



Bard College Conservatory of Music

THE UNATTAINABLE

Graduate Degree Recital

Bard College Conservatory Graduate Vocal Arts Program

Sunday, May 23rd, 2021, 1 pm

László Bitó '60 Conservatory Building

Chuanyuan Liu, countertenor

Elias Dagher, piano

The Unattainable Time

Echo (Rossetti)

She Died (Dickinson)

Lori Laitman

(b. 1955)

Alles endet, was entsteht (Michelangelo)

Um Mitternacht (Mörike)

Hugo Wolf

(1860-1903)

The Unattainable Love

An die ferne Geliebte (Jeitteles)

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend

Wo die Berge so blau

Leichte Segler in den Höhen

Diese Wolken in den Höhen

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Ludwig van Beethoven

(1770-1827)

- Intermission - short 10 min pause

The Unattainable Peace

Dover Beach (Arnold)

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Anna Hallett Gutierrez, violin
Sarina Schwartz, violin
Mercer Greenwald, viola
Nick Scheel, cello

К детям - To the Children (Khomyakov)
Мы отдохнём - We Shall Rest (Chekhov)

Serge Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

The Unattainable Home

Le montagnard exilé (Du Boys)

Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

Samantha Martin, soprano

松花江上 - On the SongHua River (Zhang)

Hanhui Zhang (1902-1946) arr. Dong Zhang

鸿雁 - Swan Geese (Lv)

Traditional arr. Te'er Ba

PROGRAM NOTES

The past year has been difficult for every single person in the world. It is upsetting to see families and loved ones separated because of the pandemic and the political tension that came with it, physically, dimensionally, or emotionally. This concert is dedicated to the things we desperately wanted but might not have had the chance to realize and its goal is to bring hope for the near future as the world calms down from this trauma.

The Unattainable Time

Lori Laitman

Echo

She Died

Lori Laitman is one of the most prolific American living composers in vocal music and is celebrated for her simple, forthright composing style. Her songs speak closely to the poetry and often create a unique tonal and emotional world that is intimate and inviting.

Echo was written in 1995, a few years after Laitman finally overcame her fear and started writing for voice. Christina Rossetti (1830-1894), one of the Victorian age's finest poets, uses the everyday concept of an echo to reminisce about the time spent together with someone who has died. The echoes, as painful as they may be, bring surprising comfort to the living. Laitman captures Rossetti's delicate images with moving lines and flexible rhythm, a simple ABA structure, and the meditative pattern of repeated octaves.

She Died was set a year after *Echo* as the third of Laitman's cycle *Four Dickinson Songs*. Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) portrays death in a simple and uneventful way: a dead woman, wearing simple clothes, departs toward the sun, passes through a gate, encounters angels, and never returns. Laitman depicts the elegiac ambience with a sparsely harmonized introduction and frequent use of whole tones.

Hugo Wolf

Alles endet, was entstehet ("Everything ends which comes to be")

Um Mitternacht ("At Midnight")

Time is personal, yet also universal. While people might be struggling with fleeting time, the world rotates just the same. In the most pessimistic way, everything comes to an end. Struggling with his own mental and physical health, Wolf wrote *Alles endet, was entstehet* (based on Michelangelo's *Chiunque nasce a morte arriva*) in the last year of his career, shortly before he slipped into syphilitic insanity. He once considered titling it *Vanitas Vanitatum* (*All is vanity*), and Eric Sams, in his 1961 study of Wolf's songs, wrote that it seems to be music from "among the dead, speaking the language of the dead."

Also from the perspective of nature, *Um Mitternacht* tells the story of personified Night as she ascends over the mountains and listens to her children. The springs tell her about what happened during the day, yet Night is more interested in the dark blue sky, or in a way, timelessness and eternity. One of Germany's

greatest lyric poets, Eduard Mörike (1804-1875) had just finished his training to be a pastor and was able to harmoniously combine religious and natural images through words. Wolf fills his setting with a breathtakingly murmurous and chromatic texture to suggest the hovering of time and nature's mystery.

