

Jinglin Mo, *soprano*  
Lingfang Zheng, *soprano*  
Liz Derstine, *piano*  
Elvina Tianhui Liu, *violin*  
Wenxin Gu, *dancer*

*There are fairies  
at the bottom of our garden*

La fée aux chansons (1880)	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Die Loreley (1843)	Franz Liszt (1811-1886)
Die Lotosblume from <i>Myrthen</i> (1840)	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
There are fairies at the bottom of our garden (1917)	Liza Lehmann (1962-1918)
I send my heart to thee! (1900)	Amy Beach (1867-1944)
Moonfall (1985) from <i>the mystery of Edwin Drood</i>	Rupert Holmes (b. 1947)
Laudate Dominum (1780) K.339	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart(1756-1791)

**Intermission**

Mein herr Marquis from <i>Die Fledermaus</i> (1874)	Johann Baptist Strauss II (1825-1899)
La sirène (1868)	Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
Le jardin mouillé (1900)	Albert Roussel (1869-1937)
The folk song of Yuer (2013) Piano arrangement: Yao Deng	Qing liu (b.1974)

*Dancer: Wenxin Gu*

Love, let the wind cry... How I adore thee (1961)	Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)
Sunflowers (2022) Violinist : Elvina Tianhui Liu	Kevin Lubin (b.2000)
Golden hour (2022) Arrangement: Jinglin Mo, Lingfang Zheng, Elvina Tianhui liu Voice: Lingfang Zheng Violinist: Elvina Tianhui Liu	Jacob Dodge Lawson (b.2001)

**Friday, May 3 at 6:15pm in Room N1  
Longy School of Music of Bard College**

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the Graduate Performance Diploma.  
Jinglin Mo is a student of Jayne West.

# Jinglin Mo, *soprano* and Liz Derstine, *piano*

## Translations

### La fée aux chansons (1880)

Text by Armand Silvestre (1837-1901). Set by Hermann Bemberg (1861-1931). Composed by Gabriel Faure (1845-1921), op.27 #2.

Il était une fée  
D'herbe folle coiffée,  
Qui courait les buissons,  
Sans s'y laisser surprendre,  
En avril, pour apprendre  
Aux oiseaux leurs chansons.

Lorsque geais et linottes  
Faisaient des fausses notes  
En récitant leurs chants  
La fée, avec constance,  
Gourmandait d'importance  
Ces élèves méchants.

Sa petite main nue,  
D'un brin d'herbe menue  
Cueilli dans les halliers,  
Pour stimuler leurs zèles,  
Fouettait sur leurs ailes  
Ces mauvais écoliers.

Par un matin d'automne,  
Elle vient et s'étonne,  
De voir les bois déserts:  
Avec les hirondelles  
Ses amis infidèles  
Avaient fui dans les airs.

Et tout l'hiver la fée,  
D'herbe morte coiffée,  
Et comptant les instants  
Sous les forêts immenses,  
Compose des romances  
Pour le prochain printemps!

There was a fairy  
Crowned with rank weeds  
Who ran through the bushes  
Without being caught,  
In April, to teach  
The birds their songs.

When jays and linnets  
Sang wrong notes  
As they recited their songs,  
The fairy, tirelessly,  
Sternly rebuked  
Those naughty pupils.

Her little bare hand,  
With a tiny blade of grass  
Plucked from the thickets,  
To stimulate their zeal  
Would whip the wings  
Of those bad scholars.

One autumn morning  
She comes and is amazed  
To find the woods deserted.  
With the swallows,  
Her unfaithful friends  
Had flown away on the wind.

And all winter long, the fairy,  
Crowned with dead grass  
And counting time  
In the vast forests  
Composes songs  
For the coming spring!

### **Die Loreley (1843)**

Text by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Set by Zdenko Fibich (1850-1900), *Loreley*, op. 7, # 3. Composed by Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten  
Daß ich so traurig bin;  
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten  
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

I do not know the reason why  
To sorrow I'm inclined.  
A story from the olden days  
Is preying on my mind.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,  
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt  
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Light's fading and the air is cool  
And quiet flows the Rhine,  
The mountain top's still glowing  
As the sun's last rays decline.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet  
Dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,  
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Seated up there, gorgeous,  
A maid beyond compare,  
Her golden jewellery glitters,  
She combs her golden hair.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme  
Und singt ein Lied dabei,  
Das hat eine wundersame,  
Gewaltige Melodei.

