



Second Master of Music Recital

Monday, April 27, 2026

12:30pm, Kulas Hall

Yutong Ge, soprano Ralitsa Georgieva, piano

Après un rêve
Lydia
Les berceaux

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)

Almen se non poss'io
Dolente immagine di Fille mia
Quando verrà quel dì

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801–1835)

~ INTERMISSION ~

Frauenliebe und Leben, Op. 42
Seit ich ihn gesehen
Er, der Herrlichste von allen
Ich kann's nicht fassen
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Süsser Freund
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

我的深情为你守候 (My deep love awaits you)

栾凯 Kai Luan
(b. 1973)

玫瑰三愿 (Three wishes of the rose)

黄自 Tzu Huang
(1904–1938)

Yutong Ge is a student of Mary Schiller.

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Text and Translation

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Après un rêve

French text: Romain Bussine

Dans un sommeil que charmait ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues.

Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mensonges;
Reviens, reviens, radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

Lydia

French text: Leconte de Lisle

Lydia sur tes roses joues,
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,
Roule étincelant¹
L'or fluide que tu dénoues.

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur:
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur ta lèvre 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.
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir toujours!

After a dream

English text: Richard Stokes

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you
I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and ringing,
You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;

You called me and I departed the earth
To flee with you toward the light,
The heavens parted their clouds for us,
We glimpsed unknown splendours, celestial fires.

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I summon you, O night, give me back your
delusions;
Return, return in radiance,
Return, O mysterious night!

Lydia

English translation: Christopher Goldsack

Lydia, over your rosy cheeks,
and over your neck, so fresh and white,
sparkling, rolls
the fluid gold that you untie.

The day which is gleaming is the best:
let us forget the eternal tomb.
Let your dove's kisses
sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily ceaselessly diffuses
a divine scent in your breast:
like a swarm, delights
escape from you, young Goddess!

I love you and am dying, o my loves!
My soul is ravished by kisses.
O Lydia, give me back my life,
that I might die eternally!

Les berceaux

French text: Sully Prudhomme

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.

The cradles

English translation: Richard Stokes

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

Vincenzo Bellini (1810–1856)

Almen se non poss'io

Almen se non poss'io seguir l'amato bene, saffetti
del cor mio, seguitelo per me.

Già sempre a lui vicino raccolti amor vi tiene e
insolito cammino questo per voi non è.

If I cannot at least

If I cannot at least follow my beloved, affections of
my heart, go with him for me.

Always near to you now, Cupid keeps his attention
on you, although this is not the usual pathway for
you.

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Italian text: Anon

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,
perché sì squallida mi siedì accanto?
Che più desideri? Diritto pianto
io sul tuo cenere versai finor.

Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri
io possa accendermi ad altra face?
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;
è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

Sorrowful image of my Phyllis

Sorrowful image of my Phyllis,
why are you so dreary at my side?
What more do you desire? Bitter tears
have I poured on your ashes.

Do you fear that, forgetful of my sacred vows,
I might be inflamed by another?
Phyllis' shadow, rest in peace;
love's ancient fire cannot be extinguished.

Quano verrà quel dì

Quando verrà quel dì
che riveder potrò
quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?

Quando verrà quel dì
che in sen t'accoglierò,
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?

The fervent wish

When will that day come
when I may see again
that which the loving heart so desires?

When will that day come
when I welcome you to my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
Frauenliebe und Leben, Op. 42

Seit ich ihn gesehen

German text: Adelbert von Chamisso

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empör.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

German text: Adelbert von Chamisso

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

Since first seeing him

English translation: Richard Stokes

Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind,
Wherever I look,
Him only I see;
As in a waking dream
His image hovers before me,
Rising out of deepest darkness
Ever more brightly.

All else is dark and pale
Around me,
My sisters' games
I no more long to share,
I would rather weep
Quietly in my room;
Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind.

He, the most wonderful of all

English translation: Richard Stokes

He, the most wonderful of all,
How gentle and loving he is!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
A clear mind and firm resolve.

Just as there in the deep-blue distance
That star gleams bright and brilliant,
So does he shine in my sky,
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime.

Wander, wander on your way,
Just to gaze on your radiance,
Just to gaze on in humility,
To be but blissful and sad!

Do not heed my silent prayer,
Uttered for your happiness alone,
You shall never know me, lowly as I am,
You noble star of splendour!