The Unattainable Love

Ludwig van Beethoven

An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98 ("To the Distant Beloved")

Widely considered to be the first ever song cycle, *An die ferne Geliebte* stands firmly in western classical music history for its musical achievement. Additionally, its theme of the distant beloved continues to resonate, especially in this time when millions of people, including myself, are separated from their loved ones because of the COVID-19 pandemic. Not only does this separation make us appreciate love more, but it also makes us realize how hard it must have been 200 years ago, when communication routes were slow. The solitary lover under Alois Jeitteles's nib explores nature to find evidence of love and to engage nature's messengers in expressing his affection and pain.

Beethoven called the cycle *Liederkreis an die ferne Geliebte (A Ring of Song for a Distant Beloved)*. The cycle is through-composed and performed without breaks between songs, and the theme of the opening song returns at the conclusion, forming a ring in the figurative sense as a token of love and eternity. From the distant mountain to the misty valley, from the high clouds to the calm blue lake, Beethoven encapsulates the beauty of nature with folk inspired simplicity.

The Unattainable Peace

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Dover Beach

Peace is so elusive in the modern world, because so many people, companies, and nations are motivated solely by greed and avarice. If Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) posited that people were losing faith in God when he wrote *Dover Beach*, now it is faith in humanity that we are losing. We feel helpless as mass shootings and hate crimes do not surprise us anymore, as corporations and governments do nothing when millions of people are without livable wages and basic health care, and as children are taken away from their parents all because of a broken democracy. The world is sick.

As pessimistic as the poem could be, Barber's setting offers a poignant expression of the uncertainty of human faith: rocking figures in the string quartet represent the calm sea; the restrained section that begins "Sophocles long ago/Heard it on the Ægean...." reflects a philosophical state of mind; the tempestuous climax

cries out the defeatist view of the world, and soon leads to a tranquil and ghostly ending that mirrors the opening, leaving the audience to contemplate and reflect.

This magnificent chamber work was written when Barber was only 21 years old as a student at the Curtis Institute of Music. He premiered his fine baritone alongside the Curtis String Quartet.

Serge Rachmaninoff

К детям К detyam (“*To the Children*”)

Мы отдохнем My otдохnyom (“*We Shall Rest*”)

К detyam was written by Russian Orthodox theologian and philosopher Aleksei Khomiakov (1804-1860) soon after his two infant sons died in their first year of life. In the poem, he recalls his midnight visits to their room to keep watch as they slept and blessed them with hopes for their future happiness, and then goes on to describe their permanent absence and asks the children to pray for him as he used to pray for them. Rachmaninoff’s hymn-like lullaby builds toward a rich texture of palpitation as a new harmonic and dynamic world unfolds throughout the story.

Though Rachmaninoff was only 33 years of age when finishing the 15 songs of Op. 26, he was already a master of the vocal realm with four operas and numerous song cycles to his credit. *My otдохnyom* is a setting of Sonya’s speech that concludes the play *Uncle Vanya* (1898) by Anton Chekhov (1860-1904). Sonya, consoling her uncle Vanya as he complains about the heaviness of his heart, offers a promise of peace after a life of fruitless labors and disappointed hopes. Rachmaninoff’s declamatory setting of this passage captures the purity of the blessing without any irony and sentimentality. The repeating sighing gesture in the vocal line reappears at the end of the song in the piano, offering hope and brass-like brilliance to the sorrowful world.

The Unattainable Home

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Le montagnard exilé, H. 15 (“*The exiled mountain dweller*”)

The summer of 1822 was a turning point for Berlioz when he began to spend significant time learning about composition between his medical studies by pouring over the opera scores of Christoph Willibald Gluck (1713-1787). Soon after, at the tender age of 19, he wrote *Le montagnard exilé*. Its long-spun, sensuously quivering melody for two treble voices accompanied by piano or harp looks forward to Ursule and Héro’s great duet nocturne “Nuit paisible et sereine!” from his *Béatrice et Bénédicte*. The poem, by Albert-Marie Du Boys (1804-1889), a writer and young law student and a close friend of Berlioz, describes the homesickness of a mountain boy, Mandel, far from the familiar Isère, the river that also gave Berlioz’s home district its name.

