COLLEGE OF MUSIC

University of North Texas College of Music

Doctoral Recital | Monday, November 17, 2025 | 5:00 p.m. | Recital Hall

Qingya Ding, mezzo-soprano

Jiaxin Ou, piano

from Des Knaben Wunderhorn (1886–1896/1899–1901) ..... Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)
- I. Ablösung im Sommer
- II. Verlor'ne Müh
- VII. Rheinlegendchen
- IX. Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen
- XI. Urlicht

from 3 Songs, Op. 3 (1904) ..... Roger Quilter (1877–1953)
- Now sleeps the crimson petal
- Love's Philosophy

Werther! Qui m'aurait dit...Ces lettres, from *Werther* (1892) ..... Jules Massenet (1842–1912)

Lydia, from Deux melodies, Op. 4 (1870) ..... Gabriel Urbain Fauré (1845–1924)

Larmes, from Quatre Mélodies, Op. 51 (1888) ..... Gabriel Urbain Fauré

Les berceaux, from Trois Mélodies, Op. 23 (1879) ..... Gabriel Urbain Fauré

Via resti servita,
from *Le nozze di Figaro* K. 492 (1786) ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

Chiyue Huang, soprano

The Lament of the Orchid 幽兰操 (2011) ..... Zhao Jiping (b. 1945)

Program one hundred eighty-six of the 2025–2026 season
Photography and videography are prohibited

Program Notes

Gustav Mahler (1860–1911) was one of the most visionary composers of the late Romantic period, whose music blended elements of symphonic and song forms. Born into an ordinary Jewish family in Bohemia, Mahler studied at the Vienna Conservatory and soon gained renown for his passionate intensity and meticulous conducting style. As a composer, he united monumental orchestration with profound personal reflection, exploring themes ofnature, love, innocence, and death.

Mahler's Wunderhorn-Lieder—based on poems from the German folk song collection *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*—demonstrate his deep understanding of folk traditions. Though rooted in folk poetry, these songs transcend their humble origins through Mahler's vivid orchestration, rich harmonic layers, and profound psychological insight.[1] In these songs, Mahler found reflections of the human condition: humor and tragedy, faith and irony, the sacred and the mundane.

"Ablösung im Sommer" (The Changing of the Summer) is a playful miniature depicting the cuckoo's departure and the nightingale's arrival. Beneath its cheerful surface, however, lies Mahler's meditation on the cycles ofnature and renewal.

"Verlorne Müh'" (Wasted Effort) humorously captures the frustration of a girl trying to win the affection of an uninterested lover. Through conversational phrasing and rustic rhythms, Mahler reveals the comic charm and pathos ofhuman desire.

"Rheinlegendchen" (The Little Rhine Legend) tells the story of a maiden who throws her ring into the Rhine, only for it to miraculously return to her beloved via the king's fish. Mahler imbues this folk tale with tenderness and light irony; the lilting rhythm evokes the gentle flow of the river.

"Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen" (Where the Fair Trumpets Soun) stands as one of Mahler's most poignant songs. In it, a soldier his beloved to bid her farewell before departing for the afterlife. The music alternates between lullaby tenderness and mournful distance; the muted trumpet calls symbolize both beauty and death.

"Urlicht" (Primeval Light) later included in Mahler's Resurrection Symphony, is among his most spiritual works. The text, which expresses a soul's yearning for divine grace, is set with remarkable simplicity and sincerity. This foreshadows Mahler's later symphonic vision of redemption.

Roger Quilter (1877–1953) was an emblematic figure of early twentieth-century English song. He combined refined craftsmanship with emotional sincerity. Having studied at the Hoch Conservatory in Frankfurt, Quilter drew from the English Renaissance and German Lied traditions while maintaining a distinct voice that was lyrical, warm, and quintessentially English.[2]

"Love's Philosophy", a setting of Percy Bysshe Shelley's poem, embodies the impassioned energy of romantic union. The flowing triplets of the piano imitate the imagery of rivers and winds joining together, and the vocal line soars with persuasive urgency. The song's ardent simplicity captures Shelley's vision of love as a natural, universal force.

"Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal", based on Tennyson's verse, Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal offers a striking contrast: it is serene, introspective, and sensuous. Its tender harmonic color and softly undulating rhythm evoke the imagery of night and repose. Quilter's delicate interplay between voice and piano reveals his mastery of poetic nuance and tonal shading.

---

[1] Constantin Floros, Gustav Mahler: The Symphonies (Portland, OR: Amadeus Press, 1993), 15–20.
[2] Derek B. Scott, "Quilter, Roger," Grove Music Online, 2001.

Jules Massenet (1842–1912) was one of-the most prominent French composers of the late nineteenth century. He was celebrated for his lyrical elegance, refined orchestration, and profound psychological insight. A master of operatic characterization, Massenet combined melodic beauty with dramatic subtlety to portray human emotion with tenderness and restraint. Works such as *Manon, Werther,* and *Thaïs* exemplify the sensuous lyricism and emotional realism that define the French Romantic tradition.[3] His harmonic delicacy and orchestral color also anticipated the Impressionist style.

Werther is a four-act opera completed by French composer Jules Massenet in 1887. It is based on the novel *The Sorrows of Young Werther* by German writer Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Renowned for its romanticism, delicate emotions, and rich psychological portrayal, *Werther* is considered one of Massenet's most notable lyrical tragedies. The "Letter Aria," which appears in Act III, is one of the opera's most poignant moments. In this scene, after Werther's departure, Charlotte rereads his letters daily, and her inner anguish and repression gradually surface. Hearing Werther's pleas through his words, she reminisces about the time they knew and understood each other while wrestling with reason and emotion. The music begins with gentle recollections; its melody tender yet sorrowful, as if she were murmuring softly. As her emotions intensify, the melody swells, and the harmonies grow richer, revealing the uncontrollable storm of feelings raging within her heart.

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924) was one of the most significant French composers of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, regarded as a bridge between Romanticism and modern music. Born in Pémier, France, he studied at the Conservatoire de Paris under Saint-Saëns and later served as organist at the Madeleine Church and director of the Paris Conservatoire, profoundly influencing the development of French music.

Fauré's music is renowned for its elegant restraint and refined harmonies, eschewing the exaggerated emotion of Romanticism in favor of pure, tranquil lyricism.[4] He excelled particularly in art songs (mélodie), with masterpieces including "Après un rêve," "Au clair de la lune," and "La Fille aux papillons." His *Requiem* (Op. 48) is celebrated for its gentle, serene religious sentiment, revealing his understanding of eternal rest. As a transitional composer bridging eras, Fauré inherited the clarity and elegance of French tradition while inspiring later generations like Debussy and Ravel. His work embodies the balanced beauty of French music—a harmonious blend of intellect and emotion—through "strength in stillness."

"Lydia", with text by Leconte de Lisle, celebrates youthful beauty and sensual admiration. Its fluid melodic line, luminous harmony, and radiant lyricism reveal Fauré's early mastery of musical sophistication within a classical framework.

"Larmes" (Tears) explores loss and longing through transparent textures and harmonies of exquisite delicacy. Its restrained melancholy and nuanced phrasing reflect Fauré's talent for conveying profound emotion with simplicity.

"Les berceaux" (The Cradles), a setting of Sully Prudhomme's poem, draws a poignant parallel between the cradles that rock on the shore and the ships that carry men away to sea. The accompaniment's gentle rocking mirrors the motion of both the cradle and the ocean waves, while the melody evokes the bittersweet melancholy of separation.

---

[3] Demar Irvine, Massenet: A Chronicle of His Life and Times (Portland, OR: Amadeus Press, 1994), 3–10.

[4] Jean-Michel Nectoux, Gabriel Fauré: A Musical Life (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1991), x–xii.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791) Austrian composer Mozart stands as one of the most representative musicians of the Classical period, hailed as a "musical prodigy."[5] He demonstrated extraordinary talent from childhood, composing mature works as a teenager.

