



School of

**Music**

College of Arts and Sciences

WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY

# **WSU School of Music**

*presents*

## *In Need of Music*

**Julie Anne Wieck, soprano**

**Elena Panchenko, harpsichord and piano**

**With Ruth Boden, cello**

*September 19, 2025*

*7:30pm*

*Bryan Hall Theatre*



## **Texts/ Translations**

### If Music Be the Food of Love

If music be the food of love,  
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;  
For then my list'ning soul you move  
To pleasures that can never cloy.  
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare  
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,  
So fierce the transports are, they wound,  
And all my senses feasted are,  
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,  
Sure I must perish by your charms,  
Unless you save me in your arms.

### Music for a While

Music for a while  
Shall all your cares beguile.

Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd  
And disdain'd to be pleas'd  
Till Alecto free the dead  
From their eternal bands,  
Till the snakes drop from her head,  
And the whip from out her hands.

Music for a while  
Shall all your cares beguile.

### Hark! How All Things

Hark! how all things in one sound rejoice.  
And the world seems to have one voice.  
Hark! how all things in one sound rejoice.

### Ständchen (Serenade)

Softly my songs plead  
through the night to you;  
down into the silent grove,  
beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops whisper and rustle  
in the moonlight;  
my darling, do not fear  
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Do you not hear the nightingales call?  
Ah, they are imploring you;  
with their sweet, plaintive songs  
they are imploring for me.

They understand the heart's yearning,  
they know the pain of love;  
with their silvery notes  
they touch every tender heart.

Let your heart, too, be moved,  
beloved, hear me!  
Trembling, I await you!  
Come, make me happy!

### Wie Melodien zieht es (Like Melodies)

Thoughts, like melodies,  
Steal softly through my mind,  
Like spring flowers they blossom  
And drift away like fragrance.

Yet when words come and capture them  
And bring them before my eyes,  
They turn pale like grey mist  
And vanish like a breath.

Yet surely in rhyme  
A fragrance lies hidden,  
Summoned by moist eyes  
From the silent seed.

### Kling! (Ring!)

Ring!  
My soul gives forth a pure sound.  
And I imagined the poor thing  
Already torn apart  
By the furious outrages of frantic times.

Sing!  
My soul the confessional song  
Of exuberance reclaimed;  
Lift the pall from your heart.  
Hail to thee, chiming note within.

Ring!  
Ring out your life,  
Fresh, upwelling image.  
Blossoming has taken place  
Upon the withered field.

### Ich schwebte (I Float)

I float as if on angels' wings,  
My foot hardly touches the earth,  
In my ears I hear a sound  
Like my love's farewell greeting.

It sounds so sweetly, gently, softly,  
It speaks such tender, timid, pure words,  
The tune still sounds and lulls me gently  
Into bliss-laden dreams.

My glistening eyes—while I'm filled  
By the sweetest of melodies—  
See my love, without clothes or veil,  
Pass smiling by.

### Schweig' einmal still (Shut Up Out There)

Shut up out there, you odious ranter!  
Your cursed singing makes me sick.  
And even if you kept it up till morning,  
You'd still not manage a decent song.  
Shut up for once and go to bed!  
I'd sooner hear a donkey's serenade

### La pastoura als camps (The Shepherdess in the Fields)

When the shepherdess goes off into the  
fields,  
When the shepherdess goes off into the  
fields,  
To tend her little sheep,  
tidera la la la la loi!  
To tend her little sheep!

She meets a gentleman,  
She meets a gentleman;  
The gentleman looks at her,  
Tidera la la la la loi!  
The gentleman looks at her!

“Ah! Let me gaze at you!  
Ah! Let me gaze at you!  
You're such a pretty girl!  
Tidera la la la la loi!  
You're such a pretty girl!”

“Tie up your horse,  
Tie up your horse,  
To the branch of a tree,  
tidera la la la la loi!  
To the branch of a tree!”

He lost [his grip on] her, when he  
embraced her,  
He lost [his grip on] her, when he  
embraced her,  
She gave him the slip,  
tidera la la la la loi!  
She gave him the slip!

## **Texts/ Translations**

### Lo fiolairé (The Spinner)

When I was a little [girl],  
I tended the sheep.

Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

I had a spindle  
and I called a shepherd to me.

Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

For looking after my flock  
He demanded a kiss [each time].

Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

And I, not one to be ungrateful,  
Instead of one, I gave him two!

Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

### Brezairola (Lullaby)

Sleep, sleep, come, come, come ;  
Sleep, sleep, come, come on now !  
Sleep, sleep, come, come, come ;  
Sleep, sleep, come, from where you  
dwell\* !

The sleep, sleep won't come, my dear !  
The sleep, sleep won't come,  
The babe won't fall asleep ! Oh !

Sleep, sleep, come, come, come ;  
Sleep, sleep, come, come on now,  
The sleep, sleep won't come.  
The child won't fall asleep !

Sleep, sleep, come, come, come ;  
Sleep, sleep, come, for the child ! Oh !

Sleep, sleep, come, come, come ;  
Sleep, sleep, come, come on now !

It is now here, my dear !  
It is now here,  
the babe is falling asleep... Ah !

### Malurous qu'o uno fenno

(Unhappy Is He Who Has a Wife)

Unhappy is he who has a wife,  
Unhappy who doesn't!

He who doesn't wants one,  
He who has one doesn't!

Tradèra, ladèri dèrèro  
ladèra, ladèri dèra.

Fortunate is the wife  
Whose man is the one she wants!

More fortunate is she  
Who doesn't have one!

Tradèra, ladèri dèrèro  
ladèra, ladèri dèra.

### I Am In Need of Music

I am in need of music that would flow  
Over my fretful, feeling fingertips  
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips  
With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-  
slow

A song to fall like water on my head  
And over quivering limbs, dream  
flushed to glow!

There is a magic made by melody:  
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and  
cool  
Heart, that sinks through fading colors  
deep

To the subaqueous stillness of the sea  
And floats forever in a moon-green pool  
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep

### I Believe

I believe the barren hills will bloom again  
Sending sweet aroma through the air

I believe the fledgling dove will fly  
without a care

High up in the blue I believe it's true.

And I believe that in the end the world is  
kind

Though we see despair at ev'ry turn

I believe these frightful days could be our  
chance to learn

How to know what's real

How to truly feel

How to see the world anew.

I can guess what you're thinking

I'm hopelessly naïve

But it was you my dear who taught me to  
believe

So why the big surprise? It's right here in  
my eyes.

It's time to look at me and realize

That I believe that we will find our way at  
last

Even as we stumble all around

I believe that what we've lost will one day  
soon be found.

Tell me I'm a fool, Tell me it's not true

But I can say as plain as day

That I'm this way Because of you.

### On Music

When the winter rushes in and  
darkness reigns,

Or while basking in a gleaming sun,  
There is music to attend both joys and  
pains

For both the lover and the loveless one.

Fill your days with music, with tender,  
joyful song.

Dream your dreams to music you'll  
help your dreams along.

Makes no difference who you are or  
where you're from,

There will always be a song to sing.

Sing the clamor of the city with its  
ceaseless hum,

Sing the coming of another spring.

Fill your days with music, with clear  
and powerful song.

Find your way through music, you'll  
find you can't go wrong.

For there within a simple anthem,

A glimpse of life beyond our eyes

Like water mirroring the skies.

So let the melody start,

Let music fill your heart.