Hanhui Zhang (1902-1946)

松花江上 *Song Hua Jiang Shang* (“*On the SongHua River*”)

On September 18th, 1931, Zhang Xueliang, the effective ruler of Northeast China ordered the then Northeast Army to preserve strength and concede to the provocations of the Japanese Kwantung Army. As a result, Northeast Army officers and soldiers and their families were forced into exile. Four years later in Xi'an, Zhang witnessed the grief and tragic realities of thousands of Northeastern troops and families. He visited the area where Northeast refugees concentrated, talked to officers and soldiers of the Northeast Army and their families about their frustration and resentment, and listened to their nostalgia for their lost home. Zhang then wrote out the lyrics for *Song Hua Jiang Shang* based on these visits and created the tune of the song from the cries of women at the graveyard, mourning their lost families in the north.

Traditional

鸿雁 *Hong Yan* ("Swan Geese")

A long-standing Urad folk song from Inner Mongolia, *Hong Yan* is one of the most known folk tunes in China and has been arranged and performed by a range of classical, folk, and pop artists. The tune was thought to have originated in the 18th century and this particular text was newly written in the early 2000s by Yanwei Lv. The text describes the migrating swan geese as they fly from and return to the north, and how people view them as the representation of home. In this arrangement by Tu'er Ba, the extensive piano part captures the carefree and open-minded nature of the nomadic people and brings out the poignant sweetness when one thinks about their hometown.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Echo

Text: Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again tho' cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

She Died

Text: Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

She died – this was the way she died.
And when her breath was done
Took up her simple wardrobe
And started for the sun –
Her little figure at the gate
The Angels must have spied,
Since I could never find her
Upon the mortal side.

Alles endet, was entsteht (*“Everything ends which comes to be”*)

Text: Walter Heinrich Robert-Tornow (1852-1895); original text: Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475-1564)

Alles endet, was entsteht,
Alles, alles rings vergehet,
Denn die Zeit flieht, und die Sonne sieht,
Dass Alles rings vergehet,
Denken, Reden, Schmerz und Wonne;
Und die wir zu Enkeln hatten,
Schwanden wie bei Tag die Schatten,
Wie ein Dunst im Windeshauch.
Menschen waren wir ja auch,
Froh und traurig, so wie ihr;
Und nun sind wir leblos hier,

Everything ends which comes to be,
Everything everywhere perishes,
for time is fleeting, and the sun sees,
that everything perishes,
Thought, speech, pain and joy;
and those who had been our grandchildren,
have vanished as shadows by day,
as mists in a breeze.
We once were people too,
glad and sad, just like you,
and now we are here lifeless,

Sind nur Erde, wie ihr sehet;
Alles endet, was entstehet,
Alles, alles rings vergehet!

are but earth, as you can see;
Everything ends which comes to be,
Everything everywhere perishes!

Um Mitternacht (*“At Midnight”*)

Text: Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Gelassen stieg die Nacht ans Land,
Lehnt träumend an der Berge Wand,
Ihr Auge sieht die goldne Waage nun
Der Zeit in gleichen Schalen stille ruhn;
Und kecker rauschen die Quellen hervor,
Sie singen der Mutter, der Nacht, ins Ohr
Vom Tage,
Vom heute gewesenem Tage.

Night ascends calmly over the land,
Leaning dreamingly against the mountain wall,
its eyes now resting on the golden scales of time
quietly at rest in equipoise;
and the springs murmur more boldly,
singing to Mother Night, in her ear
of the day,
of the day that has been today.

Das uralte alte Schlummerlied,
Sie achtet nicht, sie ist es müd;
Ihr klingt des Himmels Bläue süßer noch,
Der flüchtigen Stunden gleichgeschwung'nes Joch.
Doch immer behalten die Quellen das Wort,
Es singen die Wasser im Schlafe noch fort
Vom Tage,
Vom heute gewesenem Tage.