Mozart's music is renowned for its beautiful melodies, clear structure, and profound emotion, blending Italian lyricism with German Austrian rationality to forge a uniquely captivating artistic language.

During his brief life, Mozart composed over six hundred works spanning symphonies, concertos, chamber music, sacred music, and operas. His operatic achievements were particularly outstanding, with masterpieces like *Le nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and *The Magic Flute* demonstrating profound insight into human nature and dramatic tension. *Le nozze di Figaro* with its witty plot and nuanced character portrayals, stands as an immortal classic in operatic history.

Mozart's artistic achievements not only established the paradigm of the Classical style but also charted new directions for the development of music in subsequent generations. To this day, his works continue to move audiences worldwide with their pure, elegant, and sincere beauty.

"Via resti servita", is a duet full of dramatic tension from Act I of Mozart's opera *Le nozze di Figaro*. The opera, adapted from the French playwright Pierre Beaumarchais's comedy of the same name, premiered in Vienna in 1786 and was the result of Mozart's collaboration with the poet and librettist Lorenzo Da Ponte. The work is renowned for its witty satire of eighteenth-century class relations between nobility and servants, reflecting the humanist and socially critical spirit of the Enlightenment. "Via resti servita" serves as one of the most representative scenes embodying this ironic spirit.[6]

In this duet, the Countess's maid Susanna and the older housekeeper Marcellina engage in a seemingly polite yet sharply barbed exchange of courtesies. Both women are connected to the valet Figaro—Susanna as his fiancée, and Marcellina as a woman who, through a debt contract, claims that Figaro must marry her. What unfolds is a mock display of exaggerated civility, with each woman insisting "after you" while her tone drips with sarcasm and hostility.

Zhao Jiping (1945—) is one of China's most influential contemporary composers, renowned for his unique style that seamlessly integrates traditional Chinese aesthetics with modern harmonic language. Born in Xi'an, Shaanxi Province, Zhao graduated from the Composition Department of Xi'an Conservatory of Music, later serving as its dean and chairing the China Musicians Association. His profound cultural cultivation and extensive experience composing film scores—including collaborations with directors such as Zhang Yimou and Chen Kaige—have collectively shaped his musical language, which embodies both national character and contemporary sensibility. Zhao's works, imbued with lyricism and poetic imagery, reflect a pursuit of spiritual elevation and moral beauty, establishing him as a pivotal figure in contemporary Chinese music.

幽兰操 (Ode to the Orchid) is a vocal composition created by Zhao Jiping in 2011, with lyrics adapted from the Tang Dynasty literary figure Han Yu's ancient prose of the same name. Han Yu likened himself to the orchid, using concise and noble language to extol the orchid's subtle fragrance and steadfast integrity, thereby expressing the aspirations of a noble gentleman. The opening lines, 'The orchid stands tall and graceful, its fragrance wafting freely; surrounded by other blooms, its scent remains subtle and refined', depict the orchid's secluded yet unpretentious beauty as it stands alone in the valley. This symbolizes a noble character that remains untouched by worldly trends,

---

[5] Charles Osborne, The Complete Operas of Mozart (New York: Da Capo, 1992).

[6] Albert R. Rice, Mozart and His Operas (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2018), 122–125.

preserving its purity and integrity. Zhao Jiping transforms this classical imagery into a serene melody and warm sonic landscape through music imbued with profound Eastern aesthetics, revealing the orchid's pure fragrance and spiritual radiance. The composition flows gracefully, its melodies rooted in the Chinese pentatonic scale and complemented by delicate orchestration and richly layered vocal textures. This interplay between stillness and movement breathes poetic vitality into the music. The middle section gradually ascends, evoking the orchid's steadfast stance amidst wind and snow — a reflection of its resilience, described as 'flourishing through frost and snow, budding in winter's chill'. This symbolizes the unwavering conviction and integrity of a noble person in the face of adversity. The concluding melody returns to tranquility; its lingering echoes like the orchid's fragrance drifting far and wide, signifying the enduring legacy and spiritual elevation of noble character. "Ode to the Orchid" is not just an ode to nature, but a hymn to noble character. Zhao Jiping uses music to depict the orchid as envisioned by Han Yu, seamlessly blending the artistic conception of classical literature with modern musical expression. As listeners immerse themselves in the tranquil melody, they sense the noble spirit and the fragrance of life. They also gain an understanding of the spiritual realm of purity, distance, tranquility, and elegance inherent in Eastern aesthetics.

