

A Horse with Wings

Graduating Student Recital

Wednesday, April 5th, 2023 at 3:30pm

Pickman Hall, Longy School of Music of Bard College

Jinglin Mo, Soprano

Hao Ding, Piano

Va Godendo
from *Serse* (1738)

George Frederick Handel (1685-1759)

From *Italienisches Liederbuch* (1896)
Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht trocken mehr
Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen
Wohl kenn ich euren stand

Hugo Filipp Jakob Wolf (1860-1903)

From *Schlichte Weisen* (1889)
Du meines Herzens Krönelein

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto
from *Don Giovanni* (1787)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

La Lune Blanche
from *La Bonne chanson* (1894)

Gabriel Urbain Faure (1845-1924)

Adieu, notre petite table
from *Manon* (1884)

Jules Massenet (1842-1913)

To Arthur Davison Ficke
from *Letters from Edna* (1993)

Juliana Hall (1958)

Will there really be a Morning? (1983)
A horse with wings (1984)
Fewer words (1995)

Ricky Ian Gordon (1956)

Jinglin Mo, *Soprano* and Hao Ding, *Piano*

A Horse with Wings Translations

Va Godendo (1738)

Romilda's aria from the opera *Serse*. Libretto adapted from *Serse* by Silvio Stampiglia (1664-1725) which was based on an earlier libretto by Nicolò Minato. Set by Georg Frederick Händel (1685-1759) with poem written by Henri de Regnier (1864-1936)

Và godendo vezzoso e bello
quel ruscello la libertà.
E tra l'erbe con onde chiare
lieto al mare correndo và.

Go in joy, happy and beautiful
stream, liberty itself.
And between the grass with bright waves,
merrily to the sea go running.

Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht trocken mehr (1896)

This song was from *Italienisches Liederbuch* composed by Hugo Philipp Jakob Wolf (1860-1903) with poem written by Paul Johann Ludwig von Heyse (1830-1914).

Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht trocken mehr,
Ein Dorn ist mir im Fusse stecken geblieben.
Umsonst nach rechts und links blick' ich umher,
Und keinen find ich, der mich möchte lieben.
Wenn's doch auch nur ein altes Männlein wäre,
Das mir erzeigt' ein wenig Lieb und Ehre.
Ich meine nämlich so ein wohlgestalter,
Ehrbarer Greis, etwa von meinem Alter.
Ich meine, um mich ganz zu offenbaren,
Ein altes Männlein so von vierzehn Jahren.

I no longer eat my bread dry,
I have a thorn stuck in my foot.
In vain I look around to left and right
And find no one who wants to love me.
If there were only a little old man
Who loved and honoured me a little.
I mean, in other words, a well-proportioned,
Honourable old man of about my age.
I mean, to be entirely frank,
A little old man of about fourteen.

Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen (1896)

This song was from *Italienisches Liederbuch* composed by Hugo Philipp Jakob Wolf (1860-1903) with poem written by Paul Johann Ludwig von Heyse (1830-1914).

Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen,
Und hatte doch kein Haus mich zu empfangen,
Nicht Holz noch Herd zum Kochen und zum Braten,
Der Hafen auch war längst entzwei gegangen.
An einem Fässchen Wein gebracht es auch,
Und Gläser hat er gar nicht im Gebrauch;
Der Tisch war schmal, das Tafeltuch nicht besser,
Das Brot steinhart und völlig stumpf das Messer.

My sweetheart invited me to dinner,
Yet had no house to receive me,
No wood nor stove for boiling or roasting,
And the cooking pot had long since broken in two.
There was not even a small cask of wine,
And he simply didn't use glasses;
The table was tiny, the table-cloth no better,
The bread rock hard and the knife quite blunt.

Wohl kenn ich euren stand (1896)

This song was from *Italienisches Liederbuch* composed by Hugo Philipp Jakob Wolf (1860-1903) with poem written by Paul Johann Ludwig von Heyse (1830-1914).

Wohl kenn ich Euren Stand, der nicht gering.
Ihr brauchtet nicht so tief herabzusteigen,
Zu lieben solch ein arm und niedrig Ding,
Da sich vor Euch die Allerschönsten neigen.
Die schönsten Männer leicht besiegtet Ihr,
Drum weiss ich wohl, Ihr treibt nur Spiel mit mir.
Ihr spottet mein, man hat mich warnen wollen,
Doch ach, Ihr seid so schön! Wer kann Euch grollen?