To the ancient lullaby,
she pays no attention, she is tired of it;
To her, the blue of the sky sounds sweeter,
the evenly curved yoke of the fleeting hours.
But the streams still murmur on,
they babble in sleep as their waters run
of the day,
of the day that has been today.

An die ferne Geliebte (*“To the Distant Beloved”*)

Text: Alois Jeitteles (1794-1858)

I
Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.

I sit on the hill, gazing
Into the blue misty land,
Towards the distant meadows
Where, my love, I found you.

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.

Now I'm far away from you,
Mountain and valley separate
Between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our pain.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

Ah, the look you cannot see
That ardently wings its way towards you,
And my sighs are lost
In the space that separates us.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!

Denn vor Liedesklang entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

II

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

III

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.

Will then nothing ever reach you?
Will nothing be love's messenger?
I will sing, sing songs
That speak to you of my pain!

For before sound of singing retreats
Every space and every time;
And a loving heart is reached
By what a loving heart has blessed!

Where the mountains so blue
From the misty grey
Look out to here,
Where the sun fades,
Where the clouds over –
There I want to be!

There in the peaceful valley,
Pain and torment cease.
Where in the rocks
Quietly the primrose meditates,
The wind blows so softly –
There I want to be!

There to the thoughtful forest
Driven by the power of love,
Inner pain.
Ah, nothing could drawn me from here,
If I could, my dear,
To be with you eternally!

Light birds sailing on high,
And you, narrow little brook,
If you can see my beloved,
Greet her a thousand times from me.

If, clouds, you can see her walking
Thoughtfully in the quiet valley,
Let my image appear before her
In the airy hall of heaven.

Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.

Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

IV

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein muntre Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!

Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen. –
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

V

Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.

Die Schwalbe, die kehret
Zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig
Ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.

If she stands near the bushes
Autumn has turned faded and leafless,
Pour out to her of my fate,
Pour out to hear, little birds, my torment.

Quiet west winds, waft my sighs
To her, my heart's chosen one –
Sighs that fade away
Like the sun's last ray.

Whisper to her my entreaties,
Let her, narrow little brook,
Truly see in your ripples
My never-ending tears!

These clouds on high,
This cheerful flight of little birds
Will see you, oh beloved.
Take me with you in your light flight!

These west winds will blow
Playfully about your cheek and breast,
Will ruffle your silky curls.
If I could share that joy!

Off to you from this hill
This little brook hurries busily.
If her image is reflected in you,
Flow back to me without delay!

May returns,
The meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
So gently, so warmly,
The babbling brooks run,

The swallow returns
To the rooftop home,
She busily builds
Her bridal chamber,
Where love shall dwell within.

Sie bringt sich geschäftig
Von kreuz und von Quer
Manch weicheres Stück
Zu dem Brautbett hierher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.

She busily brings
From here and there
Many soft pieces
For the bridal bed,
Many warm pieces for the little ones.

Nun wohnen die Gatten
Beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden,
Verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.

Now the couple lives
Faithfully together,
What winter has separated,
Unites now in May,
For May knows to unite the love.

Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau;
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.

May returns,
The meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
So gently, so warmly,
Only I cannot leave here.

Wenn alles, was liebet,
Der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe
Kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

When spring unites
All lovers,
Only for our love
No spring appears,
And tears are its only gain.

VI

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder
Zu der Laute süßem Klang!

Accept, then, these songs
I sang for you, beloved;
Sing them again at evening
To the lute's sweet sound!

Wenn das Dämmerungrot dann ziehet
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;

As the red light of twilight moves
Toward the calm blue lake,
And its last ray fades
Behind that mountain;

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräg erklungen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:

And you sing, what I sang
From a full heart
With no false show,
Aware only of longing:

Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

For before these songs
The distance that parted us shall recede,
And a loving heart is reached
By what a loving heart has blessed!

