

# **Weiye Peng, Baritone**

## **The greatest music**

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<b>Liebesbotschaft</b>	<b>Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828 )</b>
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<b>Paliacci duet</b>	<b>Ruggero Leoncavalpa (1857.4.23-1919.8.9)</b>
<b>from Paliacci</b>	
<b>Nemico Della Patria</b>	<b>Umberto Giordano (1867.8.28-1948.11.12)</b>
<b>from Andrea Chénier</b>	
<b>永遇乐•京口北固亭怀古</b>	<b>Jiali Liu (2001.9.19-)</b>
<b>幽兰操</b>	<b>Jiping Zhao (1975.7.20)</b>

# Liebesbotschaft

*Franz Peter Schubert*

Rauschendes Bächlein so silbern  
und hell  
Eilst zur Geliebten so munter und  
schnell  
Ach, trautes Bächlein mein Bote  
sei du  
Bringe die Grüße des Fernen ihr  
zu  
All ihre Blumen im Garten  
gepflegt  
Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt  
Und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut  
Bächlein erquicke mit kühlender  
Flut  
Wenn sie am Ufer in Träume  
versenkt  
Meiner gedenkend das Köpfchen  
hängt  
Tröste die Süße mit freundlichem  
Blick  
Denn der Gelibte kehrt bald  
zurück  
Neigt sich die Sonne mit  
rötlichem Schein  
Wiege das Liebchen in  
Schlummer ein  
Rausche sie murmelnd in süße  
Ruh  
Flüstre ihr Träume der Liebe zu

Murmuring brooklet so silver and bright  
Do you hurry to the beloved so  
cheerfully and quickly  
Ah dear brook be my messenger  
Bring her the greeting of her distant  
beloved  
All the flowers in her garden that she  
tends, Which she so sweetly on the  
bosom wears  
And her roses in their crimson passion  
Brooklet refresh them with your cooling  
waters  
When on your shore she stands  
dreaming  
Thinking of me with bowed head  
Comfort the sweet one with friendly  
glance  
For her beloved will soon return  
When the sun sets with a rosy glow  
Rock my beloved to sleep  
Let your murmuring water lull her to  
sweet sleep  
Whisper to her dreams of love

## Kriegers Ahnung

*Franz Peter Schubert*

In tiefer Ruh liegt um mich her  
Der Waffenbrüder Kreis  
Mir ist das Herz so bang und  
schwer  
Von Sehnsucht mir so heiß  
Wie hab ich oft so süß geträumt

In deep repose lie about me here  
The circle of my brothers in arms  
My heart is so anxious and heavy  
And burns from longing  
How often have I sweetly  
dreamed

An ihrem Busen warm  
Wie freundlich schien des Herdes  
Glut  
Lag sie in meinem Arm  
Hier wo der Flammen düstrer  
Schein  
Ach nur auf Waffen spielt  
Hier fühlt die Brust sich ganz  
allein  
Der Wehmut Träne quilt  
Herz Dass der Trost dich nicht  
verlässt  
Es ruft noch manche Schlacht  
Bald ruh Ich wohl und schlafe fest  
Heryliebste gute Nacht

On her bosom warm  
How friendly shone the hearth's  
glow  
As she lay in my arms  
Here where the flames' gloomy  
shine  
Ah! Only upon weapons plays  
Here the heart feels entirely  
alone  
And tears of melancholy well up  
Heart! Do not give up hope!  
There are still many a battles  
calling  
Soon I will rest well and sleep  
deeply  
Sweetheart good night

## Aufenthalt

*Franz Peter Schubert*

Rauschender Strom brausender  
Wald  
Starrender Fels mein Aufenthalt  
Wie sich die welle an Welle reiht  
Fließen die Tränen mir ewig  
erneut  
Hoch in den Kronen wogend sich's  
regt  
So unaufhörlich mein Herze  
schlägt  
Und wie des Felsen uraltes Erz  
Ewig derselbe bleibt mein  
Schmerz

Rushing stream roaring forest  
Towering rock-cliff my resting-  
place  
As one wave follows close on the  
other  
So flow my tears, eternally  
renewed  
As the high treetops surge  
So unceasingly my heart throbs  
And like the rock's ancient ore  
Eternally unchanged remains my  
pain