Your station is no mean one, I'm well aware.
You had no need to stoop so far
As to love so poor and humble creature as me,
When even the fairest bow before you.
You easily conquered the handsomest of men,
So I know full well you're just toying with me.
You're mocking me, they tried to warn me,
But ah! you're so handsome. Who could mind?

Du meines Herzens krönelein (1889) op.21 No.2

This song was from *Schlichte Weisen* composed by Richard Georg Strauss (1864-1949) with poem written by Ludwig Julius Sophus Felix Dahn (1834-1912).

Du meines Herzens Krönelein, du bist von lautrem Golde,
Wenn Andere daneben sein, dann bist du noch viel holde.
Die Andern tun so gern gescheut, du bist gar sanft und stille;
Daß jedes Herz sich dein erfreut, dein Glück ist's, nicht dein Wille.
Die Andern suchen Lieb' und Gunst mit tausend falschen Worten,
Du ohne Mund- und Augenkunst bist wert an allen Orten,
Du bist als wie die Ros' im Wald, sie weiß nichts von ihrer Blüte,
Doch Jedem, der vorüberwallt, erfreut sie das Gemüte.

You, my heart's coronet, you are of pure gold,
When others stand beside you, you are more lovely still.
Others love to appear clever, you are so gentle and quiet;
That every heart delights in you, is your fortune not your will.
Others seek love and favours with a thousand false words,
You, without artifice of mind or eye, are esteemed in every place,
You are like the rose in the forest, knowing nothing of its flowers,
Yet rejoicing the heart of every passer-by.

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto (1787)

Zerlina's aria from the opera *Don Giovanni* k.527. Text by Lorenzo da Ponte (1794-1838). Set by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Ma se colpa io non ho, ma se da lui
ingannata rimasi; e poi, che temi?
Tranquillati, mia vita;
non mi toccò la punta della dita.
Non me lo credi? Ingrato!
Vien qui, sfogati, ammazzami, fa tutto
di me quel che ti piace,
ma poi, Masetto mio, ma poi fa pace.

But what if it was not my fault, but of his doing?
And then, what are you afraid of?
Calm yourself, my dearest.
He didn't even touch the tip of my finger.
You don't believe me? Ungrateful one!
Come here! Vent your anger! Kill me!
Do everything you want to me,
but afterwards, my Masetto, let us make peace.

Batti, batti, O bel Masetto
La tua povera Zerlina;
Starò qui come agnellina
Le tue botte ad aspettar
Lascierò straziarmi il crine
Lascierò cavarmi gli occhi
E le care tue manine
Lieta poi saprò baciar
Ah, lo vedo, non hai core!
Pace, pace, o vita mia
In contento ed allegria
Notte e dì vogliam passar.

Beat me, beat me, oh dear Masetto,
Your poor Zerlina;
I'll stand here as meek as a little lamb,
To bear the blows you lay on me.
I'll let tear my hair out,
I'll let you take out my eyes,
And your dear little hands
I'll then happily kiss.
Ah, I see that, you haven't the heart!
Let's make peace, peace, oh my life,
In happiness and in joy
Let's pass our nights and days.

La Lune Blanche (1894)

The song is from *La bonne Chanson* op.61 composed by Gabriel Urbain Fauré (1845-1924). With poem written by Hermann Allmer (1821-1902).

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...
Ô bien aimée.
L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...
O my beloved.
The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow

Où le vent pleure...
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.
Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...
C'est l'heure exquise.

Where the wind is weeping...
Let us dream, it is the hour.
A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...
Exquisite hour.

Adieu, notre petite table (1884)

Manon's aria from the opera *Manon*. Text by Henri Meilhac (1830-1897) and Philipp Gille (1831-1901) after *L'histoire du chevalier des Grieux et de Manon Lescaut* by Abbe Prevost (1697-1763). Set by Jules Massenet (1842-1912)

Allons! Il le faut pour lui-même...
Mon pauvre chevalier!
Oui, c'est lui que j'aime!
Et pourtant, j'hésite aujourd'hui.
Non, non!... Je ne suis plus digne de lui!
J'entends cette voix qui m'entraîne
contre ma volonté:
Manon, Manon, tu seras reine...
Reine... par la beauté!
Je ne suis que faiblesse et que fragilité...
Ah! malgré moi je sens couler mes larmes...
Devant ces rêves effacés,
l'avenir aura-t-il les charmes
de ces beaux jours déjà passés?
Peu à peu elle s'est approchée de la table toute servie.
Adieu, notre petite table,
qui nous réunit si souvent!
Adieu, adieu, notre petite table,
si grande pour nous cependant!
On tient, c'est inimaginable...
Si peu de place... en se serrant...
Adieu, notre petite table!
Un même verre était le nôtre,
chacun de nous, quand il buvait
y cherchait les lèvres de l'autre ...
Ah! pauvre ami, comme il m'aimait!
Adieu, notre petite table, adieu!

