

Hugo Wolf

Italienisches Liederbuch

**ANNY CHENG, PIANO
DEBORAH POPHAM, SOPRANO
COURTNEY SHERMAN, SOPRANO
MICHAEL DEZORT, BARITONE
IVÁN SOTELO-DURÁN, BARITONE**

**DOCTORAL RECITAL SERIES
KATZIN CONCERT HALL
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 2007 · 5:00PM**

Program

Italiensches Liederbuch

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Teil I

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken
Mir ward gesagt, du reiseest in die Ferne
Ihr seid die Allerschönste
Gesegnet sei, durch den die Welt entstand
Selig ihr Blinden
Wer rief dich denn?
Der Mond hat eine schwere Klag' erhoben
Nun laß uns Frieden schließen
Daß doch gemalt all' dein Reize wären
Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen
Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen
Nein, junger Herr
Hoffärtig seid Ihr
Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kutten hüllen
Mein Liebster ist so klein
Ihr jungen Leute
Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen
Heb' auf dein blondes Haupt und schlafe nicht
Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen
Mein Liebster singt am Haus im Mondenscheine
Man sagt mir, deine Mutter woll' es nicht
Ein Ständchen Euch zu bringen

Deborah Popham, Soprano

Michael Dezort, Baritone

****There will be a 10-minute intermission****

Teil II

Was für ein Lied soll dir gesungen werden
Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht trocken mehr
Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen
Ich ließ mir sagen und mir ward erzählt
Schon streck' ich aus im Bett die müden Glieder
Du sagst mir, daß ich keine Fürstin sei
Wohl kenn' ich Euern Stand
Laß sie nur gehn, die so die Stolze spielt
Wie soll ich fröhlich sein
Was soll der Zorn, mein Schatz
Sterb' ich, so hüllt in Blumen meine Glieder
Und steht Ihr früh am Morgen auf vom Bette
Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter
Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf
Wie viele Zeit verlor ich
Wenn du mich mit den Augen streifst und lachst
Gesegnet sei das Grün und wer es trägt
O wär' dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glass
Heut' Nacht erhob ich mich
Nicht länger kann ich singen
Schweig' einmal still
O wüßtest du, wie viel ich deinetwegen
Verschling' der Abgrund meines Liebster Hütte
Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen

Courtney Sherman, Soprano

Iván Sotelo-Durán, Baritone

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the performance requirements for the degree Doctorate of Musical Arts in Collaborative Piano performance.

Anny Cheng is a student of Eckart Sellheim.

In respect for the performers and those audience members around you, please turn all beepers, cell phones and watches to their silent mode.

Thank you.

Program Notes

Wolf brought songs to the highly refined and intellectual ear after Schubert and Schumann. His elegant literary taste and genius for musical matching allowed him the great ability to express the nuances of texts--an ability which has never been surpassed. In his songs, poetry and music are inextricably integrated, making it impossible to separate them from another.

Hugo Wolf was born on March 13, 1860 at Windschgraz. His father, Philipp Wolf, was a self-taught musician. His mother, Katharina, with her Italian family background, had a fiery temperament and a strong character. Wolf inherited his father's passion and his mother's strong character. After his father's warehouse was destroyed by fire, Wolf moved in with his aunt in Vienna. He explored the rich cultural life in Vienna and he was exposed by Richard Wagner's music; he tried to arrange a meeting with him to show him his music. Wolf was expelled from the Vienna Conservatoire because of his lack of discipline in 1877. He was madly in love with Valentien Franck at age 18 and the love lasted for two years. This love inspired him to write songs, the texts of which included several of Heinrich Heine's poems. Wolf shared a room with Gustav Mahler for a while and their landlord threw them out into the street because they were singing madly after seeing Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*.

Wolf held the position of chorus master at the Salzburg civic theater. Also, he served in the army for a short time. After an encounter with Franz Liszt in 1883, Wolf began his large form tone-poem, the orchestral piece *Penthesilea*. In the meantime, he wrote *Zur Ruh'*, *zur Ruh'* which is the first song to bring Wagnerian-style declamation and harmony to the miniature world of the art song. In 1888, he started writing series of songs by poets: *Mörrike-Lieder*, *Eichendorff-Lieder*, *Goethe-Lieder* and *Spanisches Liederbuch*. After *Spanisches Liederbuch* was completed, Wolf intended to write an opera, but the libretto eluded him. He started writing

5. Selig ihr Blinden

Happy are the blind, for they cannot see the charms that arouse such passion in us. Happy are the deaf, who can ridicule lover's laments without shuddering. Happy are the dumb, who cannot tell women of their heart's suffering. Happy are the dead who have been buried! They have found peace from the torments of love.