Texts and Translations

from Des Knaben Wunderhorn (1886–1896/1899–1901) | Text author anonymous | English translation © Richard Stokes

I. Ablösung im Sommer | The changing of the summer guard

Kukuk hat sich zu Tode gefallen An einer grünen Weiden, Kukuk ist tot, hat sich zu Tod' gefallen! Wer soll uns denn den Sommer lang Die Zeit und Weil vertreiben?	The cuckoo has sung himself to death On a green willow. Cuckoo is dead, has sung himself to death! Who shall now all summer long While away the time for us?
Eidas soll tun Frau Nachtigall, Die sitzt aufgrünem Zweige; Die kleine, feine Nachtigall, Die liebe, süße Nachtigall! Sie singt und springt, ist allzeit froh, Wenn andre Vögel schweigen.	Ah! Mrs. Nightingale shall do that, She sits on the green branch, That small and graceful nightingale, That sweet and lovely nightingale! She hops and sings, is always joyous, When other birds are silent.
Wir warten auf Frau Nachtigall; Die wohnt im grünen Hage, Und wenn der Kukuk zu Ende ist, Dann fängt sie an zu schlagen!	We shall wait for Mrs. Nightingale, She lives in the green grove, And when the cuckoo's time is up, She will start to sing!

II. Verlor'ne Müh | Wasted effort

SIE Büble, wir wollen ausse gehe, Wollen wir? Unsere Lämmer besehe, Komm, liebs Büberle, Komm, ich bitt.	SHE Hey laddie, shall we go walking, Shall we see to our lambs? Come, dear laddie, Come, I beg you.
ER Närrisches Dinterle, Ich geh dir halt nit!	HE Foolish girl, I will not go with you.

continued on following page

SIE	SHE
Willst vielleicht ä Bissel nasche,	Perhaps you would like a little nibble,
Hol dir was aus meiner Tasch;	Take a morsel from my pack;
Hol, liebs Büberle,	Take it, dear lad,
Hol, ich bitt.	Take something, I beg you.
ER	HE
Närrisches Dinterle,	Foolish girl,
Ich nasch' dir halt nit.	I will take no nibbles from you.
SIE	SHE
Gelt, ich soll mein Herz dir schenke,	I will offer you my heart, then,
Immer willst an mich gedenke;	So you will always think of me;
Nimms, Liebs Büberle!	Take it, dear laddie!
Nimms, ich bitt.	Take it, I beg you.
ER	HE
Närrisches Dinterle,	Foolish girl,
Ich mag es halt nit!s	I will have none of it!