## Ihr Bild

*Franz Peter Schubert*

Ich stand in Dunkeln Träumen  
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an  
Und das geliebte Antlitz  
Heimlich zu leben begann  
Um ihre Lippen zog sich  
Ein Lächeln wunderbar

Und wie von Wehmutstränen  
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar  
Auch meine Tränen flossen  
Mir von den Wangen herab  
Und ach ich kann es nicht glauben  
Dass ich dich verloren hab

I stood in dark dreams  
And stared at her portrait  
And the beloved face  
Secretly came to life  
About her lips formed  
Miraculously a smile

And how from melancholy's tears  
And how her eyes glistened  
My tears too flowed  
Down my cheeks  
And ah, I cannot believe it  
That I have lost you

## Das Fischermädchen

*Franz Peter Schubert*

Du schönes Fischermädchen  
Triebe den Kahn ans Land  
Komm zu mir und setze dich  
nieder  
Wir kosen Hand in Hand  
Leg an mein Herz dein Köpfchen  
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr  
Vertraust du dich doch sorglos  
Täglich dem wilden Meer  
Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem  
Meere  
Hat Sturm und Ebb und Flut  
Und manche schöne Perle  
In seiner Tiefe ruht

You beautiful fisher maiden  
Row your boat to the shore  
Come to me and set yourself  
down  
We will cuddle hand in hand  
Lay your little head on my breast  
And do not be too afraid  
You entrust yourself without  
fear  
Daily to the raging sea  
It has storms and ebb and flow  
And many beautiful pearls  
Rest in its depths

# Die Stadt

*Franz Peter Schubert*

Am fernen Horizonte  
Erscheint wie ein Nebelbild  
Die Stadt mit ihren Türmen  
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt  
Ein feuchter Windzug kräuselt  
Die graue Wasserbahn  
Mit traurigem Taket rudert  
Der Schiffer in meinem Kahn  
Die Sonne hebt sich noch einmal  
Leuchtend vom Boden empor  
Und zeigt mir jene Stelle  
Wo ich das liebste verlor

On the distant horizon  
Appears like a misty image  
The city with its towers  
In the evening dusk enveloped  
A damp gust of wind ruffles  
The grey waterway  
With a sad rhythm rows  
The boatman in my boat  
The sun rises up once more  
Shining from the earth  
And shows me that place  
Where I beloved lost

# Am Meer

*Franz Peter Schubert*

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus  
Im letzten Abendscheine  
Wir saßen am einsamen  
Fischeraus  
Wir saßen stumm und alleine  
Der Nebel stieg das Wasser  
schwoll  
Die Möwe flog hin und wieder  
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll  
Fielen die Tränen nieder  
Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand  
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken  
Ich hab von deiner weißen Hand  
Die Tränen forgetrunken  
Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich  
mein Leib  
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen  
Mich hat das Unglückselge Weib  
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen

Far into the distance the sea  
Glowed in the last light of the  
evening  
We sat by the fisherman's solitary  
house  
We sat silent and alone  
The fog rose the water swelled  
The seagull flew to and fro  
From your loved filled eyes  
Tears fell down  
I saw them fall on your hand  
And I sank down onto my knees  
And from your white hand  
I drank away the tears  
Since that hour my body wastes  
away  
My soul dies of longing  
For the unhappy woman  
Has poisoned at my with her tear

## Der Doppelgänger

*Franz Peter Schubert*

Still ist die nacht es ruhen die  
gassen  
In diesem hause wohnte mein  
schatz  
Sie hat schon längst die stadt  
verlassen  
Doch Steht noch das haus auf  
demselben platz  
Da steht auch ein mensch und  
starrt in die höhe  
Und ringt die hände  
vor schmerzengewalt  
Mir graust es wenn ich sein antlitz  
sehe  
Der mond zeigt mir meine eigne  
Gestalt  
Du doppelgänger du bleicher  
geselle  
Was äffst du nach mein liebesleid  
Das mich gequält auf dieser stelle  
So manche nacht in alter zeit

The night is quiet the narrow  
streets  
rest, In this house lived my  
sweetheart  
She left the city long ago  
But the house still stands  
where it did  
There stands also a man  
and stares into the heights  
And wrings his hands out  
of deep anguish  
It terrifies me when I see his face  
For the moon shows me my own  
form  
You ghostly double you pale  
companion  
Why do you ape my love's  
anguish  
That me tortured on this spot  
So many nights in olden times