Dover Beach

Text: Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)

The sea is calm tonight.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

K detjam ("To the Children")

Text: Aleksey Stepanovich Khomyakov (1804-1860)

Byvalo, v glubokij polunochnyj chas,
Maljutki, pridu ljubovat'sja na vas;
Byvalo, ljublju vas krestom znamenat',
Molit'sja, da budet na vas blagodat',
Ljubov' Vsederzhitelja Boga.

Sterech' umilenno vash detskij pokoj,
Podumat', o tom, kak vy chisty dushoj,
Nadejat'sja dolgikh i schastlivykh dnei
Dlja vas, bezzabotnykh i milykh detej,
Kak sladko, kak radostno bylo!

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

It used to be, in the midnight hour,
My little ones, I'd come to admire you,
To mark you with the holy cross
And to pray that grace be with you,
The love of Almighty God,

To lovingly guard your innocent repose,
To think how pure your spirits were,
And to hope for long and happy days
For you, my carefree and beloved children,
How sweet and joyful that was!

Teper' prikhozhu ja. Vезде temnota,
Net v komnate zhizni, krovatka pusta,
V lampade pogas pred ikonoju svet...
Mne grustno, maljutok moikh uzhe net!
I serdce tak bol'no sozhmetsja!

O, deti! V glubokij polunochnyj chas,
Molites' o tom, kto molilsja o vas,
O tom, kto ljubil vas krestom znamenat';
Molites', da budet i s nim blagodat',
Ljubov' Vsederzhitelja Boga.

My otdokhnyom ("We Shall Rest")

Text: Anton Pavlovich Chekhov (1860-1904)

My otdokhnjom! My uslyshim angelov,
My uvidim vsjo nebo v almazakh,
My uvidim, kak vsjo zlo zemnoje,
Vse nashi stradanija potonut v miloserdii,
Kotoroje napolnit soboju ves' mir,
I nasha zhizn' stanet tikhoju,
nezhnoju, sladkoju, kak laska.
Ja veruju, veruju...
My otdokhnjom... My otdokhnjom.

Now when I come - darkness is everywhere,
The room is lifeless, the little bed is empty.
The light before the icon has gone out,
How sad I am that my little ones are no more!
And my heart wrenches with pain!

Oh children! In the dark midnight hour
Pray for him who used to pray for you,
For him who used to mark you with the holy cross,
Pray, that grace be with him,
The love of Almighty God.

We shall rest! We shall hear the angels,
We shall see the a sky full of diamonds,
We shall see all the evils of the earth,
All our sufferings sink in mercy,
A mercy that will engulf the whole earth,
And our live will become as peaceful,
Tender and sweet as a caresse.
I believe, I believe...
We shall rest... we shall rest.

Le montagnard exilé ("The exiled mountain dweller")

Text: Albert-Marie Du Boys (1804 - 1889)

Loin de la sauvage campagne
Où brille mon heureux matin,
Tendre arbrisseau de la montagne,
Transplanté sur un sol lointain,
Je sens que ma sève est tarie,
Et je soulève vers le ciel
Ma tête mourante et flétrie.
Ah! rendez ma racine au rocher paternel!

Désormais en butte á l'orage,
De nos monts l'abri protecteur
Ne défendra plus mon feuillage
Contre les vents et leur fureur.
Je veux livrer ma destinée
A votre souffle, autan mortel.

Far from the wild countryside
Where shines my happy morning,
Tender shrub of the mountain,
Transplanted to a distant land,
I feel that my sap is dry,
And I lift up to the sky
My head, drying and withered
Ah! Return my root to the paternal rock!

Now then in the storm,
The protective shelter of our mountains
Will no longer defend my foliage
Against the winds and their wrath.
I want to deliver my destiny
To your breath, deadly winds.

Mais de ma feuille abandonnée,
Emportez la dépouille au rocher paternel!

Ainsi Mandel, loin de la rive
Où coulèrent ses premiers jours,
Soupirait romance plaintive
Sur la lyre des troubadours.
Car le regret de sa patrie
Lentement consumait Mandel
Voyant couler sa triste vie
Loin de l'antique tour et du toit paternel.