VII. Rheinlegendchen | Little Rhine Legend

Bald gras ich am Neckar,	I mow by the Neckar,
Bald gras ich am Rhein,	I mow by the Rhine;
Bald hab ich ein Schätzel,	At times I've a sweetheart,
Bald bin ich allein.	At times I am alone.
Was hilft mir das Grasen,	What use is mowing,
Wenn d'Sichel nicht schneidt,	If the sickle will not cut,
Was hilft mir ein Schätzel,	What use is a sweetheart,
Wenn's bei mir nicht bleibt.	If she will not stay.
So soll ich denn grasen	So if I am to mow
Am Neckar, am Rhein,	By the Neckar, and Rhine,
So werf ich mein goldenes	I will throw in their waters
Ringlein hinein.	My little gold ring.
Es fließet im Neckar	It will flow in the Neckar
Und fließet im Rhein,	And flow in the Rhine,
Soll schwimmen hinunter	And float right away
Ins Meer tief hinein.	To the depths of the sea.
Und schwimmt es das Ringlein,	And floating, the ring
So frißt es ein Fisch,	Will be gulped by a fish,
Das Fischlein soll kommen	The fish will be served
Aufs Königs sein Tisch!	At the King's own table.
Der König tät fragen,	The King will enquire
Wems Ringlein sollt sein?	Whose ring it might be;
Da tät mein Schatz sagen,	My sweetheart will say
Das Ringlein g'hört mein.	The ring belongs to me.
Mein Schätzlein tät springen,	My sweetheart will bound
Berg auf und Berg ein,	Over hill, over dale,
Tät mir wiedrum bringen	And bring back to me
Das Goldringlein fein.	My little gold ring.
Kannst grasen am Neckar,	You can mow by the Neckar
Kannst grasen am Rhein,	And mow by the Rhine,
Wirf du mir nur immer	If you will always keep throwing
Dein Ringlein hinein .	Your ring in for me.

IX. Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen | Where the splendid trumpets sound

Wer ist denn draußen und wer klopfet an, Der mich so leise, so leise wecken kann?	Who stands outside and knocks at my door, Waking me so gently?
Das ist der Herzallerliebste dein, Steh auf und laß mich zu dir ein!	It is your own true dearest love, Arise, and let me in.
Was soll ich hier nun länger stehn? Ich seh die Morgenröt aufgehn, Die Morgenröt, zwei helle Stern, Bei meinem Schatz, da wär ich gern, bei meiner Herzallerliebsten.	Why leave me longer waiting here? I see rosy dawn appear, The rosy dawn and two bright stars. I long to be beside my love, Beside my dearest love.
Das Mädchen stand auf und ließ ihn ein; Sie heißt ihn auch wilkommen sein. Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein, So lang hast du gestanden!	The girl arose and let him in, She bids him welcome too. O welcome, dearest love of mine, Too long have you been waiting.
Sie reicht ihm auch die schneeweiße Hand. Von ferne sang die Nachtigall Das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.	She gives to him her snow-white hand, From far off sang the nightingale, The girl began to weep.
Ich zieh in Krieg auf grüner Heid, Die grüne Heide, die ist so weit. Allwo dort die schönen Trompeten blasen, Da ist mein Haus, von grünem Rasen.	I am going to war, to the green heath, The green heath so far away. There where the splendid trumpets sound, There is my home of green turf.

from 3 Songs, Op. 3 (1904)

Now sleeps the crimson petal | Text by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The firefly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou,
and slip Into my bosom and be lost in me.

Love's Philosophy | Text by Percy Bysshe Shelley

The fountains mingle with the river
And the Rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;

Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle.
Why not I with thine?

continued on following page

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;

And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?

Werther! Qui m'aurait dit...Ces lettres, from *Werther* (1892)

Werther! Werther!
Who would have told me the place
that he occupies
in my heart today?
Since he has gone, despite myself,
I have been all weary!
And my soul is filled with him!
These letters! . . .
Ah! I read them constantly . . .
With what charm,
but also what sadness!
I should destroy them. . . I cannot!

"I am writing to you from my little room;
a sky gray and heavy of December
weighs upon me like a shroud,
and I am alone! Alone! Always alone!"
Ah! No one near him! . . .
Not a single testimony
often tenderness or even pity!
God! How did this sad courage
come to me,
to order this exile and isolation?

"Joyful cries of children
rise from beneath my window.
And I think of the time so sweet
when all your dear little ones
were playing around us!
They will forget me, perhaps?"
No, Werther, in their memory
your image remains alive,
and when you return . . .
But will he return?

Ah! This last note freezes
and terrifies me!
"You said to me: Christmas,
and I cried: Never!
We will soon know
which of us was speaking the truth!
But if I do not reappear,
on the appointed day before you,
do not accuse me, weep for me!