She combs it with a golden comb  
And sings a song betimes,  
A song with a strange melody,  
With strange and powerful rhymes.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe  
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh,  
Er schaut nicht die Felsenrisse,  
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.

The boatman in his little boat,  
Gripped by a savage love,  
Does not see the rocky reef,  
Sees only what's above.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn.  
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen  
Die Lorelei getan.

I think the waves consumed them,  
Boat and boatman, bye and bye.  
And that's what, with her singing,  
Was done by Lorelei.

### **Die Lotosblume (1840)**

*Die Lotosblume* is a poem written by *Heinrich Heine* (1797-1856), and published in his *Buch der Lieder* (1827). Set to music by *Robert Schumann* (1810-1856) in 1840, as part of Schumann's *Myrthen* collection (op. 25 no. 7) and *Six Songs for Männerchor* (op. 33 no. 3).

Die Lotosblume ängstigt  
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,  
Und mit gesenktem Haupte  
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

The lotus-flower fears  
The sun's splendour,  
And with bowed head,  
Dreaming, awaits the night.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle  
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,  
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich  
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

The moon is her lover,  
And wakes her with his light,  
And to him she tenderly unveils  
Her innocent flower-like face.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet  
Und starret stumm in die Höh';  
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert  
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

She blooms and glows and gleams,  
And gazes silently aloft—  
Fragrant and weeping and trembling  
With love and the pain of love.

### **There are fairies at the bottom of our garden! (1917)**

This song was set to music by English composer *Liza Lehmann* (1877-1957).

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!  
It's not so very, very far away;  
You pass the gardener's shed  
and you just keep straight ahead  
I do so hope they've come to stay.  
There's a little wood with moss in it and beetles,  
And a little stream that quietly runs through;  
You wouldn't think they'd dare  
to come merrymaking there,  
Well, they do!

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!  
You cannot think how beautiful they are;  
They all stand up and sing  
When the fairy queen and king  
Come gently floating down upon their car.  
The king is very proud and handsome;  
The queen, now can you guess who that would be?  
She's a little girl all day  
But at night she steals away.  
Well, it's me!

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!  
They often have a dance on summer nights;  
The butterflies and bees  
Make a lovely little breeze,  
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.  
Did you know that they could sit upon the moonbeams  
And pick a little star to make a fan,  
And dance away up there  
In the middle of the air  
Well, they can!

### **I Send My Heart Up To Thee (1900) op. 44, no. 3**

This song is the third song of Beach's *Three Browning Songs* written by Robert Browning (1812-1889), op. 44. Composed by Amy Beach (1867-1944).

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart  
In this my singing,  
For the stars help me, and the sea, and the sea bears part;  
The very night is clinging  
Closer to Venice' streets to leave on space  
Above me, whence thy face  
May light my joyous heart to thee, to thee its dwelling place.

### **Laudate Dominum (1780) K.339**

This song is a sacred choral composition by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791). It is part of the *Vesperae solennes de confessore*, K. 339. The composition is scored for SATB choir and soloists, violin I, violin II, 2 trumpets, 3 trombones colla parte, 2 timpani, and basso continuo. The lyrics of the composition are in Latin and are taken from Psalm 1172.

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes  
Laudate eum, omnes populi  
Quoniam confirmata est  
Super nos misericordia eius,  
Et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.

Praise the Lord, all nations;  
Praise Him, all people.  
For He has bestowed  
His mercy upon us,  
And the truth of the Lord endures forever.

## Mein Herr Marquis (1872)

*Adele's Laughing Song* from the operetta *Die Fledermaus* (1872)

Text by Karl Haffner (Schlechter) (1804-1876) and Richard Genèe (1823-1895), after *Le réveillon* by Henri Meilhac (1831-1897) and Ludovic Halévy (1834-1908). Set by Johann Strauss II (1825-1899).

Mein Herr Marquis, ein Mann wie Sie  
Sollt' besser das verstehn,  
Darum rate ich, ja genauer sich  
Die Leute anzusehen!  
Die Hand ist doch wohl gar so fein, hahaha.  
Dies Füsschen so zierlich und klein, hahaha.  
Die Sprache, die ich führe  
Die Taille, die Tournüre,  
Dergleichen finden Sie  
Bei einer Zofe nie!  
Gestehn müssen Sie fürwahr,  
Sehr komisch dieser Irrtum war!  
Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha,  
Ist die Sache, hahaha.  
Drum verzeihn Sie, hahaha,  
Wenn ich lache, hahaha!  
Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha  
Ist die Sache, hahaha!