## The Gallows Tree

*Steven Mark Kohn*

Slack your rope, hangs a man! Slack it for a while.  
I think I see my mother comin', ridin' many a mile.  
Oh, mother have you brought me gold or have you paid my fee?  
Or have you come to see me hangin' on the gallows tree?  
"I have not brought you gold. I have not paid your fee.  
But I have come to see you hanging on the gallows tree."  
    Slack your rope, hangs a man! Slack it for a while.  
I think I see my father comin', ridin' many a mile.  
Oh, father have you brought me gold or have you paid my fee?  
Or have you come to see me hangin' on the gallows tree?  
"I have not brought you gold. I have not paid your fee.  
But I have come to see you hanging on the gallows tree."  
    Slack your rope, hangs a man! Slack it for a while.  
I think I see my true love comin', ridin' many a mile.  
Oh, darlin' have you brought me gold or have you paid my fee?

Or have you come to see me hangin' on the gallows tree?  
"Yes, I have brought you gold. Yes, I have paid your fee.  
I have not come to see you hanging on the gallows tree."

## **On the Other Shore**

*Steven Mark Kohn*

I have a mother gone to glory  
On the other shore  
By and by I'll go to meet her  
On the other shore  
Won't that be a happy meeting  
On the other shore  
There we'll see our good old neighbors  
On the other shore  
There we'll see our blessed savior  
On the other shore  
Far into the distance the sea  
Glowed in the last light of the evening  
We sat by the fisherman's solitary house  
We sat silent and alone  
The fog rose the water swelled  
The seagull flew to and fro  
From your loved filled eyes  
Tears fell down  
I saw them fall on your hand  
And I sank down onto my knees  
And from your white hand  
I drank away the tears  
Since that hour my body wastes away  
My soul dies of longing  
For the unhappy woman  
Has poisoned at my with her tears

# Ten Thousand Miles Away

*Steven Mark Kohn*

Sing I for a brave and a gallant barque  
For a stiff and a rattling breeze  
A bully crew and a captain true  
To carry me o'er the seas  
To carry me o'er the seas my boys  
To my true love so gay  
Who went on a Government ship  
Ten thousand miles away  
Oh blow ye winds hi oh  
Aroaming I will go  
I'll stay no more on England's shore  
So let the music play  
I'll start by the morning train  
To cross the raging main  
For I on the road to my own true love  
Ten thousand miles a away  
My true love she was handsome  
My true love she was young  
Her eyes were blue as a violet's hue  
And silv'ry was the sound of her tongue  
And silv'ry was the sound of her tongue my boy  
And while Imsing this lay  
She's a doing of the grand in a far-off land  
Ten thousand miles away



## Paliacci duet

E fra quest'ansie in eterno vivrai  
Nedda Nedda  
Decidi il mio destin  
Nedda Nedda rimani  
Tu il sai la festa ha fin  
E parte ognun domani  
Nedda Nedda  
E quando tu di qui sarai partita  
Che addiverra di me della mia vita  
Nedda Nedda rispondimi  
S'e ver che Canio non amasti mai  
S'e ver che t'e in odio  
Il ramingar e'l messier che tu fai  
Se l'immenso amor tuo una fola  
non e  
questa notte partiam Fuggi fuggi  
con me

E allor perche di tu m'hai stregato  
Se vuoi lasciarmi senza pieta  
Quel bacio tuo perche me l'hai  
dato  
Fra spasmi ardenti di volutta  
Se tu scordasti l'ore fugaci

Io non lo posso e voglio ancor  
Que spasmi ardenti que' caldi baci  
Che tanta febbre m'han messo in  
cor

And you must live with all these  
fears forever  
Nedda Nedda  
Decide the my fate  
Nedda Nedda stay  
You know that the holiday is will  
end  
And all will leave tomorrow  
Nedda Nedda  
And when you have left here  
What will-happen to me to my life  
Nedda Nedda answer-me  
If it is true that you find detestable  
The vagabond life and the  
profession you practice  
If your immense love is not a story  
Let's leave tonight flee flee with  
me

