



School of

Music

College of Arts and Sciences

WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY

Faculty Artist Series

Presents

Songs of the Early 20th Century

Julie Anne Wieck, soprano

Elena Panchenko, piano

Spirate pur, spirate (1892)
O del mio amato ben (1895)

Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

Non t'amo piu! (1884)

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

Mattinata (1904)

Ruggiero Leoncavallo (1857-1919)

Chanson d'Automne
Tous deux
En sourdine
L'heure exquise
La bonne chanson

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

(from *Chansons grises*; 1890)

Gigerlette
Mahnung
Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien (Langsamer Walzer)
(from *Brettli-Lieder* or *Cabaret Songs*; 1901)

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

My Love's Delight (from *Seven Elizabethan Lyrics*, Op. 12, No. 2; 1907)
Now Sleeps the Crimson (from *Three Songs*; 1901)
Love's Philosophy (from *Three Songs*; 1901)

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Art is calling for me (from *The Enchantress*)

Victor Herbert (1859-1924)

Bryan Hall Theatre – October 9, 2026, 7:30pm

    @WSUPullmanMusic



TRANSLATIONS

Spirate,pur Spirate (Breathe, still breathe)

Breathe, still breathe around my beloved,
Little breezes, and find out
If she holds me in her heart,
If she holds me in her heart.
Find out, blessed breezes,
Breezes light and blessed.

O del mio amato ben (Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!)

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!
Far from my eyes is he who was, to me, glory and pride!
Now through the empty rooms I always seek him
And call him with a heart full of hopes?
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!
And the weeping is so dear to me,
That with weeping alone I nourish my heart.

It seems to me, without him, sad everywhere.
The day seems like night to me; the fire seems cold to me.
If, however, I sometimes hope to give myself to another cure,
one thought alone torments me: But without him, what shall I do?
To me, life seems a vain thing without my beloved.

Non t'amo piu! (I don't love you anymore)

Do you still remember the day that we met;
Do you still remember your promises?
Crazy from love I followed you, we were enamored with each other
And I dreamed next to you, crazy from love.

I dreamed, happily, of caresses and kisses
A chain fading away into the sky:
But your words were misleading,
Because your soul is made of ice.

Do you still remember?
Do you still remember?

Now my faith, my immense desire;
My dream of love isn't you anymore:
I don't search for your kisses, I don't think of you.
I dream of another ideal; I don't love you anymore.

In the dear days that we spent together
I scattered flowers at your feet
You were the only hope of my heart
You were the only thought in my mind

You watched me beg, turning pale
You watched me cry before you
Only to satisfy your desire, I
Had given my blood and my faith.

Do you still remember?
Do you still remember?

Now my faith, my immense desire;
My dream of love isn't you anymore:
I don't search for your kisses, I don't think of you.
I dream of another ideal; I don't love you anymore.

Mattinata (Morning)

The dawn, dressed in white,
has already opened the door to the sun,
and with pink fingers
caresses the myriads with flowers.
A mysterious trembling seems
to disturb all nature,
yet you will not get up, and vainly
I stand here sadly and sing.
Dress yourself, too, in white
and open the door to your serenader!
Where you are not, all is dark,
where you are, love is born! etc.

Chanson d'Automne (Autumn Song)

With long sobs
The violins
Of autumn
Wound my heart
With languorous
Monotony.

All choking
And pale, when
The hour sounds,
I remember

Departed days
And I weep;

And I go
Where ill winds blow,
Buffeted
To and fro,
Like a
Dead leaf.

Tous deux (Both of us)

So, on a bright summer day it shall be:
The great sun, my partner in joy,
Shall make, amid the satin and the silk,
Your dear beauty lovelier still;

The sky, all blue, like a tall canopy,
Shall quiver sumptuously in the long folds
Above our two happy brows, grown pale
With pleasure and expectancy;

And when evening comes, the breeze shall be soft
And play caressingly about your veils,
And the peaceful stars looking down
Shall smile benevolently on man and wife.

En sourdine (Muted)

Calm in the twilight
Cast by loft boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses
With the hazy languor
Of arbutus and pine.

Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your heart now lulled to rest
Banish forever all intent.

Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze
That comes to ruffle at your feet
The waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
That voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

L'heure exquise (Exquisite hour)

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
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.

La bonne chanson (The good song)

The hard test will end.
My heart, smile at what is to come!

They are finished, the days of alarms,
when I was sad to the point of tears!

I have killed the bitter words,
and banished the dark fantasies!

My eyes, exiled from the sight of her
by a painful duty,

My ear, avid to hear
the golden notes of her tender voice,

all my being and all my love
hail the happy day

when, my only dream and my only thought,
my fiancée will return to me!

Gigerlette

Fräulein Gigerlette
Invited me to tea.

Her attire
Harmonized with snow;
She was dressed
Just like Pierrette.
Even a monk, I bet,
Would gaze on Gigerlette
With pleasure.

She received me
In a red room,
Yellow candlelight
Flickered in the air.
And she was, as ever,
Full of life and wit.
I'll not forget it, never,
The room was wine-red,
She was blossom-white.

And both of us rode off
In a carriage-and-four
Out into the Land
Of Mirth.
In order to reach our goal
And not stray without reins,
Cupid sat atop
At the back
Of our carriage-and-four.

Mahnung (Warning)

Do not be so vain, my girl,
Do not catch a butterfly,
Search for a real man,
Who knows how to kiss you properly,
And whose strong hands
Can build you a warm nest.

Do not be a fool, my girl,
Do not live as in a dream,
Open your eyes! see if there's a man
Who'll make you a perfect match.
If one comes, then don't think twice!
Catch him in the trap.

Don't be a fool, my girl,
Gather rosebuds while you may!
Watch out, and bear in mind
That, without a plan,
You'll flutter through life aimlessly,
And become an old maid.

Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien (Aria from *The Mirror of Arcadia*)

Since seeing so many women,
My heart beats so ardently,
It hums and buzzes here and there,
Just like a swarm of bees.

And if her ardour resembles mine,
And her eyes are lovely and limpid,
Then my heart, like a hammer,
Beats on and on.
Boom, boom, boom, etc.

I wish I could have a thousand women,
If it so pleased the gods,
I'd dance like a marmot
In every direction.

That would be a life worth living,
Then I'd have joy and fun,
I'd hop like a hare through the field,
And my heart would skip along.
Boom, boom, boom, etc.
A man who does not value women

Is neither cold nor warm,
And lies like a block of ice
In a young girl's arms.

I'm a different sort of man,
I circle women in a dance;
My heart beats happily against hers,
Going boom, boom, boom, etc.

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