Sehr komisch, Herr Marquis, sind Sie!  
Mit dem Profil im griech'schen Stil  
Beschenkte mich Natur:  
Wenn nicht dies Gesicht schon genügend spricht,  
So sehn Sie die Figur!  
Schaun durch die Lorgnette Sie dann, ah,  
Sich diese Toilette nur an, ah  
Mir scheint wohl, die Liebe  
Macht Ihre Augen trübe,  
Der schönen Zofe Bild  
Hat ganz Ihr Herz erfüllt!  
Nun sehen Sie sie überall,  
Sehr komisch ist fürwahr der Fall!  
Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha  
Ist die Sache, hahaha  
Drum verzeihn Sie, hahaha,  
Wenn ich lache, hahaha!  
Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha,  
Ist die Sache, hahaha

My Lord Marquis, a man like you  
should better understand that,  
Therefore I advise you to look more  
accurately at people!  
My hand is surely far too fine, hahaha.  
My foot so dainty and small, hahaha.  
In a manner of speaking  
My waist, my bustle,  
The likes of things you'll never find  
on a maid!  
You really must admit,  
This mistake was very funny!  
Yes, very funny, hahaha,  
This thing is, hahaha.  
You'll have to forgive me, hahaha,  
If I laugh, hahaha!  
Yes, very funny, hahaha  
This thing is, hahaha!

Very comical, Marquis, you are!  
With this profile in Grecian style  
being a gift of nature;  
If this face doesn't give it away,  
Just look at my figure!  
Just look through the eye-glass, then, ah,  
At this outfit I am wearing, ah  
It seems to me that love  
Has clouded your eyes,  
The chambermaid image  
Has fulfilled all your heart!  
Now you see her everywhere,  
Very funny indeed, is this situation!  
Yes, very funny, hahaha  
This thing is, hahaha.  
You'll have to forgive me, hahaha,  
If I laugh, hahaha!  
Yes, very funny, hahaha  
This thing is, hahaha!

### **La sirène (1868)**

Text by Catulle Mendès (1841-1909); Set by Georges Bizet (1838-1875) published 1886, from *Seize mélodies pour chant et piano*, no. 1, Paris, Éd. Choudens.

Sous le flot qui déferle  
J'habite un pays sans pareil  
Où le ciel de corail vermeil  
A pour lune une perle,  
Un rubis pour soleil !

Under the surging tide  
I inhabit an unparalleled land  
Where the sky of crimson coral  
Has a pearl for a moon,  
And a ruby for a sun!

Et pourtant sur la grève  
Je viens chaque soir toute en pleurs  
À cause... hélas ! à cause d'un bel enfant qui rêve  
Et qui passe en cueillant des fleurs.

Yet on the shore  
Every evening I come in tears  
Because... alas! because of a beautiful child who dreams  
And who passes by picking flowers.

Autre fois la Sirène heureuse  
Sans aimer donnait de l'amour !  
La séductrice enfin est amoureuse  
La charmeresse est charmée à son tour,

Once upon a time the happy Siren  
Gave love without loving!  
The seductress is finally in love  
The charmer is charmed in turn,

Et le soir, sur la grève  
Sans jamais voir mes pleurs  
Le bel enfant qui rêve  
Passe en cueillant des fleurs !  
Hélas ! Hélas !

And in the evening, on the shore  
Never seeing my tears  
The beautiful child who dreams  
Passes by picking flowers!  
Alas! Alas!

### **Le jardin mouillé (1900)**

The poem written by Henri Francois-Joseph de Régner (1864-1936) in 1900; appears in *Les Médailles d'Argile*. Music setting by Albert Roussel (1869-1937).

La croisée est ouverte, il pleut  
Comme minutieusement, à petit bruit et peu à peu  
Sur le jardin frais et dormant

The casement is open, it is raining  
as if meticulously, with gentle pattering, little by little,  
on the fresh and sleeping garden.

Feuille à feuille, la pluie éveille  
L'arbre poudreux qu'elle verdit  
Au mur on dirait que la treille  
S'étire d'un geste engourdi.

Leaf by leaf the rain awakens  
the dusty tree which it turns green;  
against the wall the vine  
seems to be stretching lazily out.