Werther! Werther!
Qui m'aurait dit la place
que dans mon Coeur
il occupe aujourd'hui?
Depuis qu'il est parti,
malgré moi tout me lasse!
Et mon âme est pleine de lui!
Ces lettres! . . .
Ah! je les relis sans cesse . . .
Avec quel charme,
mais aussi quelle tristesse!
Je devrais les détruire . . . je ne puis!

«Je vous écris de ma petite chambre;
un ciel gris et lourd de Décembre
pèse sur moi comme un linceul,
et je suis seul! seul! toujours seul!»
Ah! personne près de lui! . . .
Pas un seul témoignage
de tendresse ou même de pitié!
Dieu! Comment m'est venu
ce triste courage,
d'ordonner cet exil et cet isolement?

«Des cris joyeux d'enfants
montent sous ma fenêtre.
Et je pense à ce temps si doux
où tous vos chers petits
jouaient autour de nous!
Ils m'oublieront peut-être?»
Non, Werther, dans leur souvenir
votre image reste vivante,
et quand vous reviendrez . . .
Mais doit-il revenir?

Ah! ce dernier billet me glace
et m'épouvante!
«Tu m'as dit: à Noël,
et j'ai crié: Jamais!
On va bientôt connaître
qui de nous deux disait vrai!
Mais si je ne dois reparaître,
au jour fixé, devant toi,
ne m'accuse pas, pleure-moi!

continued on following page

Yes, with those eyes so full of charms,
these lines, you will reread them,
and you will wet them with your tears,
O Charlotte, and you will tremble!"

Oui, de ces yeux si pleins de charmes,
ces lignes, tu les reliras,
tu les mouilleras de tes larmes,
O Charlotte, et tu frémiras!»

Lydia, from Deux melodies, Op. 4 (1870)

Lydia sur tes roses joues
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,
Que le lait, coule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu dénoues ;

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur,
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur tes lèvres en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein;
Les délices comme un essaim
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours.
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie !
Ô Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir toujours !

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and white,
Flow sparklingly
The fluid golden tresses which you loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance on your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;
Kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I may die, forever die!

Larmes, from Quatre Mélodies, Op. 51 (1888)

Pleurons nos chagrins,
chacun le nôtre.
Une larme tombe, puis une autre.
Toi, qui pleures-tu?
Ton doux pays,
Tes parents lointains, ta fiancée.
Moi, mon existance dépensée
En vœux trahis.

Pleurons nos chagrins,
chacun le nôtre.
Une larme tombe, puis une autre.
Semons dans la mer ces pâles fleurs.
A notre sanglot qui se lamente

Elle répondra par la tourmente
des flots hurleurs.

Pleurons nos chagrins,
chacun le nôtre.
Une larme tombe, puis une autre.
Peut-être toi-même, ô triste mer,
Mer au gout de larme acre et salée,
Es-tu de la terre inconsolée
Le pleur amer!

Let us weep for our griefs,
each of us our own.
A tear falls, then another.
You, for whom do you weep?
Your sweet country,
your distant parents, your fiancée.
Me, my existence wasted
in betrayed vows.

Let us weep for our grief,
each of us our own.
A tear falls, then another.
Let us sow these pale flowers into the sea.
To our sob which mourns itself

it will reply by the churning
of the howling waves.

Let us weep over our grief,
each of us our own.
A tear falls, then another.
Maybe you are yourself, o sad sea,
sea with the taste of bitter and salty tears,
of the disconsolate earth
the bitter tear!

Les berceaux, from Trois Mélodies, Op. 23 (1879) | The cradles
Text by Sully Prudhomme | English translation © Richard Stokes

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 harbor behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.

Via resti servita, from *Le nozze di Figaro* K. 492 (1786)

MARCELLINA
Via resti servita, Madama brillante.

SUSANNA
Non sono sì ardita,
madama piccante.

MARCELLINA
No, prima a lei tocca.

SUSANNA
No, no, tocca a lei.

SUSANNA e MARCELLINA
Io so i dover miei,
non fo inciviltà .

MARCELLINA
La sposa novella!