6. Wer rief dich denn

Who called you? Who summoned you here? Who told you to come, if it is such a burden for you? Go to the little darling whom you like more. Go where your thoughts are. Go on, go to the one who is in your mid and thoughts. You came to me, but you need not have bothered. Go to the little darling whom you like more. Who called you? Who summoned you here?

7. Der Mond hat eine schwere Klag' erhoben

The moon has made a bitter complaint and has taken the matter to the Lord. It does not want to be in the sky, now that you have taken away its radiance. The last time is counted the stars they were no longer complete. You have stolen two of the loveliest-those two eyes which have dazzled me.

8. Nun laß uns Frieden schließen

Let us make peace, dearest life, for we have been quarrelling too long. If you do not want to, I shall have to surrender. How could we wage mortal warfare? Kings and princes make peace; why shouldn't lovers be eager to? Princes and soldiers make peace; why can't two lovers succeed? Do you think that a pair of happy hearts cannot achieve what such great men can?

9. Daß doch gemalt all' deine Reize wären

If only all your charms were painted, and a heathen prince would find the picture. He would make you a big present, and put his crown into your hands, His whole realm, even to its furthest corners, would have to convert to the true faith. There would be a proclamation in the whole country; everyone shall become a Christian and love you. And every heathen would rush to be converted, become a good Christian and love you.

10. Du denkst, mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen

You think you can catch me with a thread and make me fall in love with a single look. But I have caught others who had soared higher. You had better not trust me when you see me laugh. I have caught others, believe me. I am in love- but not with you. I am in love- but not with you.

11. Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen

How long had it been my desire to have a musician fond of me. Then the Lord let me have my wish and sent me one just like lilies and roses. Here he comes, with a gentle mien, and inclines his head and plays the violin.

12. Nein, junger Herr

No, young sir, that is no way to act! You ought to take care to behave decently. I am good enough for everyday, isn't that right? But you want better ones for holidays. No, young sir, if you go on with this sort of sin, your everyday girl will no longer be available.

13. Hoffärtig seid ihr schönes Kind

You are haughty, pretty child, and treat your suitors disdainfully. When you are spoken to, you hardly answer, as though it would be too much for you to reply. You are not the daughter of an Alexander; your dowry is not a kingdom. And if you won't have gold you will have to take tin, if you won't have love, take contempt instead.

14. Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kutten hüllen

Look, pal, shall we take the cloth and leave the world to somebody who enjoys it? Then we can knock on one door after another- "give a poor monk alms for Jesus' sake". Oh, dear father, you must come back later, when we have taken the bread out of the oven. Oh, dear father, come back later; one of my daughters is ill. If she is ill, let me see her so that she may not die unshriven. If she is ill, let me hear her confession. Close the door and window so that no one disturbs us when I hear the poor child's confession.

15. Mein Liebster ist so klein

My dearest is so small that without bending over he can sweep the floor with his locks. When he went into the garden to pluck jasmine he was frightened by a snail. Then he went back into the house to catch his breath and a fly knocked him over, And when he went to my window a gadfly broke his skull. Accursed be all flies, gnats, gadflies- and any girl who has a lover from the Maremma. Accursed be all flies, gnats, midges- and any girl who has to bend so low when he kisses her.

16. Ihr jungen Leute

You young men who are marching off to war, take good care of my dearest. See that he is brave under fire; he has never been in battle before. Never let him sleep out in the open; he is so delicate it could be fatal. Don't let him sleep in the moonlight; it would be the end of him, for he is no accustomed to it.

17. Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen

If you want to see your dearest die, don't wear you hair in ringlets, my beloved. Let it hang free over your shoulders, like threads of pure gold. Like golden threads moving in the wind, your hair is lovely, and so are you who wear it. Threads of gold, threads of silk, numberless; your hair is lovely, and so are you who comb it.

18. Heb' auf dein blondes Haupt

Raise your blond head and do not sleep; do not let slumber because you. I have four important things to say, and you must not miss any of them. First: my heart is breaking because of you. Second: I want to be yours alone. Third: I place my happiness in your hands. And last: my soul loves only you.

19. Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen

We have been silent for a long time, and suddenly we have regained the power of speech, The angles who fly down from heaven brought peace after war. God's angels have flown down bringing peace with the. The angels of love came in the night and brought peace to my heart.

20. Mien Liebster singt

My dearest is singing in front of the house in the moonlight, and I must lie in bed listening. I turn away from my mother and weep; my tears are blood, and they won't stop flowing. I have wept the broad stream by the bed; for tears, I can't tell if it's morning. I wept he board stream by the bed in longing; the tears of blood have made me blind.

21. Man sagt mir, deine Mutter woll' es night

They tell me your mother won't have it. So stay away, my darling, do as she wishes, Ah dearest- no, don't do as she wishes, come to me in secret; do it to spite her! No, don't listen to her, whatever she may say; do it to spite her, come every day!

22. Ein Ständchen Euch zu bringen

I have come to sing you a serenade- if the master of the house doesn't find it inconvenient. You have a pretty daughter. It would be good if you weren't so strict about keeping her at home. And if she is already in bed, please let her know about me, that her faithful admirer was here who has her in his thoughts day and night; and that in day that has twenty-four hours, I miss her twenty-five.

23. Was für ein Lied soll dir gesungen werden

What kind of song should I sing you that would be worthy of you. Where can I find it? It would be best if I could dig it up from deep in the earth, a song not sung by any creature. A song that neither man nor woman has ever heard or sung not even the oldest people.

24. Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht trocken mehr

The bread I eat isn't dry anymore. A thorn is stuck in my foot. I look right and left in vain, and find no one who will love me. It could even be a little old man who would show me a bit of love and honour. What I mean is, a well-built, respectable old man of about my age. What I mean is, to give myself away completely, a little old man- of about fourteen.

25. Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen

My dearest asked me to dinner and had no house in which to bid me welcome, no wood or stove to cook and roast, and the pot had broken long ago. There was neither wine nor were there glasses. The table was small and the tablecloth no better, the bread hard as stone and the knife totally blunt.

26. Ich ließ mir sagen

They told me that handsome Toni was starving himself to death. Ever since he has been feeling the pangs of love, he eats seven rolls for every molar. After dinner, to fortify his digestion, he eats a sausage and seven rolls. And if Tonina doesn't do something to ease his torment, we are in for famine and inflation.

27. Schon streckt' ich aus im Bett die müden Glieder

I was stretching out my tired limbs in bed when I had a vision of you, beloved. I jump up, put on my shoes, and wander through the town with my lute. I sing and play that the street rings; many are listening as I pass by. Many girls have been moved by my song, while the wind carries the sound away.

28. Du sagst mir, daß ich keine Fürstin sei

You tell me I'm not a princess. Well, you're not descended from the Spanish throne yourself. No, my boy, you get up at cock-crow and go off to the fields, not in an official coach. You make fun of my humble birth, but poverty never detracted from nobility. You scoff that I haven't a crown of coat of arms, and you yourself have only Shank's mare to ride on.

29. Wohl kenn' ich Euern Stand

I know that your rank isn't base, You wouldn't need to stoop so low as to love a poor, mean thing like me, when the handsomest men bow before you. You easily conquer the handsomest men; that is why I know you are only toying with me. You scoff at me- they tried to warn me, but oh, you are so beautiful; who can hold it against you?

30. Laß sie nur gehn

Let her go, let her act the proud beauty, the marvel of all the flowers. You can see where her eyes dart as she picks a new favourite every day. She behaves like Tuscany's river, which every mountain stream must follow. It seems to me that she behaves like the Arno; she has many suitors one minute and none the next.

31. Wie soll ich fröhlich sein

How can I be happy, how can I laugh, when you are openly angry with me? You come once in a hundred years, and then it's as though you had been ordered to. Why do you come if your family doesn't like it? Set my heart free, and then you can go. Live at home with your family in peace; for what heaven decides happens on earth. Live in peace with your family at home; for what heaven decides happens.

32. Was soll der Zorn, mein Schatz

Why are you so angry, my darling? I am not aware of having done anything wrong. Ah, take a knife instead and plunge it into my heart. If knife won't do, take a sword, so that my blood spurts heavenward. And if a sword won't do, take a dagger and wash all my torment in my blood.