Come now, I must do it, for his sake...
My poor Chevalier!
Yes, he's the one I love!
And yet today I'm still hesitating.
No, no!... I'm no longer worthy of him!
I keep hearing this voice that
attracts me against my will:
Manon, Manon, you will be queen...
A queen... by your beauty!
I am nothing but weakness and frailty...
Ah! in spite of myself I feel my tears flowing.
After these dreams have been erased,
will the future have the charms
of these beautiful days that have already passed?
Manon approaches the table, laid for supper.
Farewell, our little table,
which brought us together so often!
Farewell, farewell, our little table,
which for just us two seemed so large!
It's unbelievable, but we take up so little space...
especially when we're embracing.
Farewell, our little table!
We used the same glass,
the two of us, and when each of us drank,
we tried to find the other's lips.
My poor friend, how he loved me!
Farewell, our little table, farewell!

To Arthur Davison Ficke (1893)

The song is from *Letters from Edna* composed by Juliana Hall (1958), "*Letters from Edna*" presents eight letters sent by the great American poet Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950) to her family, friends, and business associates.

I have wanted so often to write you, not that I like writing letters - I loathe it
But just that I have wanted to write to you.
About what, I don't know, in particular.
Perhaps to ask the advice of the Sage of the Hill
Perhaps to tell you that the young wrens in the house
Under the peak of the ice-house are flying this morning and what a to-do!
And what beautiful singing from their father!
As if to say: some day you will have as handsome feathers as I
And a tail that sticks up straight behind your rump
And a song as beautiful as mine, you boys, that is, and even you girls will have fun,
Engineering long twigs through small doorways!
This is just to say Hello, darling Artie.

Will there really be a "Morning"? (1983)

"*Will There Really Be a Morning?*" is a song by Ricky Ian Gordon (1956) setting a poem of Emily Dickinson (1830-1886). The song is part of Ricky Ian Gordon's songbook *A Horse with Wings*.

Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies!

Has it feet like water-lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

A horse with wings (1984)

"*A Horse with Wings*" is a song by Ricky Ian Gordon (1956) setting his own text. The song is part of Ricky Ian Gordon's songbook *A Horse with Wings*.

I wanna cry.
I wanna feel the world around me whirling by.
I wanna cry for those that live,
and those that die.
You sing a lullaby.
I wanna cry.
I wanna pray,
that all my wishes could come true after today,
and should I put a word for you in,
should I say
an extra Kyrie?
I wanna pray.
I wanna lie.
I wanna think that things are better
than they are.
I wanna think we've gotten further,
and that far
is just an inch away.
I wanna lie.

A horse with wings,
I wanna think of things like that
and other things.
I want two brothers, one who laughs,
and one who sings.
I hope the future brings
a horse with wings.
I wanna know
the things they told me way back then
were really so.
I wanna make a little mark before I go,
not barely just get by,
I wanna fly!

Fewer words (1995)

"*Fewer Words*" is a song by Ricky Ian Gordon (1956) setting his own text. The song is part of Ricky Ian Gordon's songbook *A Horse with Wings*.

Fewer words strewn like tiny birds upon a page,
Black explosions dancing on a whitened stage.
Fewer words, I love you, I hate you
Or you'll never know how you hurt me,
Hurt me very long ago,
Fewer words, feeling bad, feeling ugly, lazy,
Sad, mediocre, driven mad.
Fewer words, fewer words,
Singing birds upon a page,
Notes of laughter, love and death
Or youth and rage.

Little night birds in the yellow skies,
Bold, emblazoned by their dotted eyes.
Few words, forgive me, I understand goodbye.
Fewer words, rivers from my ocean heart
Where they end, where they should,
And always start,
Tiny hands that make that swollen red sea part.
Fewer words, and what it was that keeps me here,
Little jails, prison cells like doubt and fear.
Fewer words, fewer words sounded out like thund'rous herds
Black and white madly flapping, screaming birds.
Fewer words, fewer words, fewer words.