Son coeur demandait la vallée
Où l'Isère au cours sinueux
Baigne la colline isolée,
Théâtre de ses premiers jeux.
Mais, vains désirs de sa tendresse,
Le courroux du destin cruel
Enchaînait sa vive jeunesse
Loin de l'antique tour et du toit paternel.

Ainsi parfois sa rêverie
Inspirait ses tendres accents;
Mais souvent son âme attendrie
Par les pleurs suspendait les chants.
Lors par degrés faible et tremblante,
S'éteignait la voix de Mandel,
Comme au soir la lueur mourante
Du rayon pâissant sur le toit paternel.

松花江上 (*"On the SongHua River"*)

Text: Hanhui Zhang (1902-1946)

我的家在东北松花江上，
那里有森林煤矿，
还有那满山遍野的大豆高粱。

我的家在东北松花江上，
那里有我的同胞，
还有那衰老的爹娘。

九一八，九一八，
从那个悲惨的时候！

But of my abandoned leaf,
Carry the remains to the paternal rock!

So Mandel, far from the bank
Where his first days flowed,
Sighed a plaintive love song
On the lyre of the troubadours.
Because the nostalgia of his homeland
Slowly consumed Mandel
Seeing his sad life flow
Far from the ancient tower and the paternal roof.

His heart asked the valley
Where the Isère river on its winding course
Bathes the isolated hill,
Theatre of his first games.
But useless desire of his tenderness,
The wrath of cruel fate
Chained his lively youth
Far from the ancient tower and the paternal roof.

Thus sometimes his daydream
Inspired his soft accents;
But often his soul is softened
By the tears that suspended the songs.
When by degrees weak and trembling,
Mandel's voices died away,
Like the dying light in the evening
Of the fading ray on the paternal roof.

My Home is on the SongHua River in the northeast,
There is forest, coal mine,
And full mountains and fields of soybean and
broom-corn.

My home is on the SongHua River in the northeast,
There are my fellow countrymen,
And also my aging parents.

September 18, September 18,
Since that tragic time!

九一八，九一八！
从那个悲惨的时候，
脱离了我的家乡，
抛弃那无尽的宝藏，
流浪！流浪！
整日价在关内，流浪！

September 18, September 18,
Since that tragic time,
Separated from my hometown,
Abandoned unlimited treasure,
Wandering! Wandering!
All day stranded inside the ShanHai Pass, wandering!

哪年，哪月，
才能够回到我那可爱的故乡？
哪年，哪月，
才能够收回那无尽的宝藏？
爹娘啊，爹娘啊！
什么时候，
才能欢聚在一堂？！

Which year, which month,
Can I go back to my lovely hometown?
Which year, which month,
Can I retrieve my unlimited treasures?
Dad and Mom!
When,
Can we reunite happily again?

鸿雁 ("*Swan Geese*")

Text: Yanwei Lv (b. 1974-)

鸿雁 天空上
对对排成行
江水长 秋草黄
草原上琴声忧伤

Swan geese in the sky
Flying in pairs and lines
Long is the river, yellow is the autumn grass
Sorrow is the music on the prairie

鸿雁 向南方
飞过芦苇荡
天苍茫 雁何往
心中是北方家乡
天苍茫 雁何往
心中是北方家乡

Swan geese towards the south
Flying over the reeds
The gray sky is boundless, where are they heading for
Home in the north fills the heart
The gray sky is boundless, where are they heading for
Home in the north fills the heart

鸿雁 北归还
带上我的思念
歌声远 琴声颤
草原上春意暖

Swan geese back towards the north
Take my yearnings with you
Traveling is the singing, trembling are the strings
Warm is the spring on the prairie

鸿雁 向苍天
天空有多遥远
酒喝干 再斟满
今夜不醉不还
酒喝干 再斟满
今夜不醉不还

Swan geese towards the heaven
How far away is the sky
Finish the drink in the glass and fill to full again
I will not go home till I'm drunk
Finish the drink in the glass and fill to full again
I will not go home till I'm drunk