33. Sterb' ich, so hüllt in Blumen meine Glieder

If I died, cover me with flowers; I don't want a grave. Lay me down opposite the walls where you saw me so often. Lay me down in the rain or the wind. I am glad to die if it's for you, beloved child. Lay me down there in sunshine and in rain. I die sweetly if I die for you.

34. Und steht Ihr früh am Morgen auf vom Bette

When you get up early in the morning you chase all the clouds out of the sky. You entice the sun to the top of the mountains, and angels rush to outdo one another in bringing your shoes and clothes. Then, when you go off to mass, you take everyone along with you, and as you draw near the church the lamps are lighted by your eyes. You take holy water, make the sign of the cross, moisten your white forehead, bow and genuflect. Oh how wonderfully becoming it all is. What marvelous gifts God has given you, who have received the crown of beauty. How graciously and happily you go through life; you have won the palm of beauty.

35. Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter

Blessed be the mother who gave your birth. You beauty is so exquisite, my longing reaches out to you. You gestures are so lovely; you are the most wonderful thing on earth, my jewel, my joy. Sweetest, you are truly blessed. When, from a distance, I languish and regard your loveliness- look how I tremble and moan so that I can hardly hide it. And in my breast I feel violent flames rising that destroy my peace- ah, madness seizes me!

36. Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf

When you, my dearest, go up to heaven, I will come toward you with my heart in my hand. You will embrace me lovingly, and then we shall cast ourselves at the Lord's feet. And when the Lord God sees our pangs of love, he will make two loving hearts one. He will join two hearts together in paradise, with the heavenly fires round about.

37. Wie viele Zeit verlor ich

How much time did I lose by loving you. If only I had loved God all that time. I would have had a place in paradise, with a saint seated at my side. But because I loved you- you and your pretty face- I have lost the light of paradise; and because I loved you, pretty violet, I will not be able enter paradise.

38. Wenn du mich mit den Augen streifst

When you glance at me and laugh, when you lower your eyes and drop your chin to your bosom. Give me a sign first, I bet you, that I make keep my heart in check. That I may keep it in check, gentle and quiet, when it wants to leap for love; that I may keep my heart in my breast when it wants to break out for joy.

39. Gesegnet sei das Grün

Blessed be the colour green and those who wear it. I am going to have a green dress made. The meads wear green in the spring. My eyes' delight dresses in green. It's the huntsman's custom to wear green and my sweetheart wears green too. Green looks good on everything, and every lovely fruit grows from green.

40. O wär' dein Haus durchsichtig wie Glass

Oh, if only your house were transparent as glass, my sweet, when I steal past. Then I could always see you inside- and how I would look at you with my whole being. How many looks my heart would send you; more than there are drops of water in the river in March. How many looks I would send towards you; more than the drops in rain shower.

41. Heut' Nacht erhob ich mich

Last night I got up at midnight. My heart had stolen away. I asked where it was going in such a rush, and it replied that it had only run away to see you. You see how much I love you, when my heart escapes from my breast to see you.

42. Nicht länger kann ich singen

I can sing no longer, for the strong wind blowing makes it difficult to breathe. I fear the time will pass by uselessly. If I were certain, I would not be going to bed. If I knew certain, I would not be going to bed. If I know something, I would not be going home and waste all this lovely time alone.

43. Schweig' einmal still

Be quiet at last, you horrible prattler, I am sick of your confounded singing. And if you went on until morning, you still wouldn't produce a pretty song. Be quiet at last, and go to sleep; I would prefer a donkey's serenade.

44. O wüßtest du

If you only knew how much I suffered last night on your account, you false renegade, while you were lying in bed in a closed house and I spent my time outdoors. The rain served me as rose-water; the lightning brought me love's message; I played dice with the storm as I stood watch under your roof. My bed was made under your eaves, and the sky was spread out as a blanket. Your threshold was my pillow- poor me, ah, what I had to endure.

45. Verschling' der Abgrund meines Liebsten Hütte

May the abyss swallow my dearest's hut and a sea boil in its place. May heaven rain lead bullets on it, and a snake choose is for its lair. May a poisonous snake dwell there that will poison him who as unfaithful to me. May a snake dwell there, swollen with poison, that will bring death to him who wanted to betray me.

46. Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen

I have a lover living in Penna, and another in the Maremma Plain; one in the beautiful port of Ancona, and to get to the fourth I have to walk to Viterbo. Another lives in Casentino. The next lives in the same place as I do. And I have yet another in Magione; four in La Frata; ten in Castiglione.

Performers

Anny Cheng, a native of Taiwan, came to the United States in 2000 to pursue studies in Collaborative Piano. She received her Master of Music in Piano Accompanying and Coaching from Westminster Choir College, Princeton, NJ, in 2002, studying with J. J. Penna and Dalton Baldwin. After moving to Boston, Ms. Cheng enrolled at the Longy School of Music, Cambridge, where she earned a Graduate Performance Diploma in Collaborative Piano in 2004 under the guidance of Brian Moll. In the summer of 2005, Anny Cheng joined the faculty of the Tanglewood Institute's Young Artist Vocal Program as a principal Vocal Coach and Musical Director, working with such varied artists as Director of BU Opera Institute Sharon Daniels; vocal pedagogues Phyllis Hoffman, Penelope Bitzas and Amy Schneider; Metropolitan Opera Bass Simon Estes; and the legendary soprano Phyllis Curtin. Anny is currently completing her Doctorate in Collaborative Piano and studies with Eckart Sellheim at Arizona State University. Ms. Cheng performed at Arizona Musicfest Concert Series in April, 2007.

Deborah Popham, a native of Cleveland, Ohio, is planning to graduate in May with a Doctorate of Musical Arts degree in voice performance. She has been seen in many roles at ASU's Lyric Opera Theater productions including Madame Lidoine in *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, and the First Lady in Mozart's *The Magic Flute*. She also created the role of Titania Navigator for the original improvisation opera, *Royal Flush* with OperaWorks. Ms. Popham also holds two Bachelor of Arts degrees in English and philosophy from the University of Akron. Ms. Popham is a student of Jerry Doan.

Courtney Sherman, soprano, is a native of Ludington, Michigan. She began college in 1999 at Michigan University, majoring in music education. She transferred schools and received the Bachelor of Music degree in voice performance from Western Michigan University in 2003. Ms. Sherman completed the Master of Music degree in opera performance at Arizona State University in 2005. Since then, she has been completing requirements for the Doctor of Musical Arts degree in voice performance at ASU, and she plans to graduate in May of 2008. Ms. Sherman's roles include Susanna in "The Marriage of Figaro," Pamina in "Die Zauberfloete," Adina in "L'elisir d'amore," and Blanche in "Dialogues of the Carmelites." In addition to her performances with the Lyric Opera Theater, Ms. Sherman has performed as a guest soloist in numerous recitals and concerts at ASU and in the Phoenix area. Her next appearance will be in her own doctoral recital, where she will be performing with Anny Cheng, piano, and Nathan Mitchell, horn. Ms. Sherman is a voice student of Dr. Jerry Doan.

Michael Dezort, a student of Dr. Jerry Doan, is a second year Master of Music candidate in Vocal Performance, and is originally from Normalville, Pennsylvania. He got his Bachelor of Arts in Vocal Performance from Eastern Mennonite University in Harrisonburg, Virginia, where he was a student of Jennifer Anne Cooper. Before coming to ASU, Michael did productions with Eastern Mennonite University and the College Light Opera Company, and has also attended the Opera Theater and Music Festival of Lucca, Italy with the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music, once in 2002, once in 2007. Some of his favorite roles include: Jud in *Oklahoma!*, The Mikado of Japan in *The Mikado*, the Sergeant of Police in *The Pirates of Penzance*, Uberto in *La Serva Padrona*, Harold Hill in *The Music Man*, and Guglielmo in *Così fan tutte*. Michael was proud to make his premier with ASU's Lyric Opera Theatre last fall as Feathertop in *The Scarecrow*

Iván Sotelo-Durán is a graduate student in the Master of Music Opera Performance Program studying under Dr. Robert Barefield. He received his Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance from the University of California, Santa Barbara. Born and raised in Sonora, Mexico, Mr. Sotelo-Duran has participated in several vocal competitions and recently won second place in the Arizona NATS competition. He has been a soloist for Vivaldi's *Gloria*, a chorus member of the Santa Barbara Opera, and has appeared as Marcelo in the concert version of *La bohème*. His next appearance will be as Vidal in the LOT production of *Luisa Fernanda*.

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