L'herbe frémit, le gravier tiède crépite  
Et l'on croirait là-bas  
Entendre sur le sable et l'herbe  
Comme d'imperceptibles pas.

The grass quivers, the warm gravel  
crackles and, over there, it seems as though  
one can hear imperceptible footsteps  
on the sand and the grass.

Le jardin chuchote et tressaille,  
Furtif et confidentiel  
L'averse semble, maille à maille  
Tisser la terre avec le ciel.

The garden whispers and shudders,  
shy and confidential;  
the downpour seems, stitch on stitch,  
to be weaving the earth into the sky.

Il pleut et les yeux clos j'écoute  
De toute sa pluie à la fois  
Le jardin mouillé qui s'égoutte  
Dans l'ombre que j'ai faite en moi.

It is raining, and, with closed eyes, I listen  
to the wet garden as it drains  
all its rain at once  
into the shadow I have made within me.

### The folk song of Yuer (2013)

This song is a crystallization and witness of the integration of Chu and Yue cultures. It's found in the novel collection "Shuo Yuan" written by Liu Xiang of the Western Han Dynasty. Music setting by Qing Lin (1974).

今夕何夕兮，擘舟中流。

今日何日兮，得與王子同舟。

蒙羞被好兮，不訾詬恥。

心幾頑而不絕兮，得知王子。

山有木兮木有枝，心悅君兮君不知。

In the tranquil eve's embrace we glide,  
Our boat adrift upon the flowing tide.  
Today, oh when today, in sweet delight,  
I share this boat with princely grace in sight.  
Cloaked in blush, with love's tender touch,  
Unmindful of shame, no words to clutch.  
Though my heart's a stubborn, wild thing,  
In your presence, noble prince, it takes wing.  
In the mountains, trees, and branches intertwine,  
My heart delights in you, yet you know not, oh, princely mine.

### Love, let the wind cry... How I adore thee (1961)

Text by Henry Thornton Wharton (1846 - 1895). Music setting by Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989).

Love let the wind cry  
On the dark mountain,  
Bending the ash trees  
And the tall hemlocks  
With the great voice of  
Thunderous legions,  
How I adore thee.

Love, let the clear call  
Of the tree cricket,  
Fairest of creatures,  
Green as the young grass,  
Mark with his trilling  
Resonant bell-note,  
How I adore thee.

Let the hoarse torrent  
In the blue canyon,  
Murmuring mightily  
Out of the gray mist  
Of primal chaos  
Cease not proclaiming  
How I adore thee.

But, more than all sounds,  
Surer, serener,  
Fuller of passion  
And exultation,  
Let the hushed whisper  
In thine own heart say,  
How I adore thee.

Let the long rhythm  
Of crunching rollers,  
Breaking and bursting  
On the white seaboard  
Titan and tireless,  
Tell, while the world stands,  
How I adore thee.

### Sunflowers (2022)

"Sunflower" is a song written by Kevin Lubin (2000), setting by William Carlos Williams (1883-1963).

There's a sort of multibrach'd sunflower  
Blooms hereabouts  
When the leaves begin to fall.  
Their heads lean in the rain about an old man who,  
Stumbling a little,  
Solicitous carries his tomatoes from the fallen vines,  
Green in one basket and,  
In the other shining reds.

## **Golden hour (2022)**

"Golden Hour" is a song by American singer-songwriter Jacob Dodge Lawson (2001) and released as a single on July 15, 2022.

It was just two lovers, sittin' in the car, listening to Blonde  
Fallin' for each other, pink and orange skies, feelin' super childish  
No Donald Glover, missed call from my mother  
Like, "Where you at tonight?" Got no alibi  
I was all alone with the love of my life  
She's got glitter for skin, my radiant beam in the night  
I don't need no light to see you  
Shine  
It's your golden hour  
You slow down time  
In your golden hour  
We were just two lovers, feet up on the dash, drivin' nowhere fast  
Burnin' through the summer, radio on blast, make the moment last  
She got solar power, minutes feel like hours  
She knew she was the baddest, can you even imagine  
Fallin' like I did for the love of my life?  
She's got glow on her face, a glorious look in her eyes  
My angel of light  
I was all alone with the love of my life  
She's got glitter for skin, my radiant beam in the night  
I don't need no light to see you  
Shine  
It's your golden hour  
You slow down time  
In your golden hour