SUSANNA
La dama d'onore!

MARCELLINA
Del Conte la bella!

SUSANNA
Di Spagna l'amore!

MARCELLINA
I meriti!

SUSANNA
L'abito!

MARCELLINA
Il posto!

SUSANNA
L'età!

MARCELLINA
After you, gracious lady.

SUSANNA
I would not be so bold,
worthy ma'am.

MARCELLINA
No, you go first, pray.

SUSANNA
No, no, after you.

SUSANNA and MARCELLINA
I know my place,
I would not presume so much.

MARCELLINA
A bride to be first.

SUSANNA
A lady in waiting.

MARCELLINA
The Count's favorite.

SUSANNA
The toast of Spain.

MARCELLINA
Your qualities.

SUSANNA
Your dress.

MARCELLINA
Your position.

SUSANNA
Your age..

continued on following page

MARCELLINA
Per Bacco, precipito,
se ancor resto qua.

MARCELLINA
I will fly into a rage
if I stay here any longer.

SUSANNA
Sibilla decrepita, da rider mi fa.

SUSANNA
Decrepit old witch, she is a laughingstock.

The Lament of the Orchid 幽兰操 (2011)

兰之猗猗，扬扬其香	The orchid stands tall and graceful; its fragrance wafts far and wide.
众香拱之，幽幽其芳	Surrounded by myriad scents, its subtle sweetness lingers.
不采而佩，于兰何伤	Unplucked, yet worn as an ornament — What harm does this do to the orchid?
以日以年，我行四方	Day after day, year after year, I journey far and wide.
文王梦熊，渭水泱泱	King Wen dreamed of a bear, The Wei River flows vast and wide.
采而佩之，奕奕清芳	Plucked and worn as an ornament, its pure fragrance shines brightly.
雪霜茂茂，蕾蕾于冬	Through snow and frost, it thrives, Budding in the depths of winter.
君子之守，子孙之昌	The noble one's steadfastness, The prosperity of descendants.

Bibliography

Floros, Constantin. Gustav Mahler: The Symphonies. Portland, OR: Amadeus Press, 1993.

Gao, Bingkun (高炳坤). "A Study of Zhao Jiping's Musical Style." Master's thesis, Xi'an Conservatory of Music, 2012.

Han, Yu. "Youlan Cao (The Lament of the Orchid)." In Collected Works of Han Yu (韩昌黎集), 9th century.

Heartz, Daniel. "Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus." Grove Music Online, 2001.

Irvine, Demar. Massenet: A Chronicle of His Life and Times. Portland, OR: Amadeus Press, 1994.

Jones, J. Barrie. Gabriel Fauré: His Life and Works. London: Oxford University Press, 1989. Kimball, Carol. Song: A Guide to Art Song Style and Literature. Revised Edition. Milwaukee, WI: Hal Leonard Corporation, 2006.

LiederNet Archive. https://www.lieder.net.

McCreless, Patrick. "Massenet, Jules." Grove Music Online, 2001.

Nectoux, Jean-Michel. Gabriel Fauré: A Musical Life. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1991.

Opera Arias Database. "Via resti servita."https://www.opera-arias.com/mozart/le-nozze-di-figaro/via-resti-servita-madame-brillante/.

Orledge, Robert. Gabriel Fauré. London: Eulenburg Books, 1979.

Osborne, Charles. The Complete Operas of Mozart: A Critical Guide. New York: Da Capo Press, 1992.

Parlance Chamber Concerts. "Jules Massenet (1842–1912): Letter Scene and Va! laisse couler mes larmes from Werther." https://www.parlancechamberconcerts.org.

Rice, Albert R. Mozart and His Operas. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2018. Scott, Derek B. "Quilter, Roger." Grove Music Online, 2001.

Stokes, Richard. A French Song Companion. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000. Stokes, Richard. The Book of Lieder. London: Faber and Faber, 2005.

Zhao, Jiping. The Lament of the Orchid (幽兰操). China National Symphony Orchestra Archives, 2011.