Only the worthiest woman of all
May your choice elate,
And I shall bless that exalted one
Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,
Blissful, blissful shall I be,
Even if my heart should break,
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

German text: Adelbert von Chamisso

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
 Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
 Wie hätt er doch unter allen
 Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
 "Ich bin auf ewig dein",
 Mir war's—ich träume noch immer,
 Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,
 Gewieget an seiner Brust,
 Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
 In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

German text: Adelbert von Chamisso

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
 Mein goldenes Ringelein,
 Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
 Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
 Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
 Ich fand allein mich, verloren
 Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
 Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
 Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
 Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
 Ihm angehören ganz,
 Hin selber mich geben und finden
 Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
 Mein goldenes Ringelein,
 Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
 Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

I cannot grasp it, believe it

English translation: Richard Stokes

I cannot grasp it, believe it,
 A dream has beguiled me;
 How, from all women, could he
 Have exalted and favoured poor me?

He said, I thought,
 'I am yours forever',
 I was, I thought, still dreaming,
 After all, it can never be.

O let me, dreaming, die,
 Cradled on his breast;
 Let me savour blissful death
 In tears of endless joy.

You ring on my finger

English translation: Richard Stokes

You ring on my finger,
 My golden little ring,
 I press you devoutly to my lips,
 To my heart.

I had finished dreaming
 Childhood's peaceful dream,
 I found myself alone, forlorn
 In boundless desolation.

You ring on my finger,
 You first taught me,
 Opened my eyes
 To life's deep eternal worth.

I shall serve him, live for him,
 Belong to him wholly,
 Yield to him and find
 Myself transfigured in his light.

You ring on my finger,
 My golden little ring,
 I press you devoutly to my lips,
 To my heart.

Süsser Freund, du blickest

German text: Adelbert von Chamisso

Süsser Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Lass der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir!

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüsst ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

Weisst du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann,
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Dass ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

German text: Adelbert von Chamisso

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf.
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin
Nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh' mich in mein Innres still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,
Du meine Welt!

Sweet friend, you look

English translation: Richard Stokes

Sweet friend, you look
At me in wonder,
You cannot understand
How I can weep;
Let the unfamiliar beauty
Of these moist pearls
Tremble joyfully bright
In my eyes!

How anxious my heart is,
How full of bliss!
If only I knew
How to say it in words;
Come and hide your face
Here against my breast,
For me to whisper you
All my joy.

Do you now understand the tears
That I can weep,
Should you not see them,
Beloved husband?
Stay by my heart,
Feel how it beats,
That I may press you
Closer and closer.

Here by my bed
There is room for the cradle,
Silently hiding
My blissful dream;
The morning shall come
When the dream awakens,
And your likeness
Laughs up at me.

Now you have caused me my first pain

English translation: Richard Stokes

Now you have caused me my first pain,
But it struck hard,
You sleep, you harsh and pitiless man,
The sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,
The world is void.
I have loved and I have lived,
And now my life is done.

Silently I withdraw into myself,
The veil falls,
There I have you and my lost happiness,
You, my world!

栾凯 Kai Luan (b.1973)

我的深情为你守候

你的爱在我胸口，每个梦如此温柔，
走过的岁月风雨岁月，
把你放在我心头。

凝望天边的星斗，你脚步从未停留，
感动你所有，所有的感动，
懂得你欢乐忧愁。

不管什么时候，不管什么地方
我的爱为你保留，
不管什么时候，不管什么地方
我的深情为你守候。

My deep love awaits you

Your love rests in my heart,
and every dream is soft and true;
through winds and storms of passing years,
I keep you close, I keep you true.

I gaze upon the distant stars,
yet your steps never drift away;
I feel all that you've ever felt,
your joy and sorrow every day.

No matter when, no matter where,
my love is held in quiet flame;
no matter when, no matter where,
my deep affection stays the same—
it waits for you, it calls your name.

黄自 Tzu Huang (1904–1938)

玫瑰三愿

玫瑰花，玫瑰花，
烂开在碧栏杆下。
玫瑰花，玫瑰花，
烂开在碧栏杆下。

我愿那妒我的无情风雨莫吹打，
我愿那爱我的多情游客莫攀摘。
我愿那红颜常好不凋谢，
好教我留住芳华。

Three wishes of the rose

Roses, roses,
Blooming beneath the emerald rail,
Roses, roses,
Bright where green shadows fall.

Let not the jealous wind and rain
Bruise my petals, steal my grace;
Let not the tender passersby
Pluck me from my hidden place.

Let my beauty linger on,
Unfading in the quiet air,
So I may keep my fleeting bloom,
And hold it gently, ever fair.