;  
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.  
Pleased with his own art  
Neither hinders the other;  
Thus we live ever  
without tedium and envy.  
Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

***Sure on this Shining Night***

Samuel Barber

1910–1981

Sure on this shining night  
Of starmade shadows round,  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.  
All is healed, all is health.  
High summer holds the earth.  
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night  
I weep for wonder  
Wandering far alone  
Of shadows on the stars.