Why then tell me have you  
bewitched me  
If you want to so mercilessly leave  
me  
Why did you kiss me  
Amid the passionate spasms of  
desire  
If you have forgotten those  
fleeting hours  
I cannot and I want them again  
Those passionate spasms those  
hot kisses  
That have filled my heart with so  
much desire

## Nemico della patria

Nemico della patria  
E vecchia fiaba che beatamente  
Ancor la beve il popolo  
Nato a Costantinopoli Straniero  
Studio a Saint Cyr Soldato  
Traditore Di Dumouriez un  
complice  
E poeta Sovvertitor di cuori e di  
costumi  
Un di m'era di gioia passar  
Fra gli odi le vendette  
Puro innocente e forte  
Gigante mi credea  
Son sempre un servo Ho mutato  
padrone  
Un servo obbediente di violenta  
passione  
Ah peggio Uccido e tremo  
E mentre uccido io piango  
Io della Redentrica figlio  
Pel primo ho udito il grido suo pel  
mondo  
Ed ho al suo il mio grido unito  
Or smarrita ho la fede nel sognato  
destino  
Com'era irradiato di gloria il mio  
cammino  
La coscienza nei cuor ridestar  
delle genti  
Raccogliere le lagrime dei vinti e  
sofferenti  
Fare del mondo un Pantheon  
Gli uomini in di mutare e in un sol  
bacio  
e in un sol bacio e abbraccio tutte  
le genti amar

Enemy of country  
It is an old fable which blissfully  
The public still swallows  
Born in Constantinople Foreigner  
He studied at Saint-Cyr Soldier  
Traitor! Of Dumouriez an  
accomplice  
He is a poet? Subverted of hearts  
and of customs  
Once it was a joy for me to walk  
Among the hate the revenge  
Pure innocent and strong  
I believed myself a giant among  
men  
I am still a servant! I have only  
changed masters  
An obedient slave with a violent  
nature  
An, worse than that! I kill and  
tremble  
And while I-kill I weep  
I, a son of the revolution  
The first time I heard its cry go out  
into the world  
I joined my cries with it  
Have I now lost faith in the  
destiny of which I dreamed  
How my path was radiant with  
glory  
To reawaken the conscience in-  
the heart of the people  
To dry the tears of the vanquished  
and suffering  
To make of the world a Pantheon  
The man into gods to-change and  
with single kiss  
And with a single kiss and  
embrace all the people to love

## 永遇乐·京口北固亭怀古

千古江山，英雄无觅，孙仲谋处  
舞榭歌台，风流总被，雨打风吹去  
斜阳草树，寻常巷陌，人道寄奴曾住  
想当年，金戈铁马，气吞万里如虎  
元嘉草草，封狼居胥，赢得仓皇北固  
四十三年，望中犹记，烽火扬州路  
可堪回首，佛狸祠下，一片神鸦社鼓  
凭谁问，廉颇老矣，尚能饭否

Yong Yu Le – Reminiscing at Beigu Pavilion in Jingkou

Through endless ages, no hero can be found, not even where Sun Quan once ruled.

The grand pavilions and music halls, all their glory has long been swept away by wind and rain.

Under the setting sun, amidst wild grass and trees, in the common streets and alleys, people say Liu Yu once lived here.

I recall the past—armored warriors and galloping horses, a spirit as fierce as a tiger devouring thousands of miles.

The hasty campaign of the Yuanjia era aimed to conquer the northern lands, yet only resulted in a panicked retreat.

After forty-three years, I still remember the flames of war along the road to Yangzhou.

How painful it is to look back! Beneath the temple of Wanyan Liang, only crows circle and sacrificial drums echo.

Who will ask—has old General Lian Po aged too much to eat, or can he still fight?

## 幽兰操

兰之猗猗，扬扬其香  
众香拱之，幽幽其芳  
不采而佩，于兰何伤？  
以日以年，我行四方。  
文王梦熊，渭水泱泱。  
采而佩之，奕奕四方。

The orchid grows lush and graceful, spreading its fragrance far and wide.

Surrounded by many other fragrant flowers, it retains its deep and subtle scent.

If no one picks and wears it, what harm does it do to the orchid?

Day by day, year by year, I travel across the land.

King Wen dreamt of a bear, as the Wei River flowed vast and mighty.

Those who pick and wear the orchid will shine with brilliance throughout the land.